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xx M. 149 2. 85

The G

Treble.

22	G	
21	F	
20	E	
19	D	
18	C	
17	B	
16	A	
15	G	*gs*
14	F	
13	E	

Tenor.

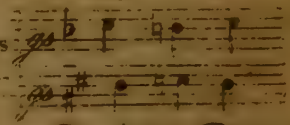
14	F	fa	F	
13	E	la	E	
12	D	fol	D	
11	C	fa	C	
10	B	Mi	B	
9	A	la	A	
8	G	fol	G	
7	F	fa	F	
6	E	la		

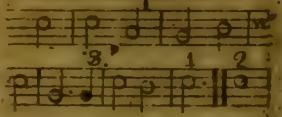
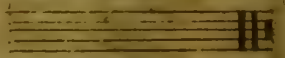
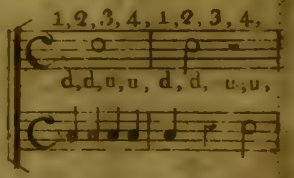
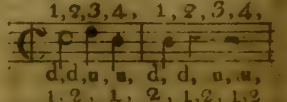
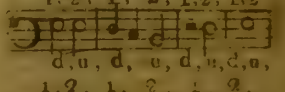
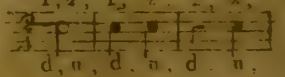
Baſs.

9	A		la	
8	G		fol	
7	F		fa	
6	E		la	
5	D		fol	ſta
4	C		fa	foun
3	B		Mi	uſed o
2	A		la	
1	G		fol	

F F

and their
Demibreve contains
Minime
Crotchets
Quavers
Semiqrs
Demisemiqs
N.B. The notes bear the same proportion to each other in all
sorts of time.
A Brace
Shows how many parts
are sung together.
A Stave
Five lines with their spa-
ces, whereon musick is written

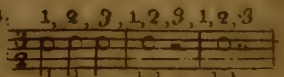
Characters.		Explanations.	Examples. 7
Ledger line	——	Is added where notes aſcend or deſcend a line beyond the ſtave.....	
Flat,	b	Set before a note, ſinks it half a tone.....	
Sharp,	#	Set before a note, raiſes it half a tone.....	
		Flats or ſharps, when ſet at the beginning of a tune, affect all the notes on the ſame lines and ſpaces on which they ſtand, unleſs contradicted.	
Natural,	♮	Set before a note made flat or ſharp by the governing flats or ſharps in the beginning of a tune, reſtores it to its primitive ſound.....	
Slur,		Is drawn over ſo many notes as are ſung to one ſyllable.....	
Figure,	3	Set over or under any three notes, denotes they are to be ſung in the time of two of the ſame denomination.....	
Dot or point,	•	At the right hand of a note, makes it half as long again, a ſemibreve equal to three minims, &c.....	
Single bar,	|	Divides the time according to the meaſure-note of the mu.....	
Double bar,	‖	Shows the end of a ſtrain.....	

Characters.		Explanations.	Examples.
Direct,	𝄐	At the end of the ſtave, ſhows the place of the ſucceeding note.	
Repeat,	𝄋	Denotes a repetition of the tune, from the note over, or under, which it is placed, to a double bar, or close.	
Figures,	1, 2,	The note, or notes, under figure 1, is ſung before repeating, and the note, or notes, under figure 2, after, paſsing figure 1; but if tied with a ſlur, both are ſung after the repeat.	
Cloſe,	𝄁	Signifies the concluſion or end of a tune.	
COMMON-TIME Moods. First	𝄵	Common time is meaſured by even numbers or beats, as two, four: the firſt mood denotes a ſlow movement; has a ſemibreve for a meaſure-note, containing that, or other, notes or reſts equal to it, between each ſingle bar, which is held four ſeconds, or while you may leiſurely tell 1, 2, 3, 4 counting 1, 2 with the hand down, and 3, 4 with it up.	
Second	𝄴	Has the ſame meaſure-note as the firſt mood, and beat in the ſame manner, only half as quick again; 4 in the time of 3.	
Third	𝄶	Has the ſame meaſure-note and ſung as quick again as the firſt mood: two beats in each bar, one down the other up.	
Fourth	2/4	Has a minim for a meaſure-note; crotchets beat as minims in the third mood, only a third quicker; 3 in the time of 2.	

Triple-time Moods.

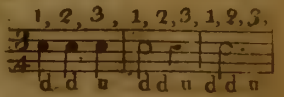
First $\frac{3}{2}$

Triple time is measured by odd numbers or threes, the fall double to the rise. This mood contains three minims, one pointed semibreve, or other notes or rests equal to it, in a bar, and sung in the time of three seconds, two beats down, and one up; a minim being performed in the same time as a crotchet in the first mood of common time.



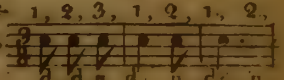
Second $\frac{3}{4}$

Contains three crotchets, or one pointed minim, in a bar; beat as the first mood, only half as quick again; a crotchet equal in time to a crotchet in the second mood of common time.



Third $\frac{3}{8}$

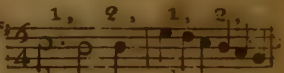
Contains three quavers, or one pointed crotchet, in a bar, which is performed as quick again as the second mood, and beat in the same manner, or only with two beats in a bar, the hand as long again down as up.



Compound Moods.

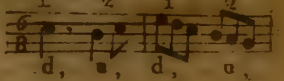
First $\frac{6}{4}$

Contains six crotchets in a bar, and sung in the time of two seconds, two equal beats, one down, the other up.



Second $\frac{6}{8}$

Contains six quavers in a bar, and beat as the first mood of compound time, only half as quick again.



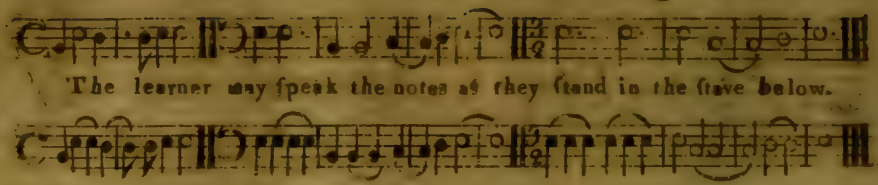
The two last of these moods are a compound of common and triple measure: -- common, as the bar is equally divided, the fall being equal to the rise; and of triple, as each half of the bar is three fold.

☞ NB The hand falls at the beginning of every bar, in all mood of time.

Explanations.

Notes of Syncopation, are those driven out of their proper order in the bar, or driven through the Bar, and require the hand to be taken up or put down, while sounding.

Examples.



The learner may speak the notes as they stand in the stave below.

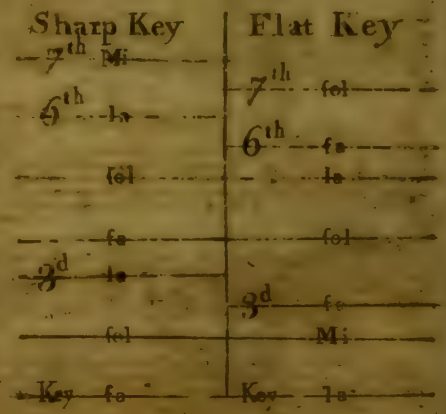
Choosing notes; are when one stands directly over another, and one only to be sung by the same voice.

A key, in music, is the principal and governing tone.

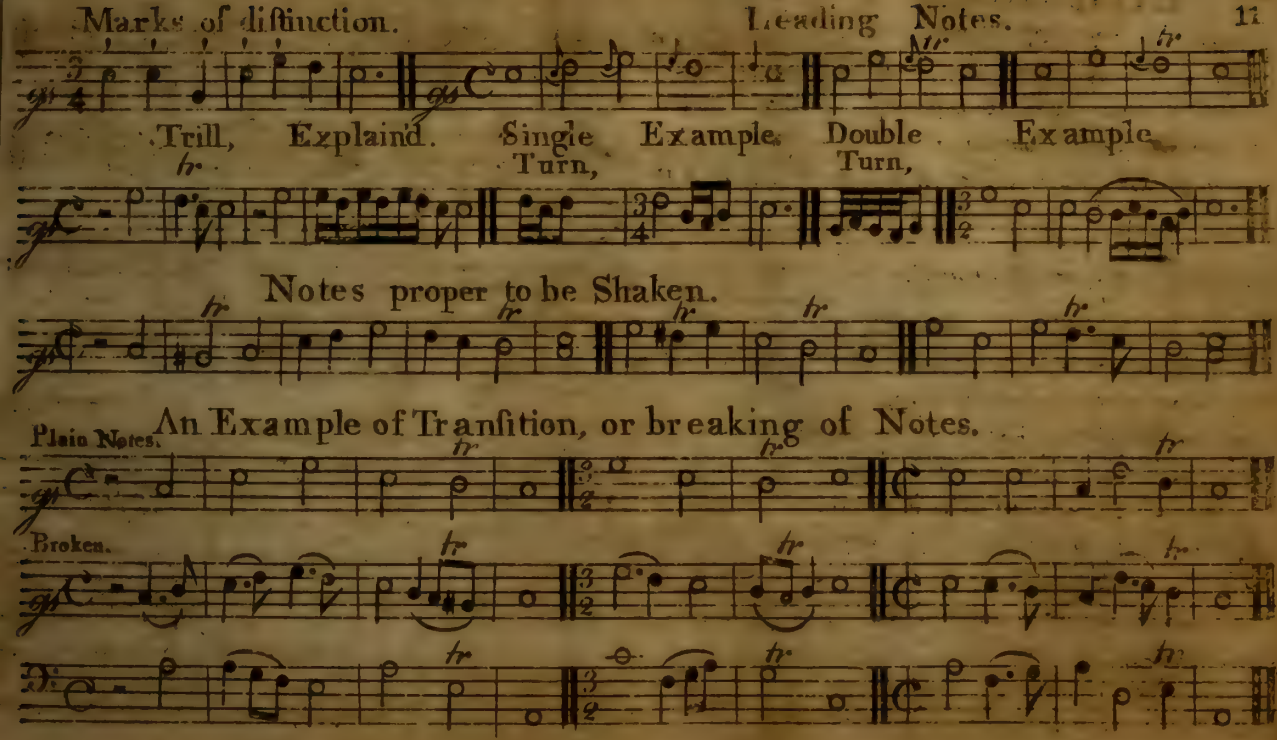
There are but two natural primitive keys in music, Viz. C the sharp key, and A the flat key. No tune can be formed, rightly and truly, but on one of these two keys, except the Mi be transposed by flats or sharps, which bring them to the same effect as the two natural keys.

The last note in the bass is the key note, which is next above or below Mi, if above, it is a sharp key, if below Mi, it is a flat key; or, in other words, if the last note in the bass is named fa, it is a sharp key, and if la, it is a flat key.

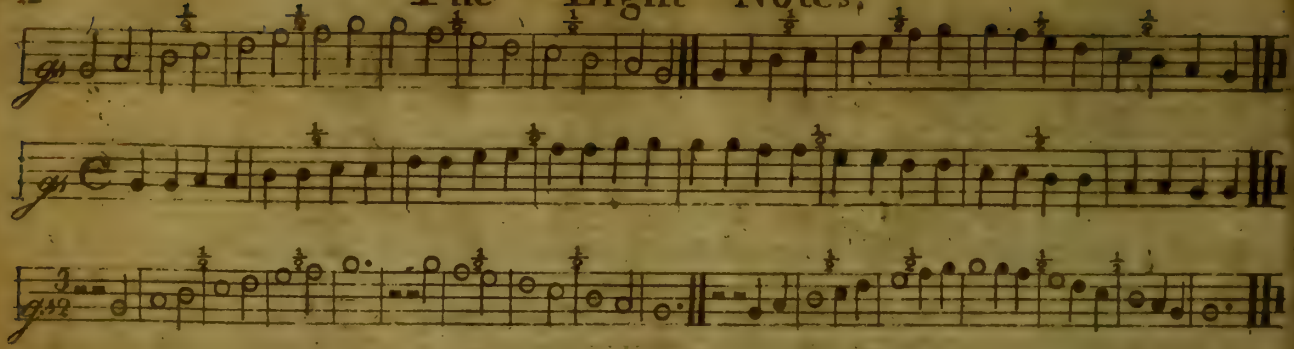
In the sharp key, (which is chearful) every third, sixth, and seventh, is half a tone higher than in the flat and mournful key



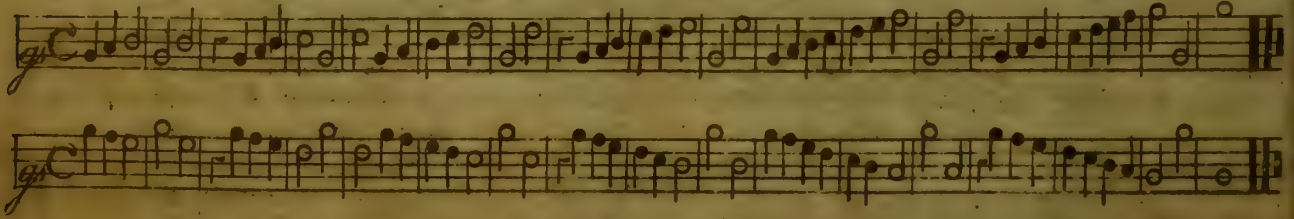
Graces uſed in Muſic.



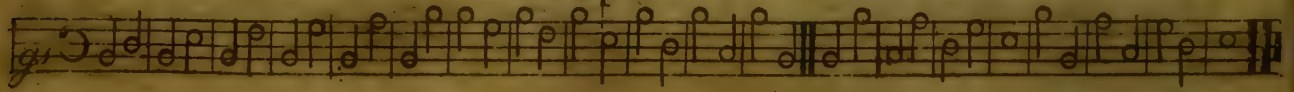
The Eight Notes.



Intervals Proved.



Leaps.



OF TUNING AND FORMING THE VOICE.

LEARNERS, who have attained to a ſufficient knowledge of the GAMUT, and firſt principles of PSALMODY, and can readily tell the name of each line and ſpace, both by letter and note, (eſpecially of the part they are learning) may proceed to tune and form the voice, beginning with the eight notes, giving to each a true and diſtinct ſound; carefully obſerving the ſemi-tones between mi and fa, and la and fa, aſcending, and between fa and la, and fa and mi, deſcending.---The mi ſhould be pronounced ſoft, being called me; or, rather, as with the ſhort i, being a medium between mee and my;---the a, in fa and la, open, as in farm, larm, &c. a medium between fae lae, and faw law;---the o, in ſol, open, as ſole.---Let the voice be clear and ſmooth as poſſible, neither forcing the ſound through the noſe, nor blowing through the teeth with the mouth ſhut;---a trembling in the voice is alſo carefully to be avoided.---All high notes ſhould be ſounded ſoft, but not faint;---the low notes full, but not harſh;---and let all be done with eaſe and freedom, endeavouring to cultivate a muſical voice; obſerving for imitation, the ſweet ſound of the violin, the ſoft melody of the flute, and the tuneful notes of the nightingale.

Having, by diligent practice, become maſter of all the ſounds, riſing and falling, both by degrees and intervals, they may then begin to practice in plain Pſalmody.

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS ON SINGING.

IN order to make any conſiderable proficiency in Pſalmody, the learner ſhould proceed gradually; beginning with a few plain tunes, in which he ſhould continue 'till he has become perfect, both as to the air and time.

In ſinging, the notes ſhould not be ſtruck and ended abruptly, like the report of a ſmith's hammer; nor yet in a dull and heavy manner, by beginning half a tone under, and painfully arriving at the true ſound:---The low notes, indeed, ſhould be ſounded full, but the others ought to be ſtruck and ended ſoft, ſwelling each ſound as the air of the tune may require. This method of ſounding is eaſier for the voice, and, if performed with ſpirit, will be more pleaſing to the ear; ---and it may here be noted, that ſwelling a ſound, and raiſing a tone, are eſſentially different.--- Notes of two beats, will admit of a double ſwell, the firſt ſwell the fulleſt, (except in ſyncopated notes) the other ſoft, like an echo. Where no reſts are ſet, the muſic ſhould go on without interminſion---a ceſſation between the notes is very hurtful to the air;---it makes the muſic heavy and dull, and the audience impatient;---if allowable any where, it is at the end of lines in Pſalm-tunes.

All the notes going to one ſyllable, ſhould be ſung with the lips and teeth aſunder, and, if poſſible, at one breath, which ſhould be previouſly taken for that purpoſe.---A long chain of notes under a ſlur, ſhould be ſung ſomewhat ſofter than plain notes, being lightly warbled in the throat.---Great care ſhould be taken in beating, to keep exact time, and to have the voice accompany the beats.

There

There are ſeveral things obſerved as Graces or Ornaments in Muſic, the moſt neceſſary are,

1ſt. The Mark of Diſtinction,---being ſet over a note, denotes it is to be ſung as diſtinct and emphatic as poſſible.

2d. The Appoggiatura, or leading note, which ſerves for the arriving more gracefully to the following note, either riſing or falling, and muſt be dwelt on according to the length of the note it is made of; ſometimes 'tis uſed as a preparation to a trill, and is expreſs'd by an intermediate note, or notes.

3d. The Trill or Shake,---which is the ſhaking of two diſtinct notes upon one ſyllable as long as the time allows, always beginning with the upper, and ending on the lower note; and ought to be uſed on all deſcending pointed crotchets, and generally before a cloſe;---alſo, on all deſcending ſharp'd notes, and ſemi-tones, but none ſhorter than crotchets.---Of theſe there are two ſorts, call'd open or cloſe; if the next note above the note to be ſhaken be a whole tone, it is an open ſhake, but if a ſemi-tone, 'tis a cloſe ſhake.

4th. The Turn,---which is either ſingle, or double.---The ſingle turn divides a note into three parts, and may be uſed on a note of one beat, between two higher notes, when the laſt note riſes a ſemi-tone.

The double turn, divides a note into five [illegible] beats, which [illegible] two notes [illegible];

5th. Another grace which is very ornamental, when well performed, is call'd Tranſition; that is, to ſlur or break a note, to ſoften the roughneſs of a leap:---the turning of thirds up and down, if performed with eaſe, is eſpecially a beautiful part of muſic; but notes, deſcending more than a third, ſhould, generally, be ſounded plain, without bending or ſliding the voice, eſpecially the ſharp key note:---the flat key note may be broke, in deſcending a fourth, by lightly touching or ſliding upon the intermediate notes.---See the examples.

(It is beſt, however, at firſt, to ſing plain, and not to attempt any turn or humour of the voice, but what is entirely natural to the performer; as the beauty of ſinging conſiſts, in a great meaſure, in a kind of eaſe and ſeeming negligence.)

6th. Accent, and propriety of expreſſion, is eſpecially neceſſary to be atended to.

1ſt. The Accent; to perform which, obſerve, that as a bar of common time is divided into four parts, a bar of triple time into three parts, and a bar of compound time into ſix parts; the firſt and third parts of a bar of common time*, the firſt of triple time, and the firſt and fourth of compound time, ought to be adapted to the accent of the words, ſo that if any part is ſung louder than the reſt, it muſt be that on which the accent is placed. Regard ſhould alſo be had to the words; ſinging ſtrong where the words are ſuitable, as might, thunder, &c. and ſoft where the words are ſo, as mild, weak, &c.

* the words

Many words which end in y, ſhould be pronounced as ending in e, or the ſhort i, as lofte, eternalle, &c. but not in every inſtance; the words ſanctify, magnify, juſtify, glorify, are exceptions, being pronounced as they are ſpelt. Hallelujah ſhould be pronounced halleuiah.

To ſing in concert, there are ſeveral things further to be obſerved. One very eſſential thing, is to have the parts properly proportioned. Three upon the baſs, one upon the tenor, one on the counter, and two upon the treble (in general) is about the proportion required by the laws of harmony.---The voices on the baſs ſhould be majeſtic, deep, and ſolemn; the tenor, full, bold, and manly; the counter, loud, clear, and lofty; the treble, ſoft, ſhrill, and ſonorous.

Let each performer ſing the part that is moſt ſuitable to his voice, and never ſtretch it beyond its proper bearing, nor ſtrive to ſing louder than the reſt of the company, unleſs he is in the place of a leader.

Let the piece be ſet ſo that all parts may ſing with eaſe; for which purpoſe, a pitch-pipe is very convenient.

Let the key-note be ſounded firſt, and the parts take their reſpective pitches from it. Particular care ſhould be taken, to have every voice perfectly in tune; as the leaſt variation from the true ſound, though in but one voice, will render the harmony imperfect.

Let the low notes in the baſs be ſtruck full, and the high notes ſoft.

ther part is added. When the words are repeated, the accent ſhould be more forcible, unleſs otherwiſe directed.

A Solo ſhould be ſung ſoft and graceful.

Time, is ſo neceſſary to be obſerved, (eſpecially in a concert) that without it, the beſt piece of muſic would run into confuſion of ſounds: there ſhould be an exact agreement of time, in all the parts, both as to the beats and accents. Particular attention ſhould, alſo, be paid to the cloſing note; not to break it off abruptly, nor yet to die away in a faint and lifeleſs manner; but let it be ſounded clear and ſmooth, and gently ſwell the laſt beat, not jerking, but ſoft like an echo, and all conclude at the ſame inſtant. It would be well to raiſe the hand ſomewhat ſlower, in a cloſing note of but two beats; always obſerving to continue the ſound the whole time of the laſt beat.

Decency and uniformity, in the poſition of body, and in beating of time, ought ſtrictly to be attended to:---A ſmall beat is ſufficient for all, except the leader.---All levity, whiſpering, laughing, or looking about, while ſinging ſacred words, is abominable, and renders the performance contemptible.

The beauty of Pſalm-ſinging depends much on an agreement between the tune and ſubject; that the melody may expreſs the meaning of the words as much as poſſible.---For a Pſalm of penitence and prayer, the muſic ſhould be grave, and grounded on a flat key. For a Pſalm of praiſe and thankſgiving, the [illegible] pleaſant and [illegible]

PSALM TUNES, IN FOUR PARTS.

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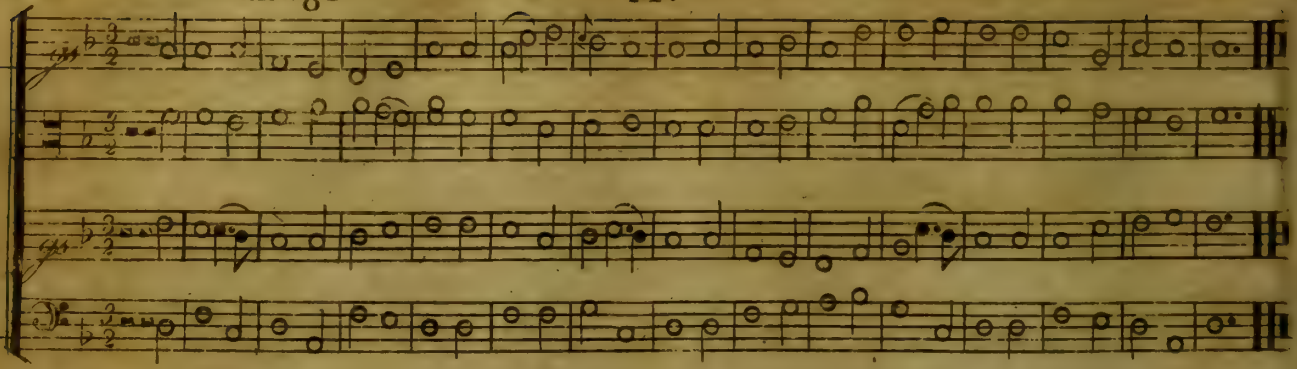
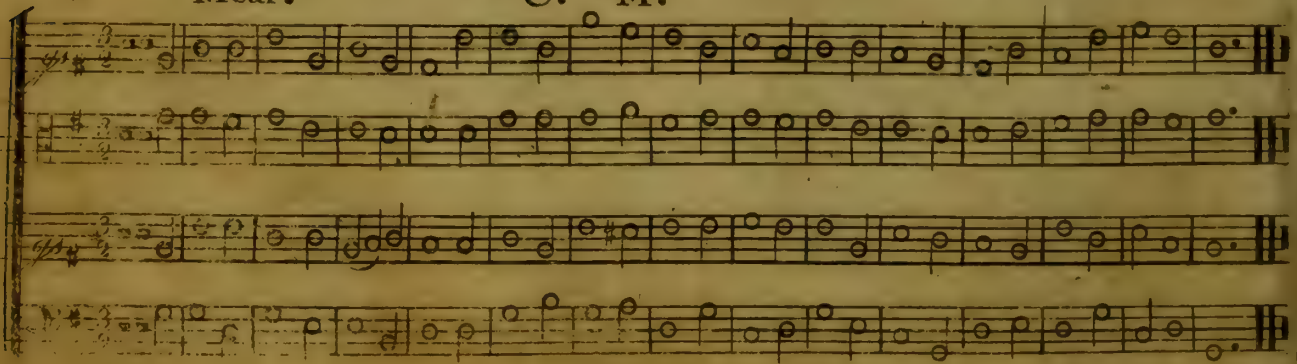
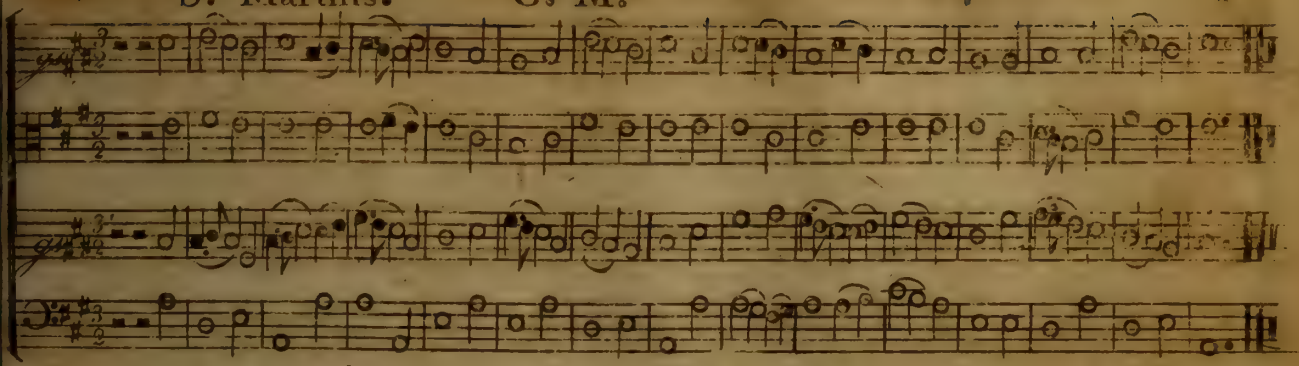


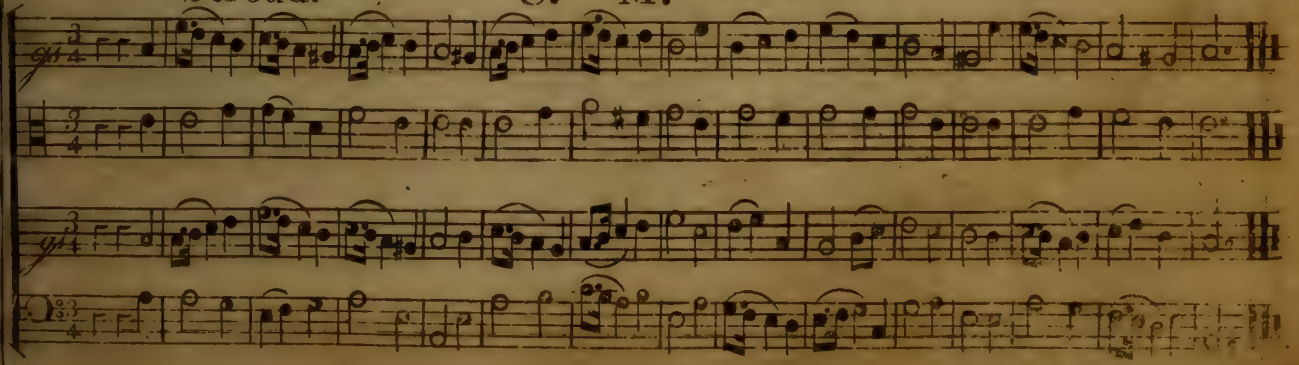
Mear. C. M.



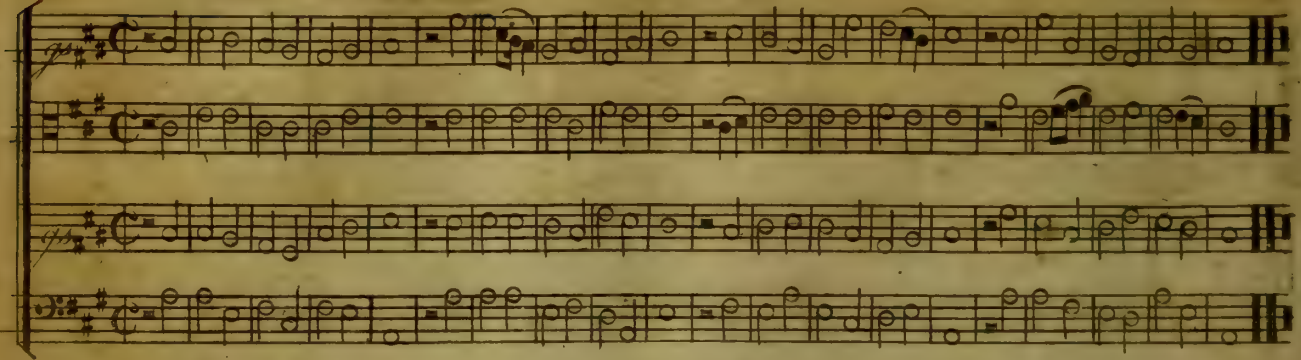
St Martin's. C. M.



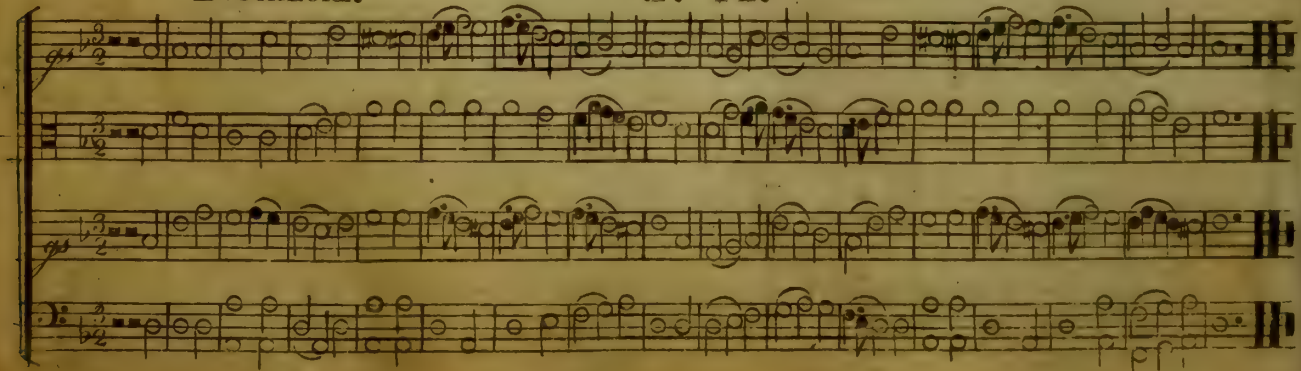
Stroud. C. M.



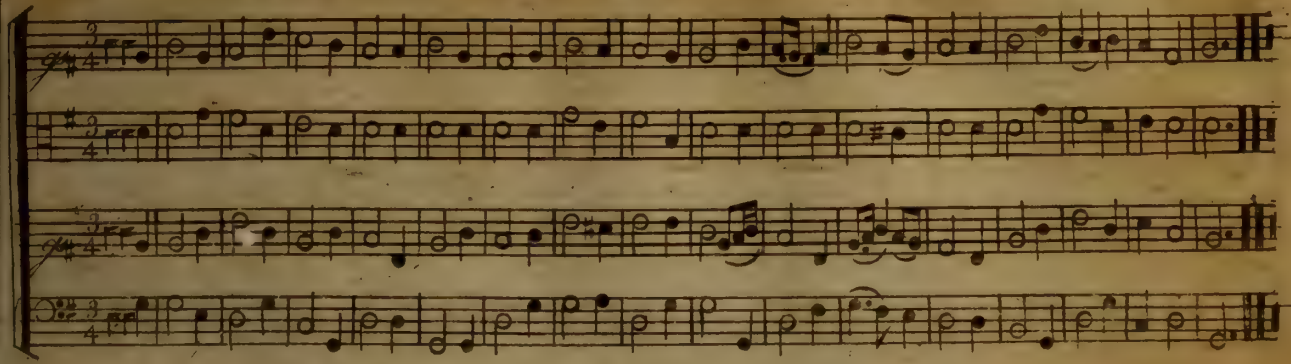
Old 100th. L. M.



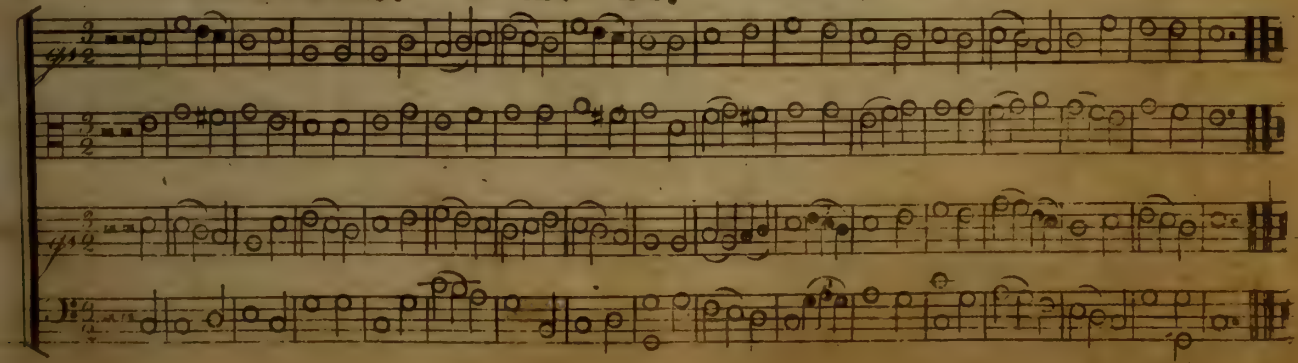
Brookfield. L. M.



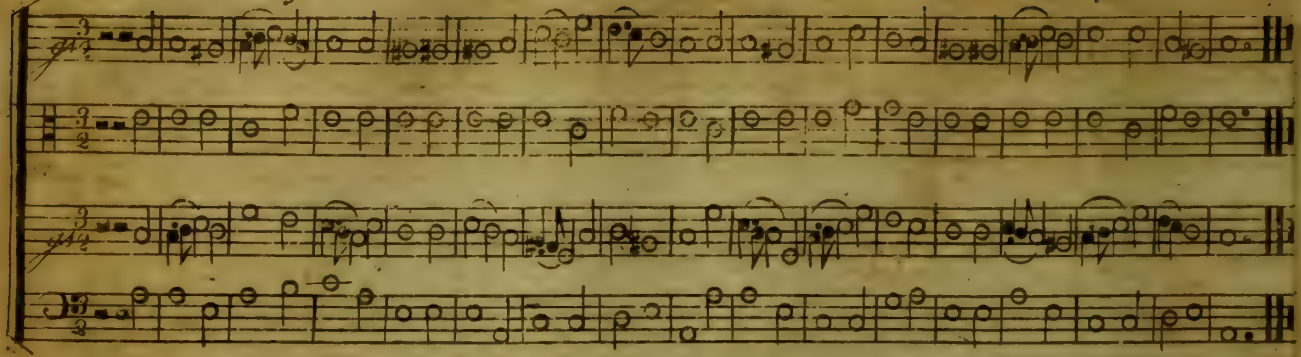
Rickmansworth. L. M.



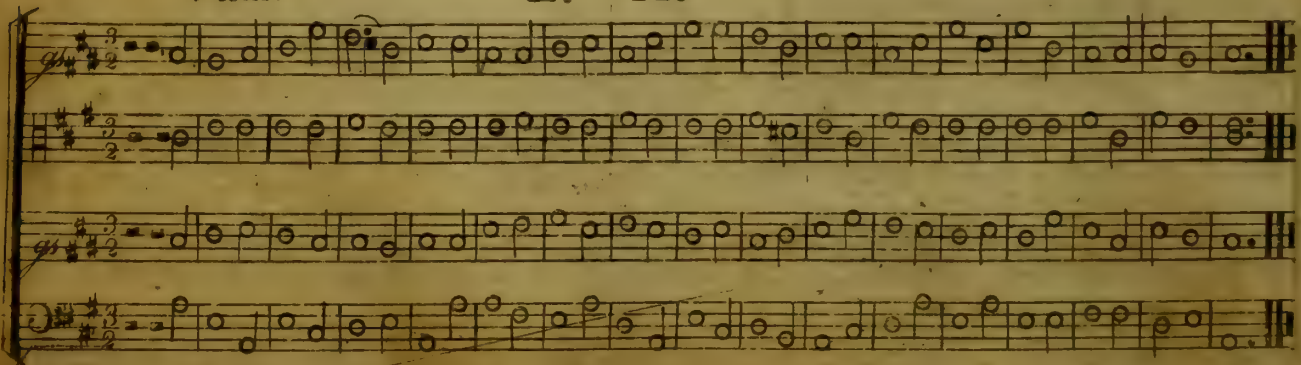
All-Saints. L. M.



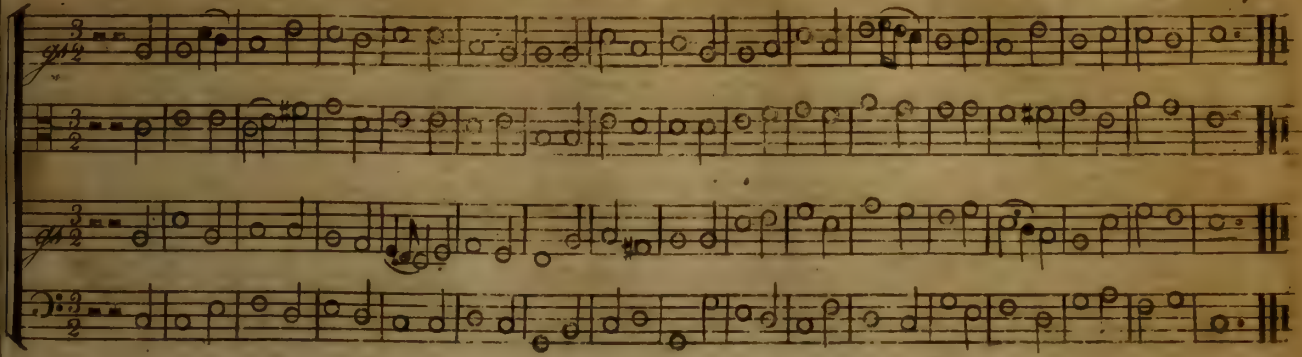
Putney. L. M.



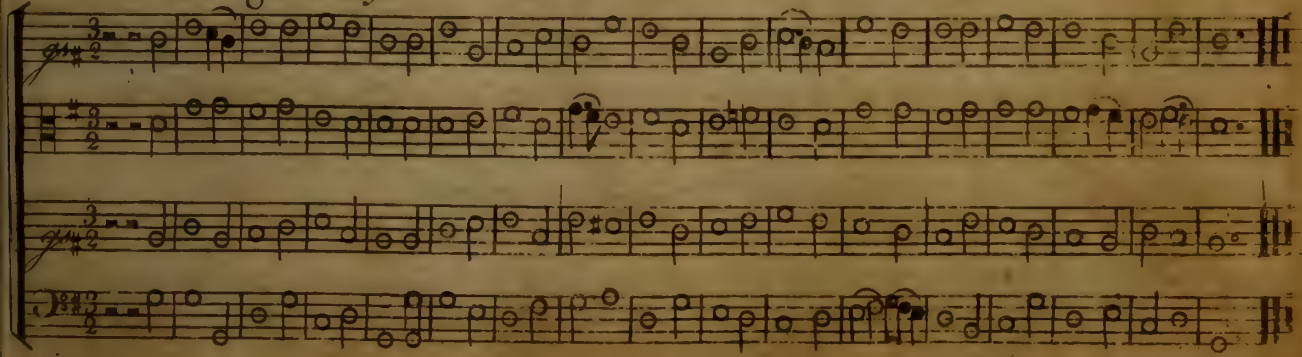
Bath. L. M.



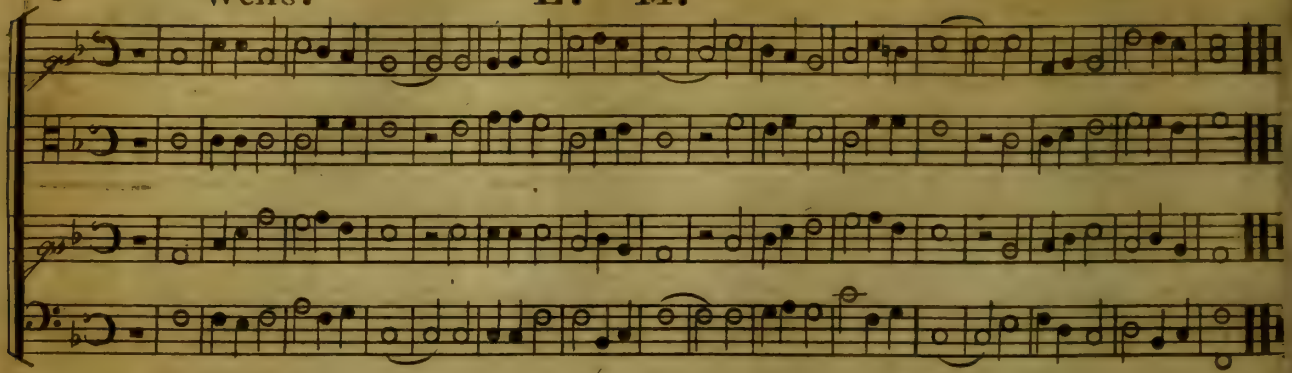
Winchester. L. M.



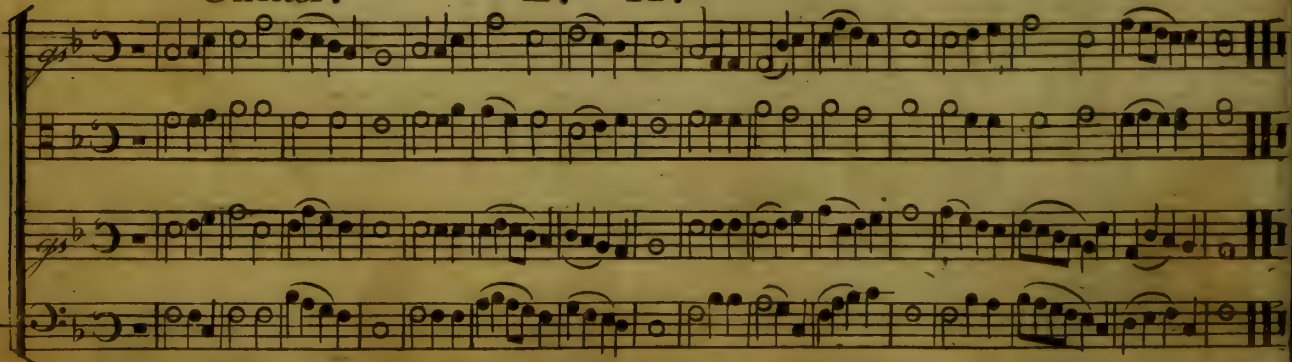
Angels Hymn. L. M.



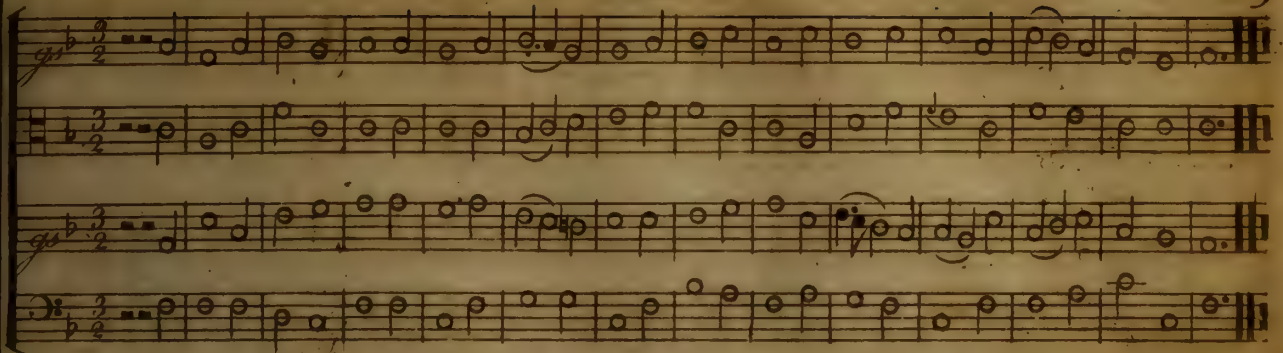
Wells. L. M.



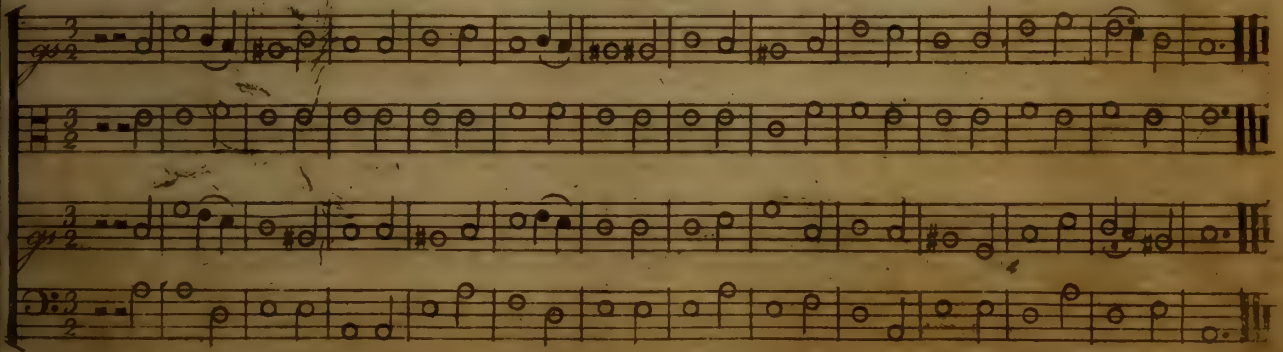
Chester. L. M.



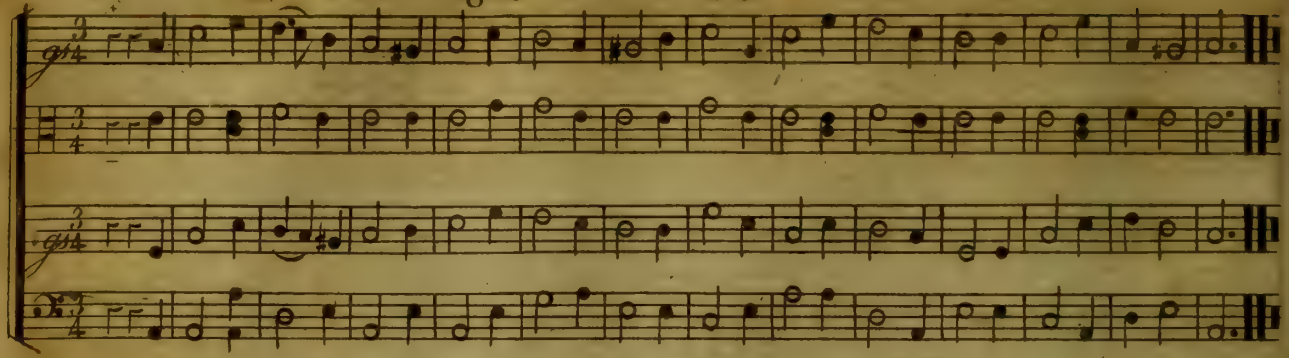
Sutton. S. M.



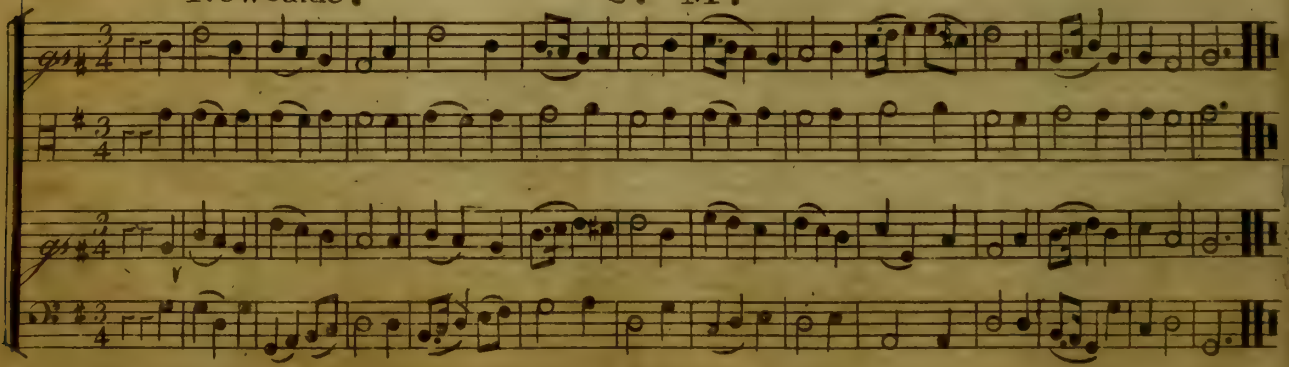
Childerditch. S. M.



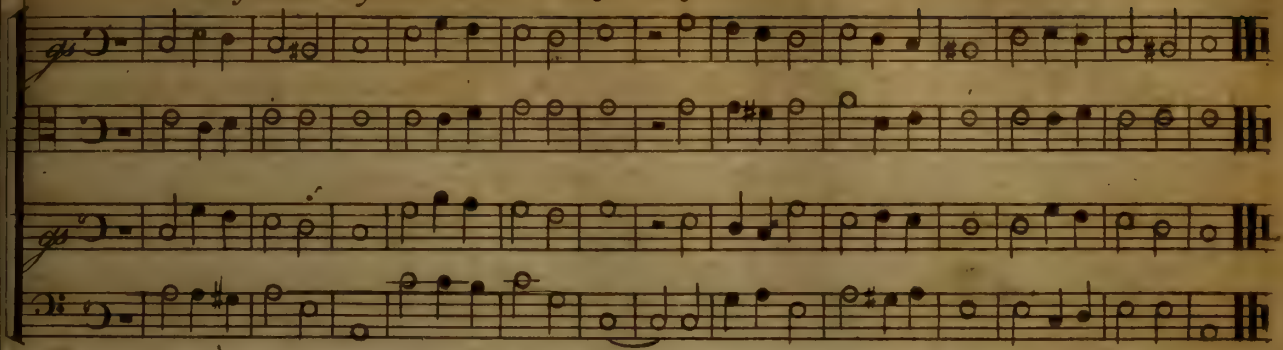
Little Marlborough. S. M.



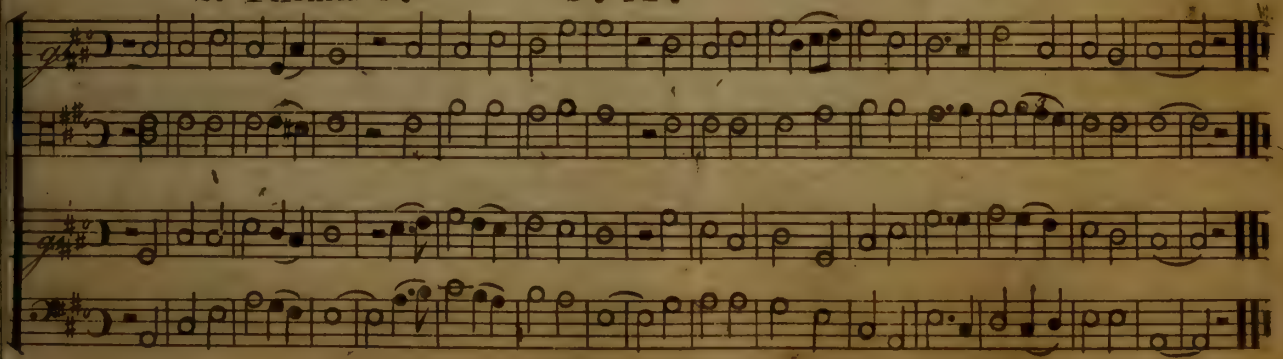
Newcaſtle. S. M.



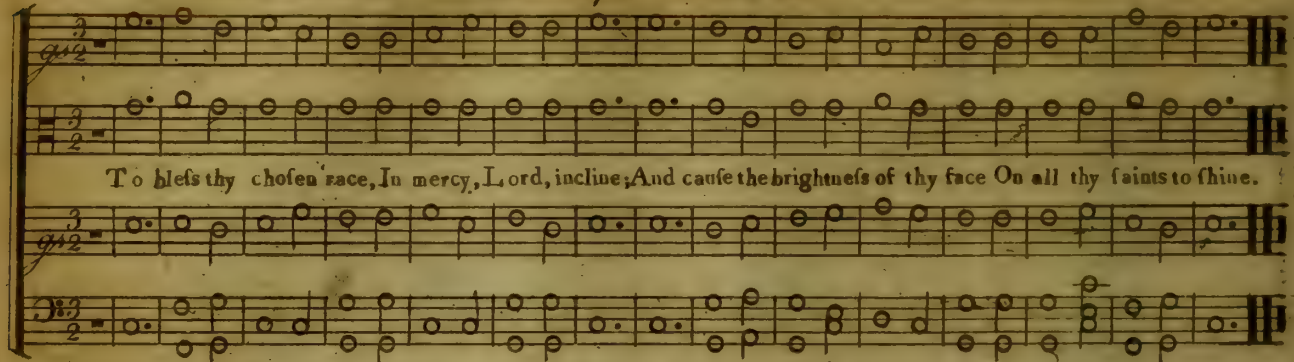
Aylesbury. S. M.



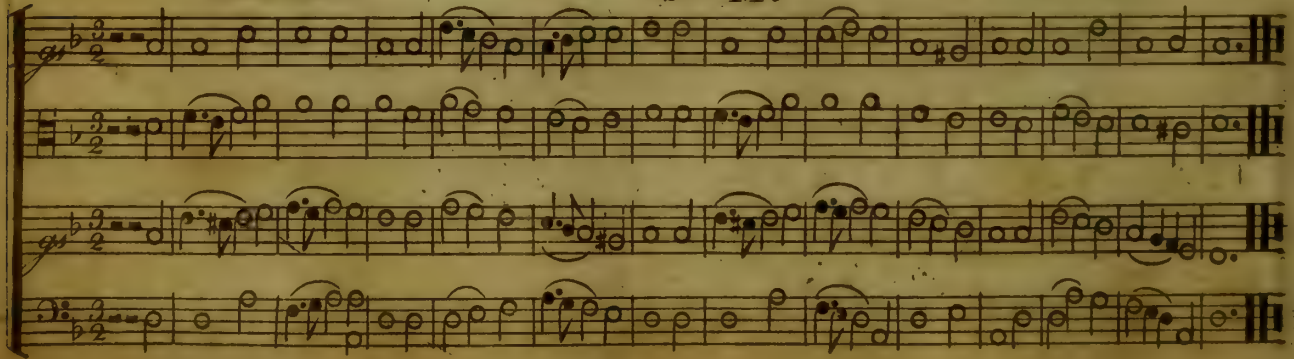
St. Thomas's. S. M.

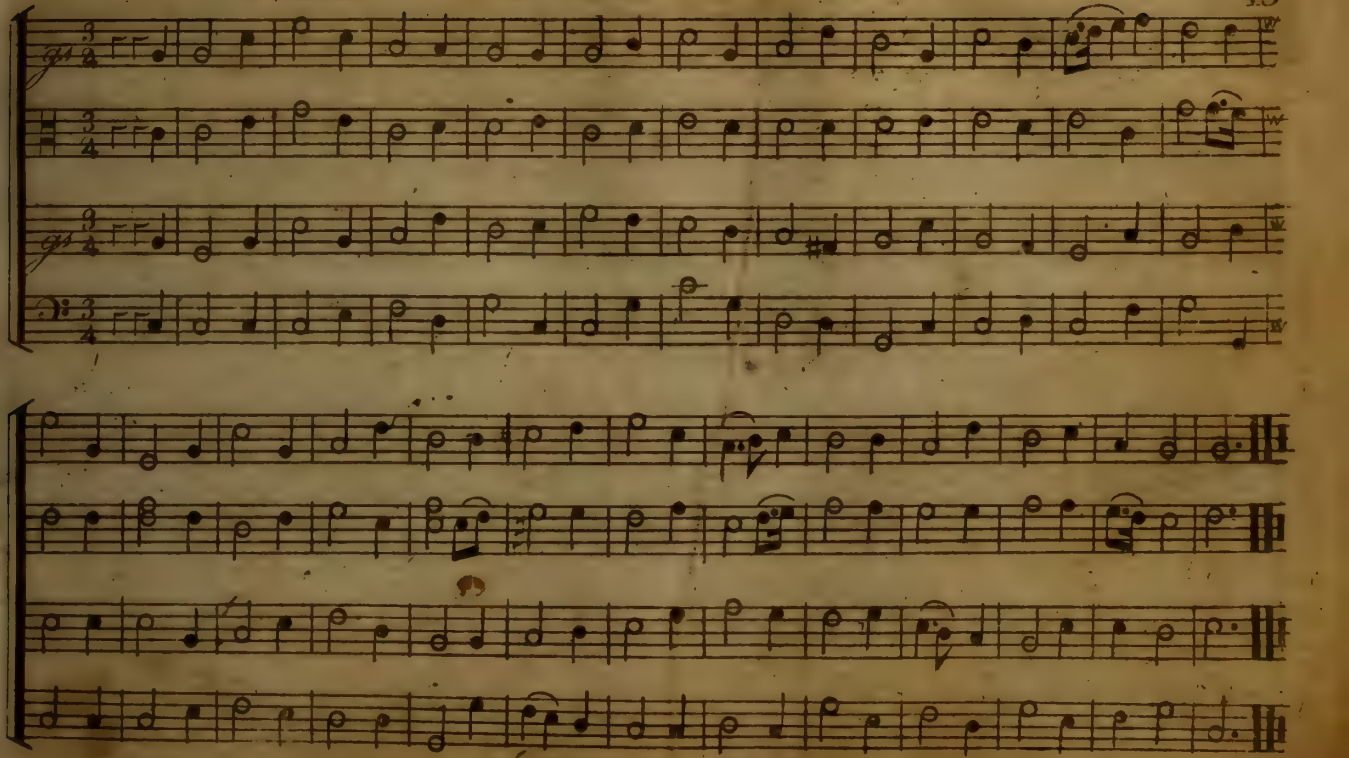


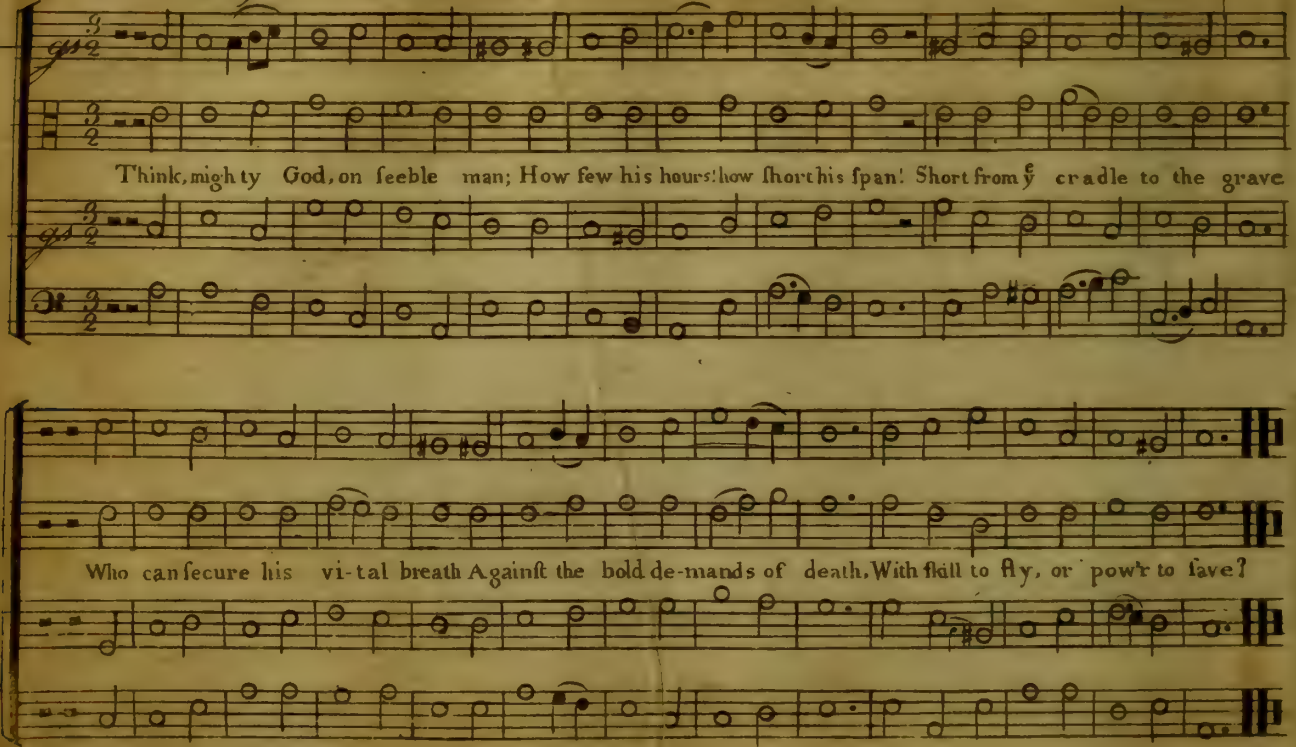
New South. | Pf. 67. B.& T. S.M.

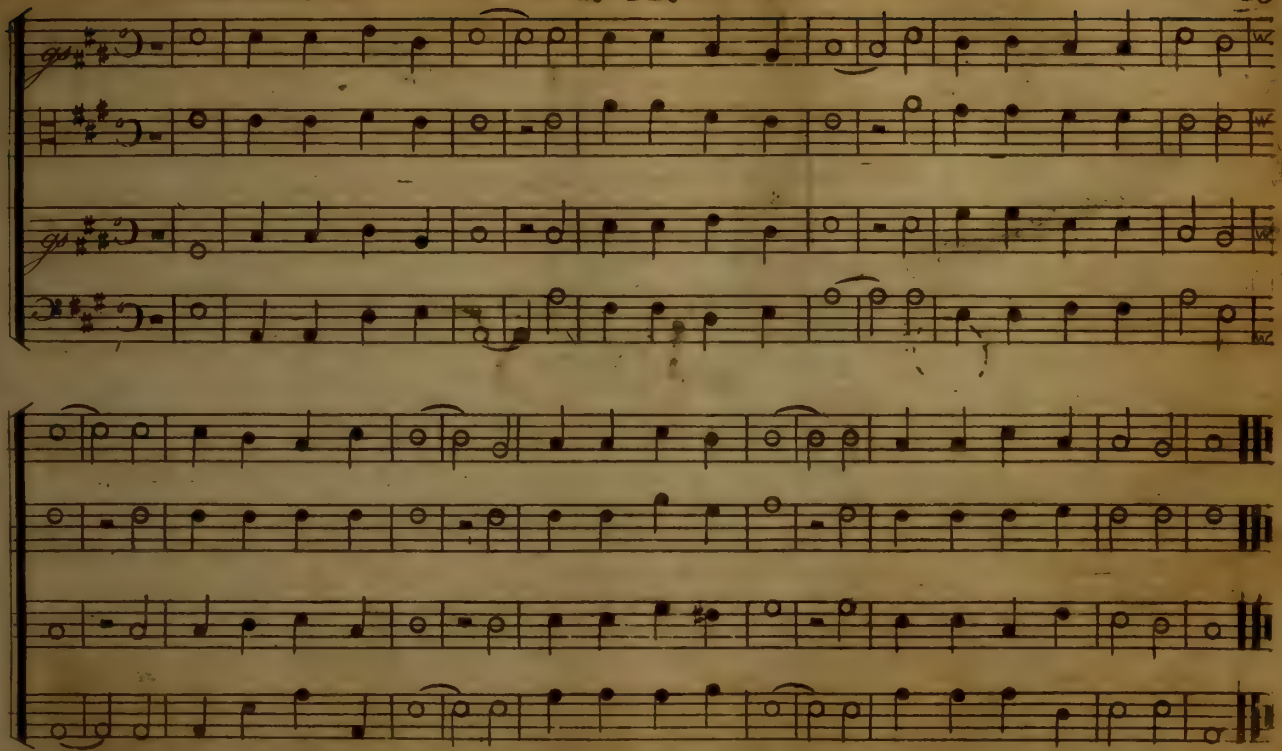


Hebron. S. M.

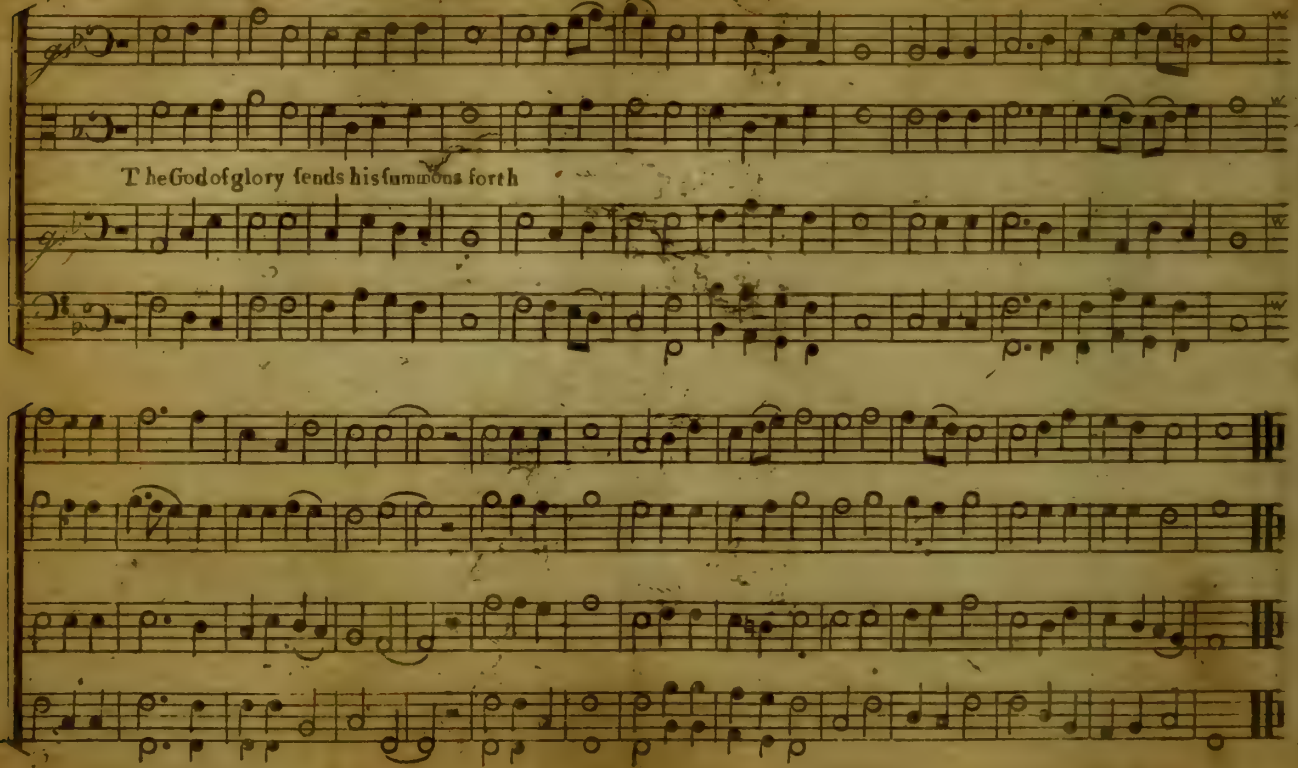


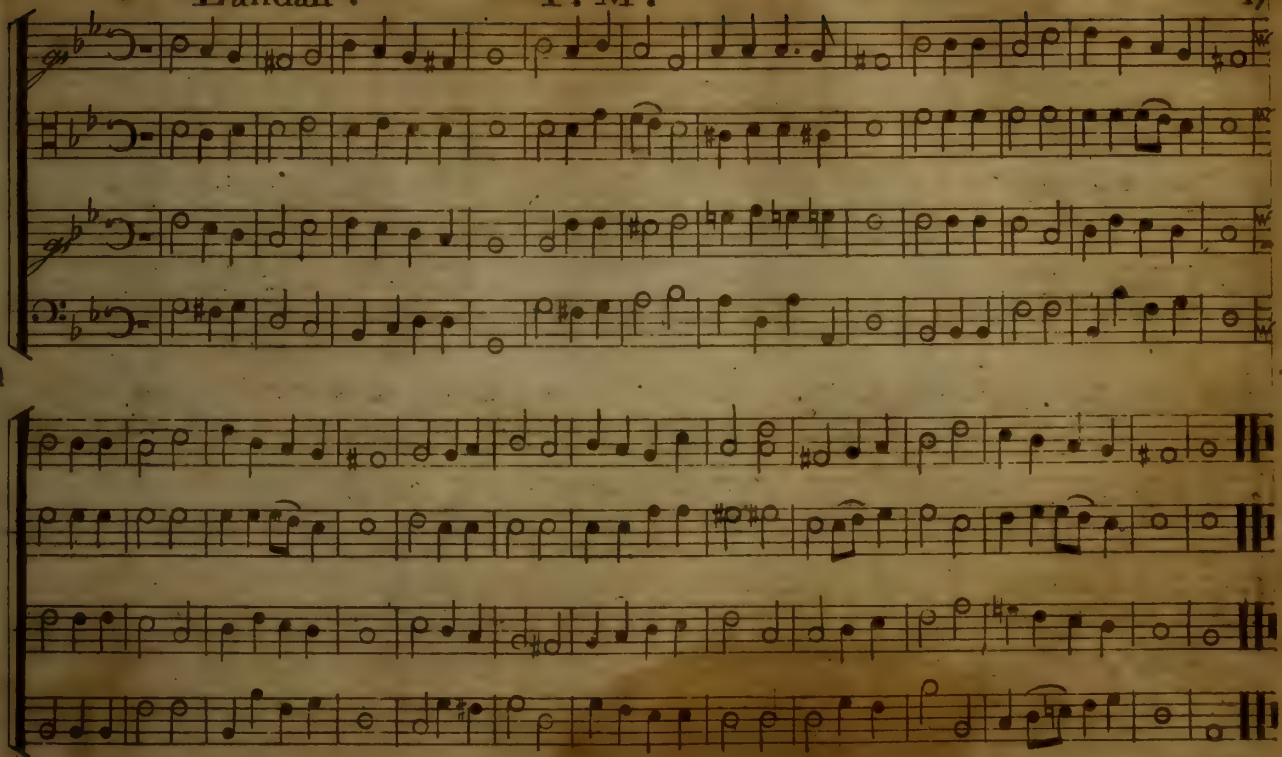



Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours! how short his span! Short from ſ cradle to the grave
Who can ſecure his vi-tal breath Againſt the bold de-mands of death, With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave?

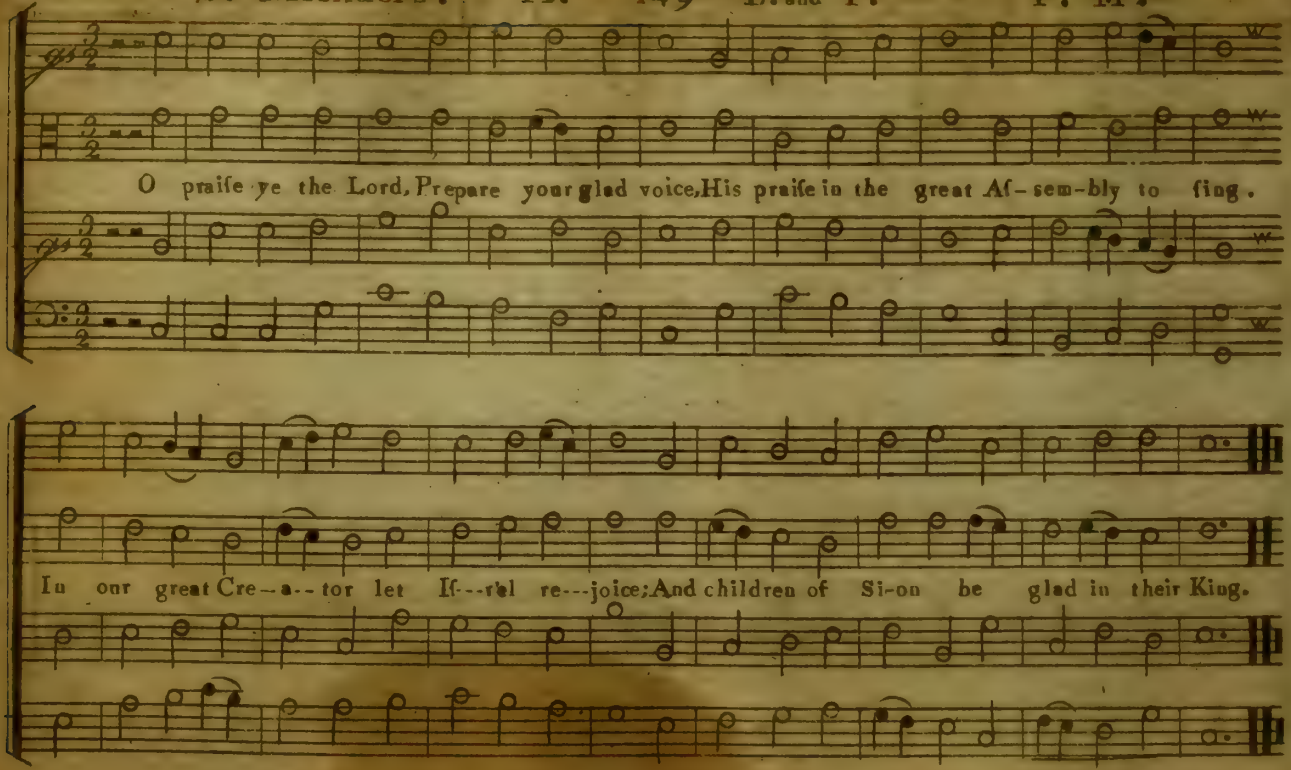


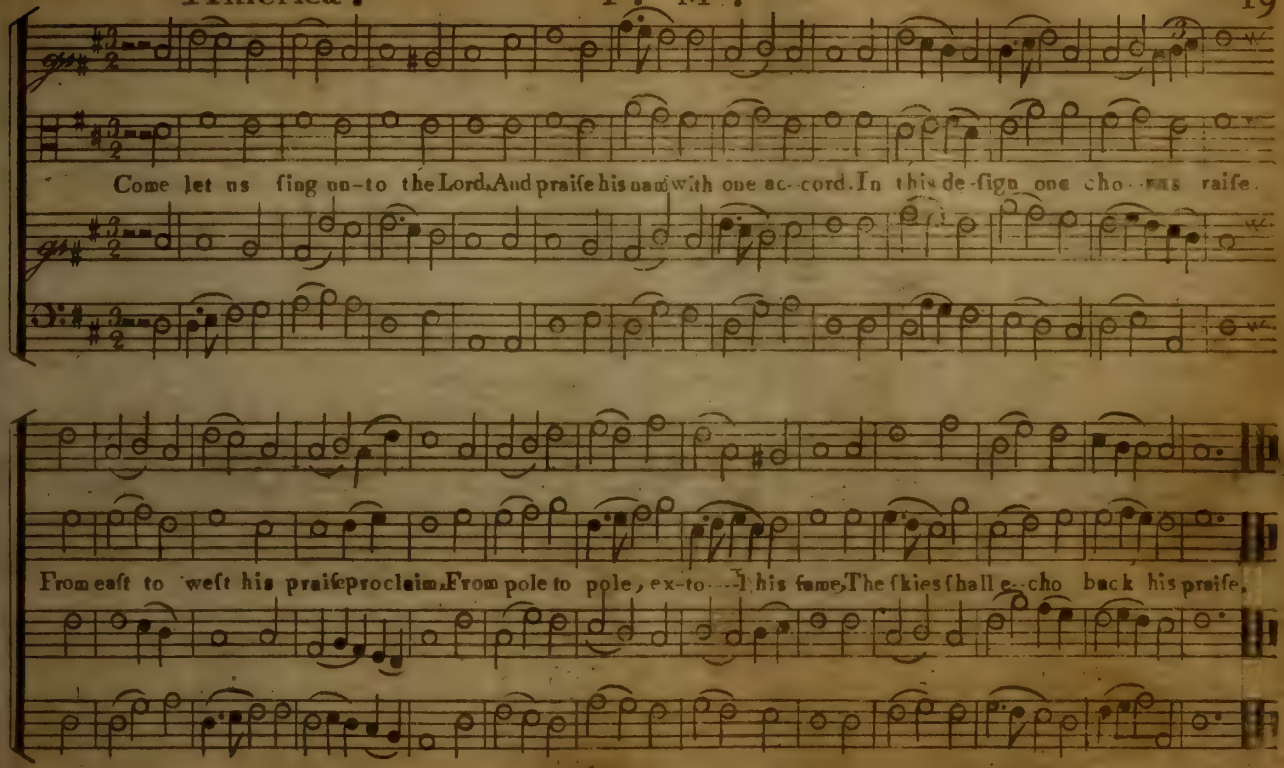
Wrentham. Ps. 50th Dr. W. P. M.



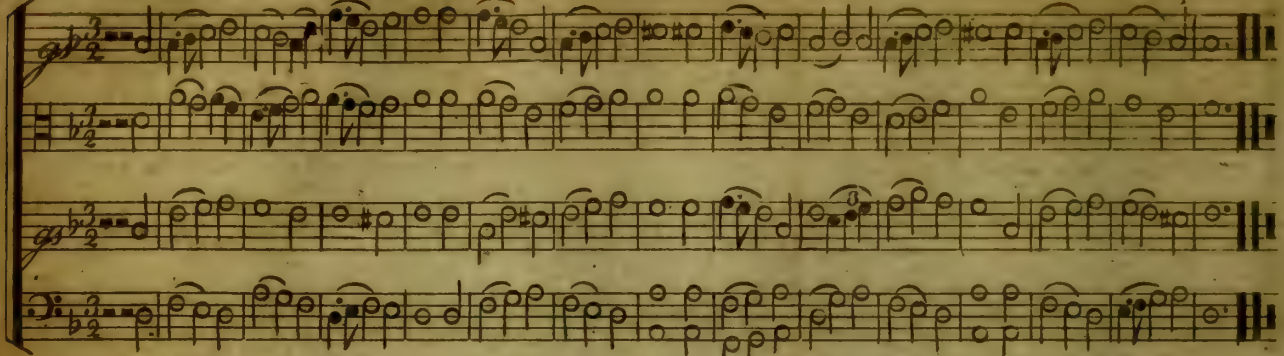


St. Michael's. Pf. 149th B. and T. P. M.

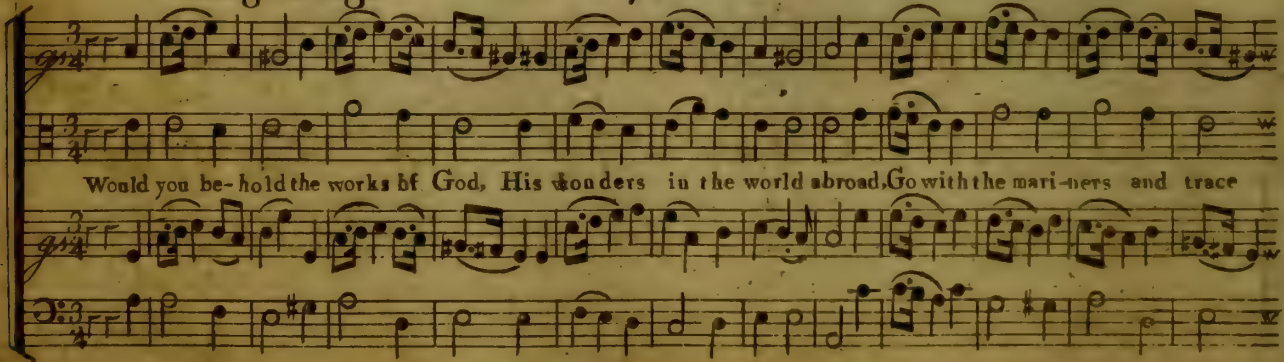

O praise ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great As-sem-bly to sing.
In our great Cre--a--tor let Is---ra'l re---joice; And children of Si-on be glad in their King.

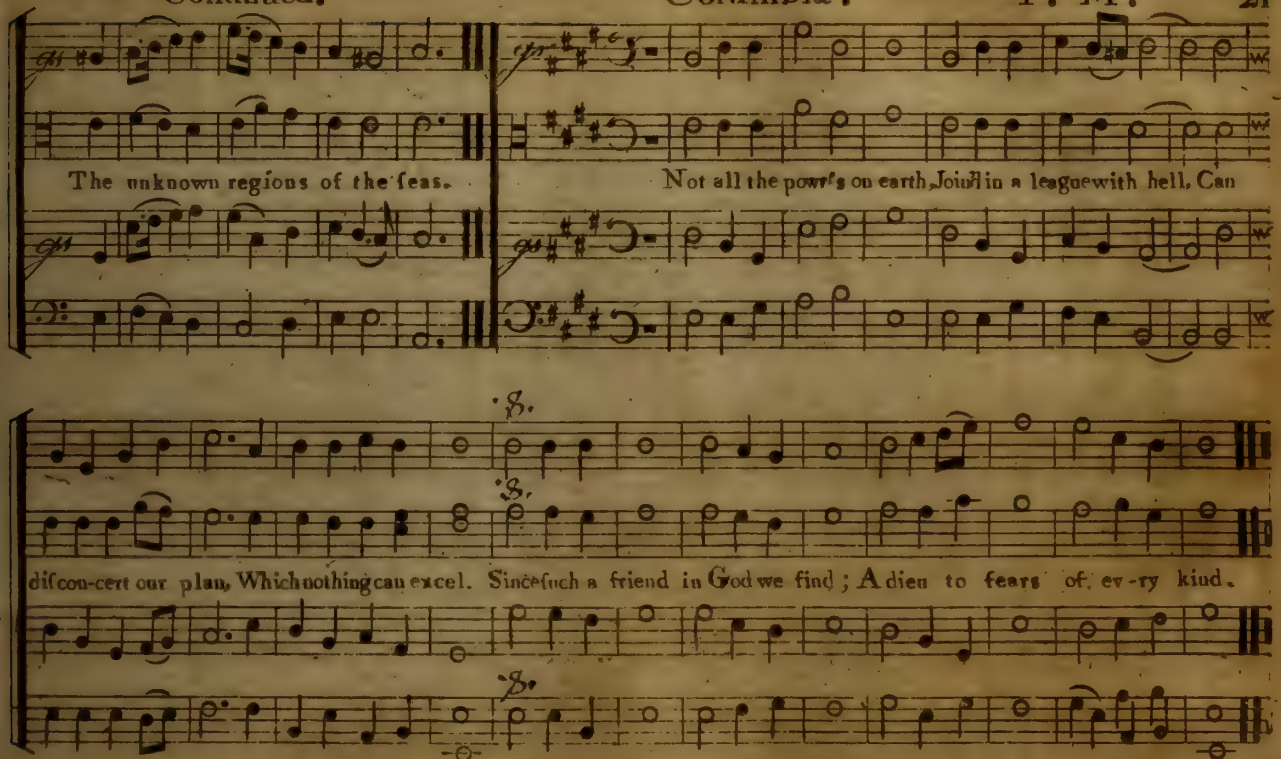

Come let us sing un-to the Lord, And praise his name with one ac-cord. In this de-sign one cho-rus raise.
From east to west his praise proclaim, From pole to pole, ex-to-l his fame, The skies shall e-cho back his praise.

Princetown. C. M.

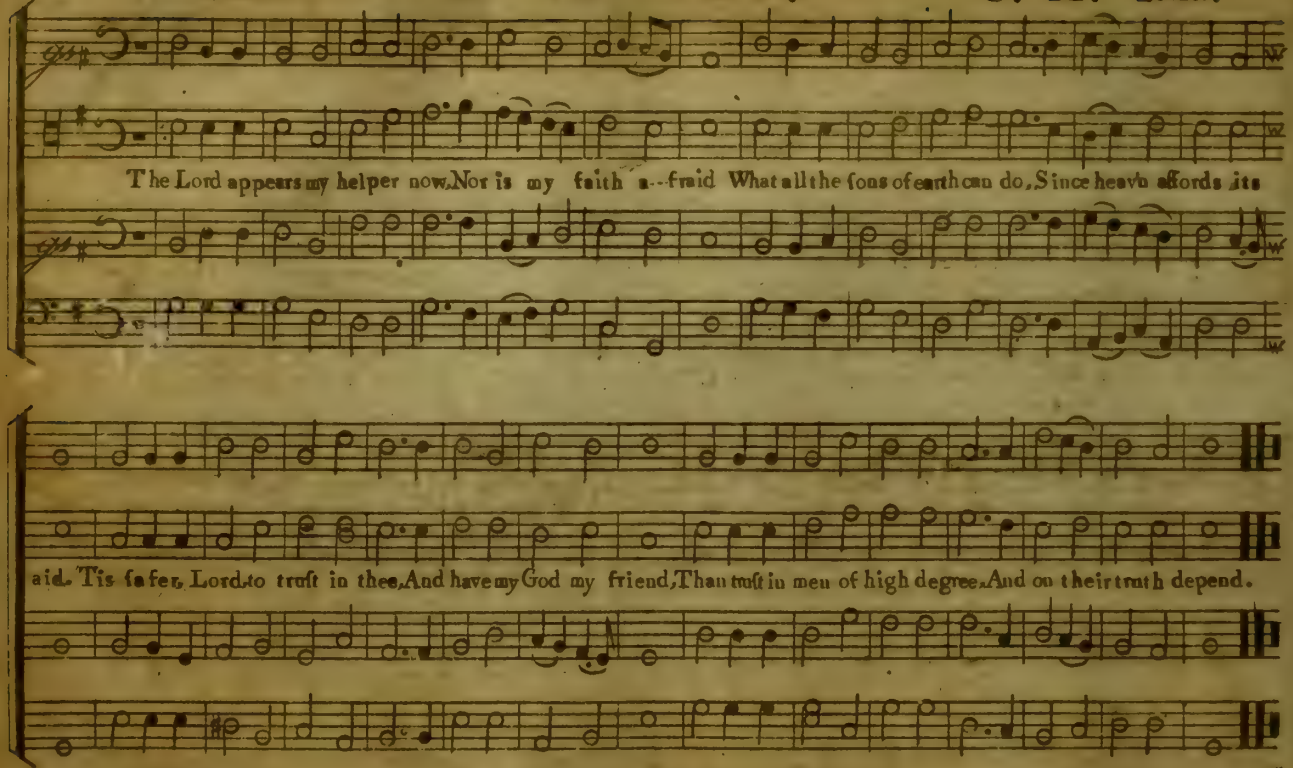


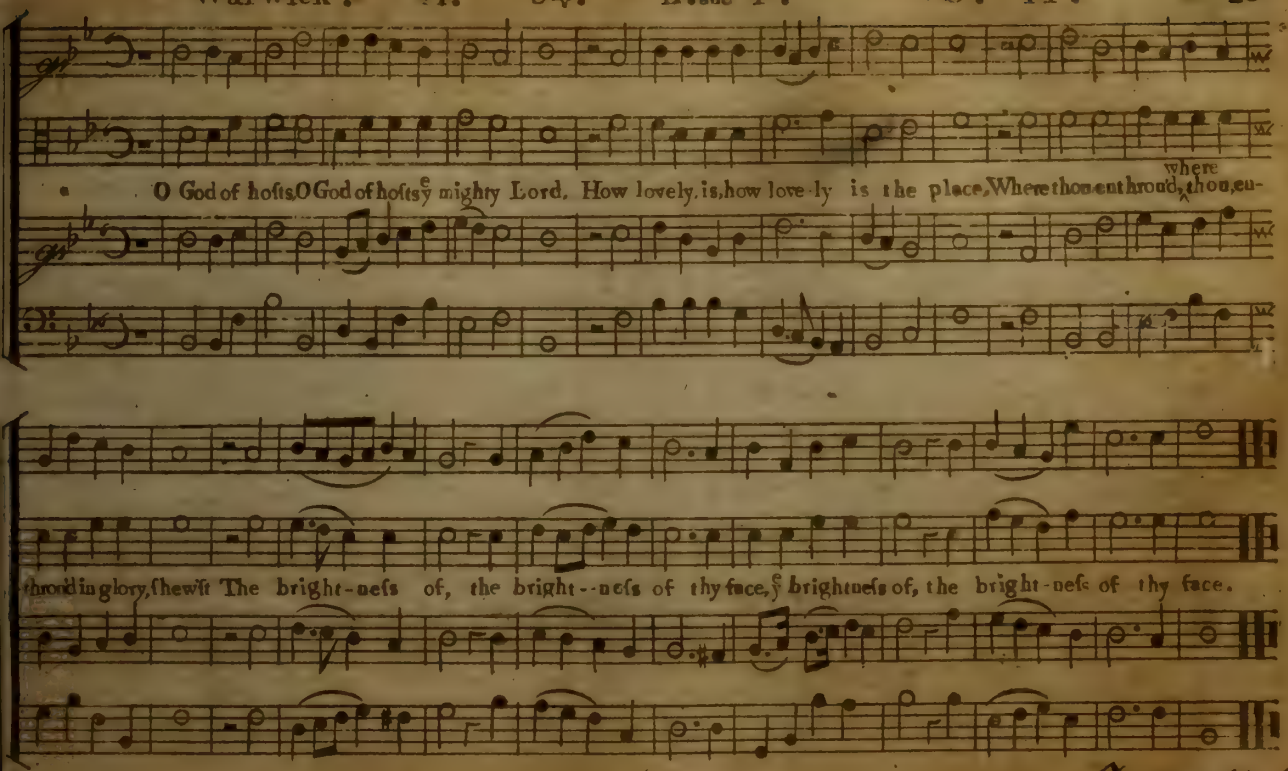
Kingsbridge. Pf. 107th D: W. L. M.



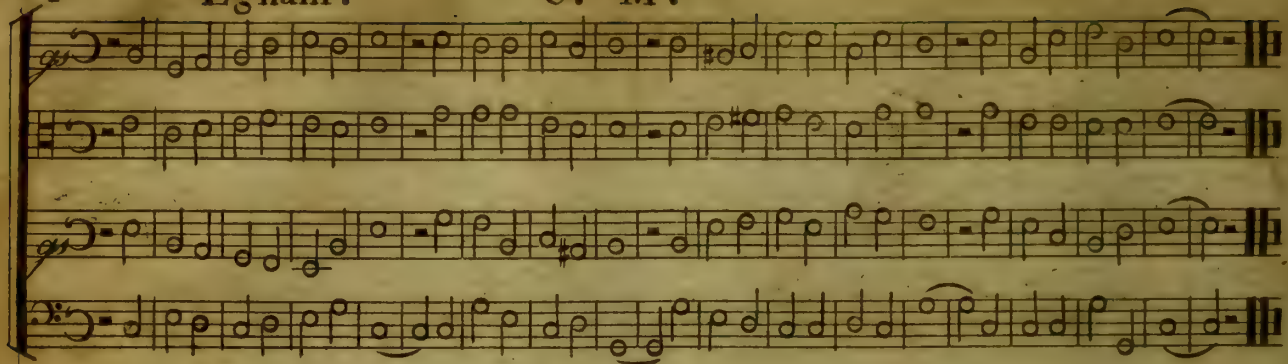

The unknown regions of the seas.
Not all the powr's on earth, Join'd in a league with hell, Can
dis con-cert our plan, Which nothing can excel. Since such a friend in God we find; Adieu to fears of ev-ry kind.

Rineton. Pf. 118th Dr W. C. M. Double.

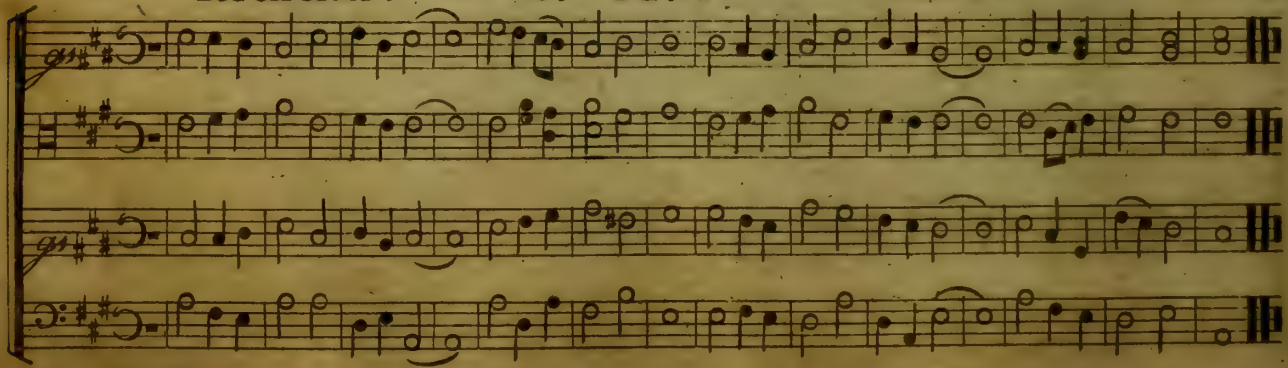

The Lord appears my helper now, Nor is my faith a--fraid What all the sons of earth can do, Since heavn affords its
aid. Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee, And have my God my friend, Than trust in men of high degree, And on their truth depend.


O God of hosts, O God of hosts, & mighty Lord, How lovely, is, how love-ly is the place, Where thou en throud, where thou, en-
throd in glory, shewst The bright-ness of, the bright--ness of thy face, & bright-ness of, the bright-ness of thy face.

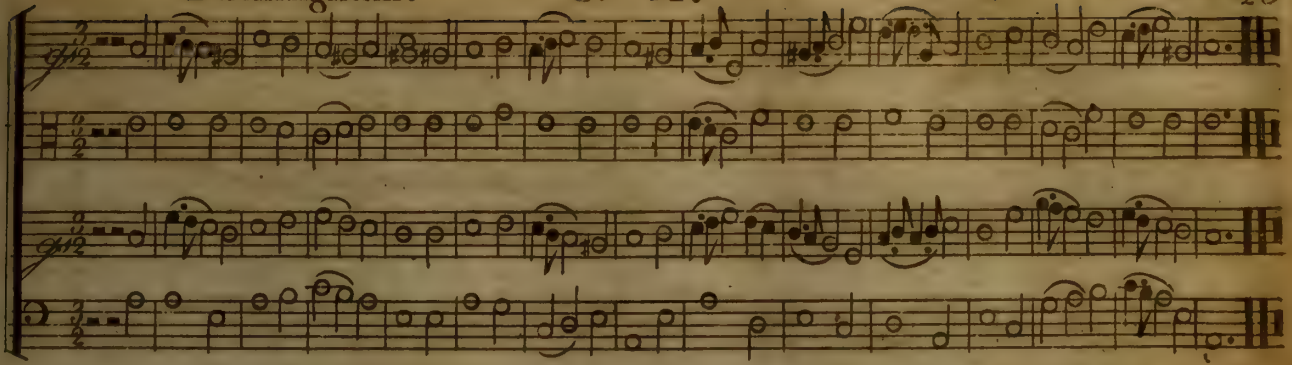
Egham. C. M.



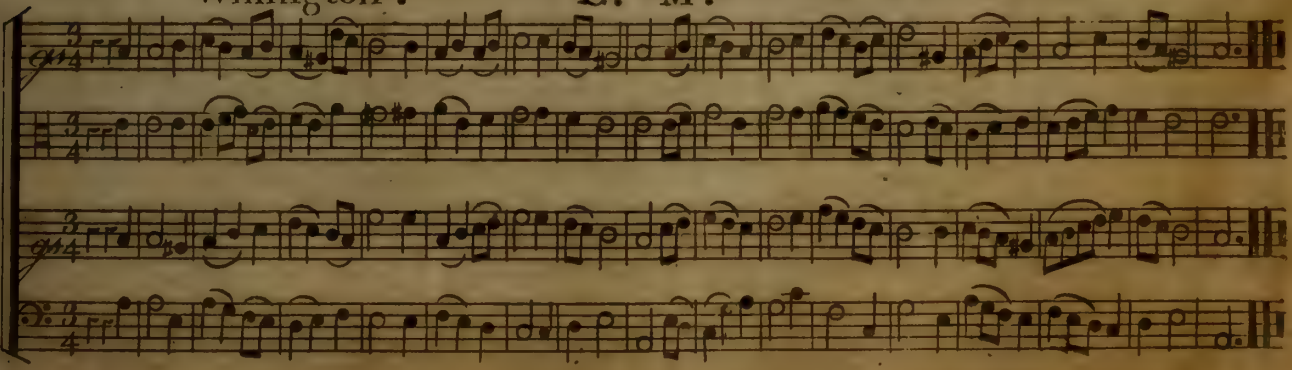
Rochester. C. M.



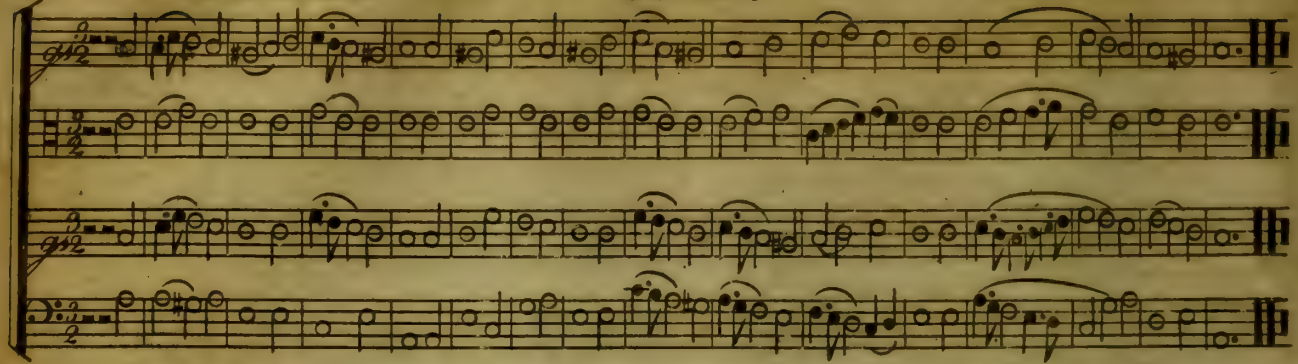
Buckingham. C. M.



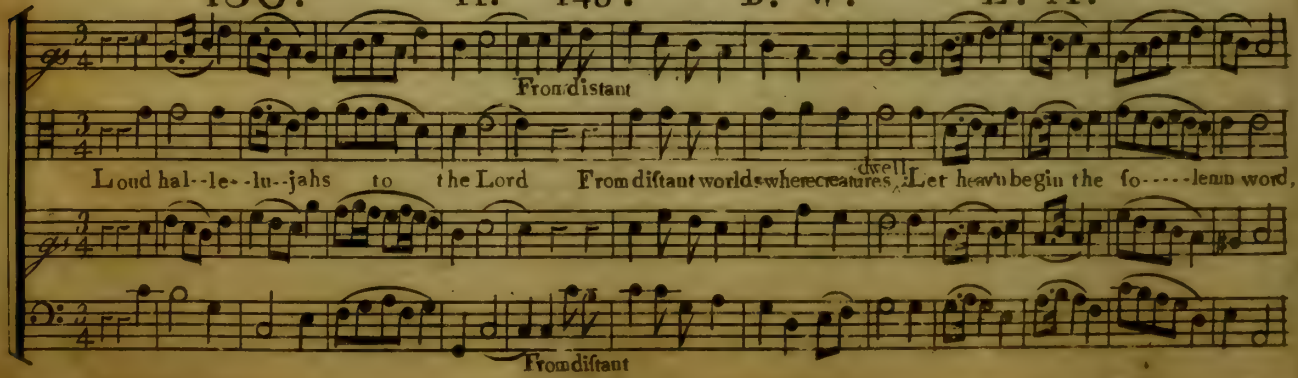
Willington. L. M.

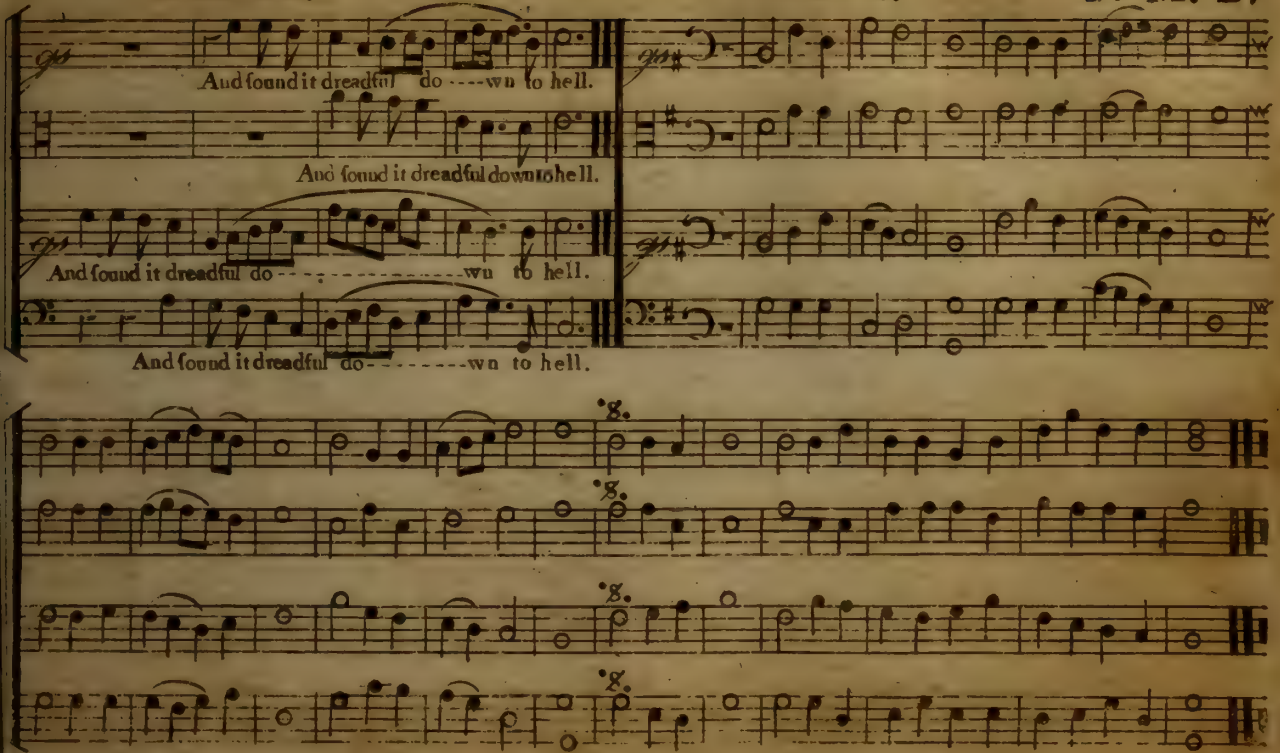


Parindon. C. M.

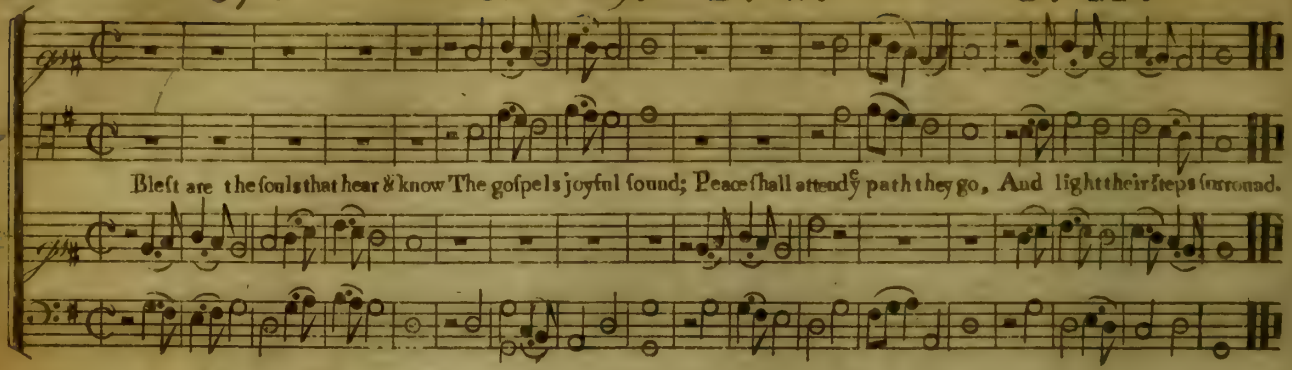


150th. Pf. 148th. Dr. W. L. M.

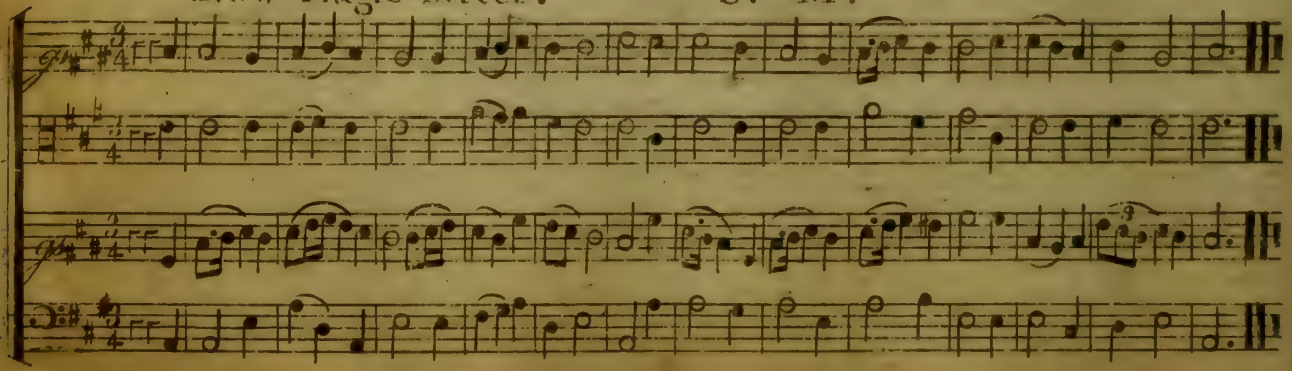

From distant
Loud hal--le--lu--jahs to the Lord From distant worlds where creatures dwell Let heavn begin the so-----lemn word,
From distant


And found it dreadful do ----wn to hell.
And found it dreadful down to hell.
And found it dreadful do ----------wn to hell.
And found it dreadful do---------wn to hell.

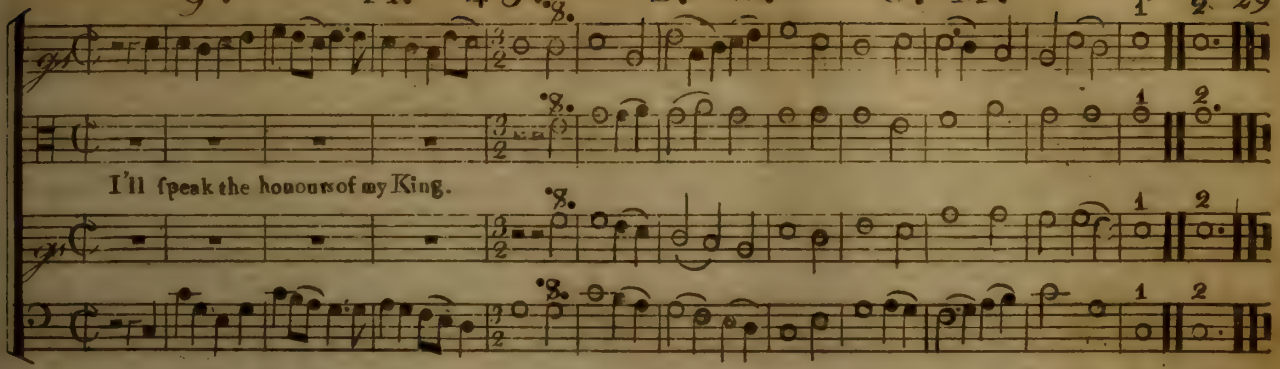
57th Pt. 89th Dr. W. C. M.


Blest are the souls that hear & know The gospels joyful sound; Peace shall attend & path they go, And light their steps surround.

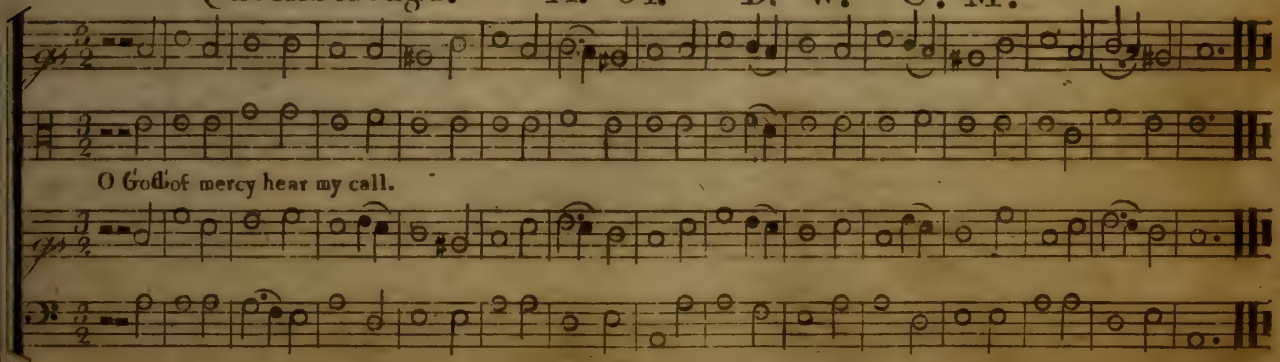
New Eagle-Street. S. M.



9th Pl. 45th. D. W. C. M.



Queenborough. Pl. 51st. D. W. C. M.

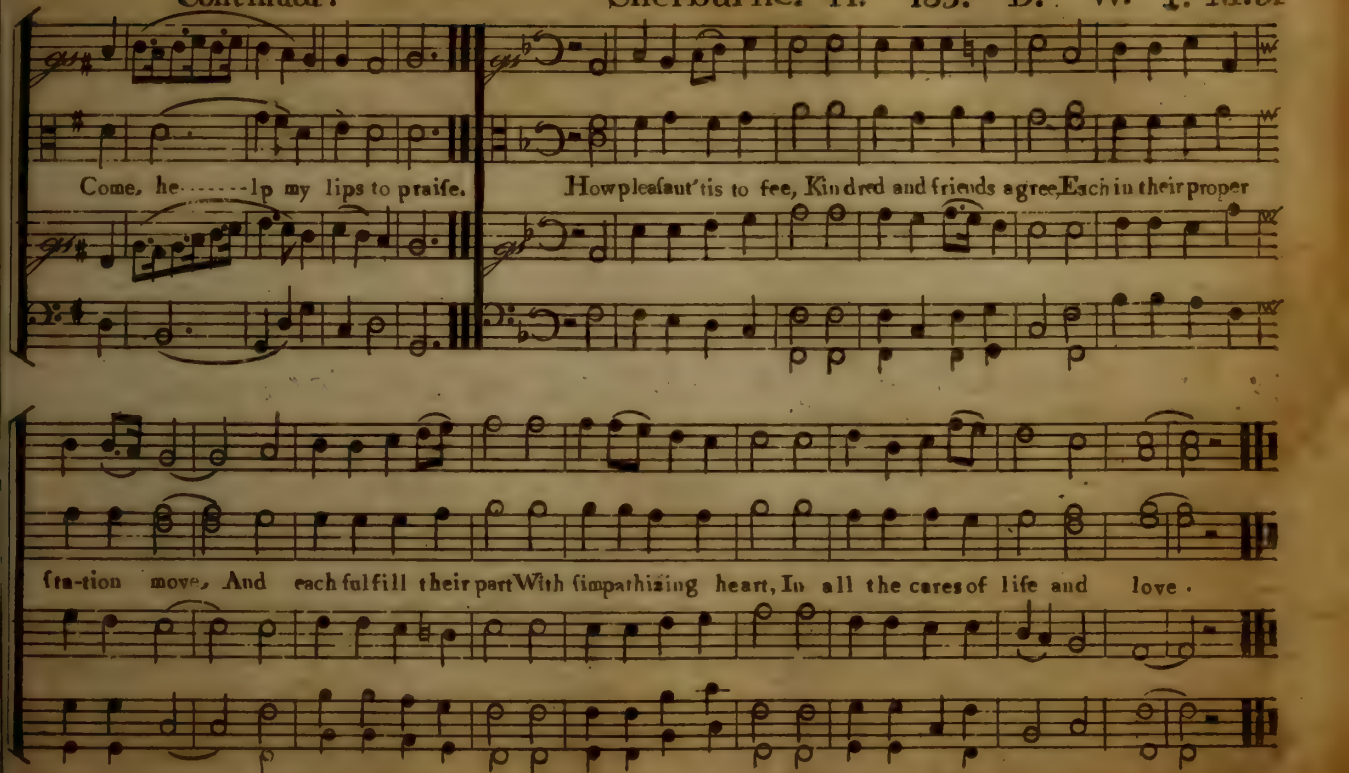


New North. Pf. 135th B. and T. C. M.

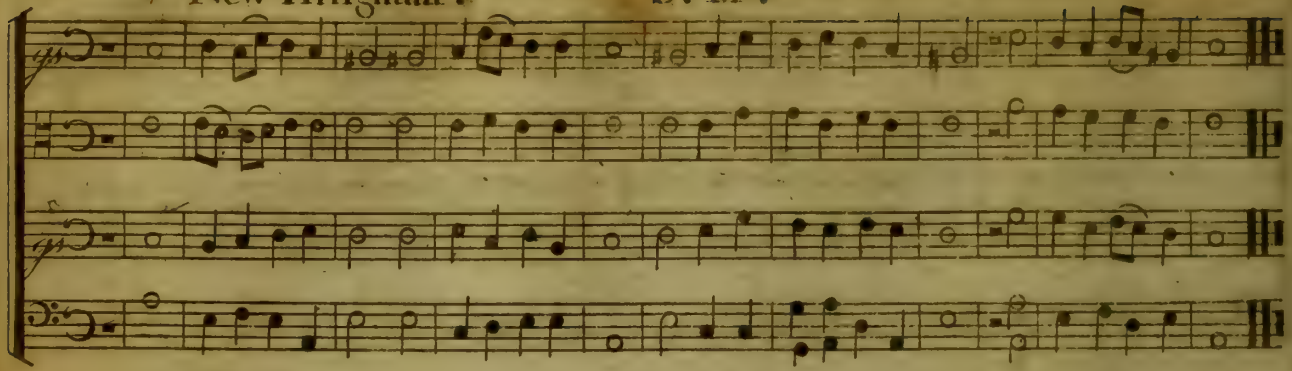
O praise the Lord

Watling. Pf. 34th Dr. W. C. M.

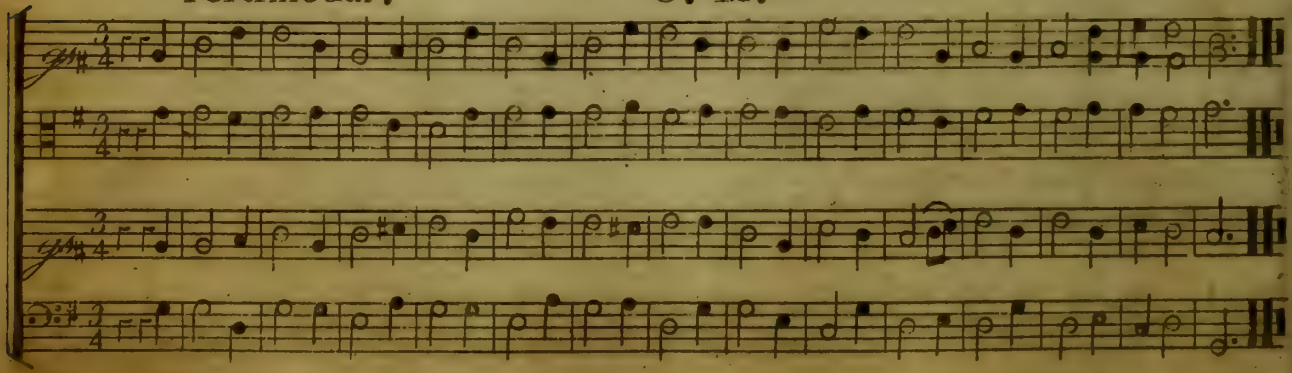
I'll bless the Lo.....rd from day to day; How good are all, how good are all his ways! Ye humble souls that use to pray,


Come, he-------lp my lips to praiſe.
How pleaſaut 'tis to ſee, Kindred and friends agree, Each in their proper
ſta-tion move, And each fulfill their part With ſimpathizing heart, In all the cares of life and love.

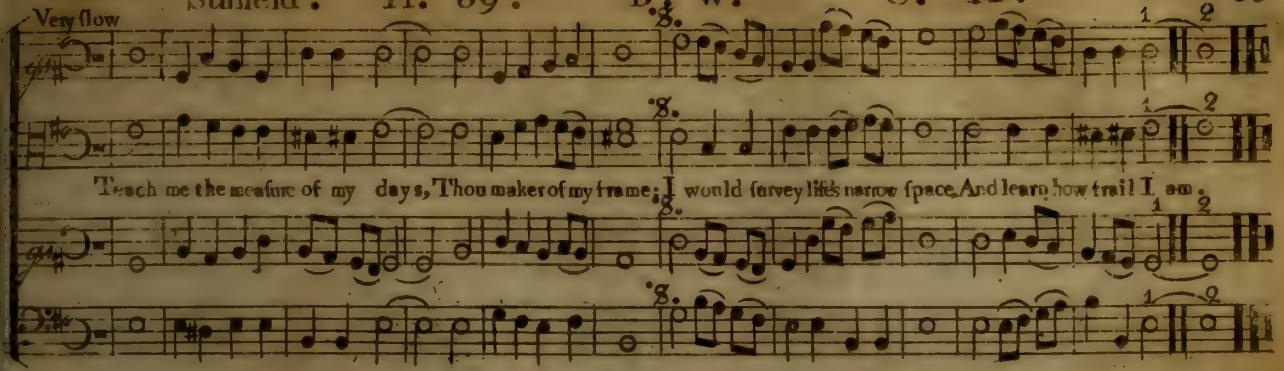
New Hingham. S. M.



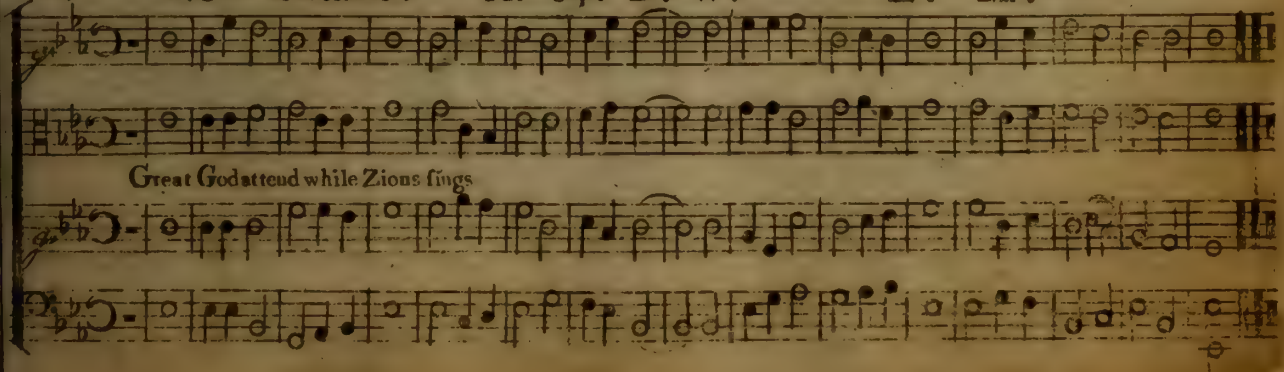
Portsmouth. C. M.



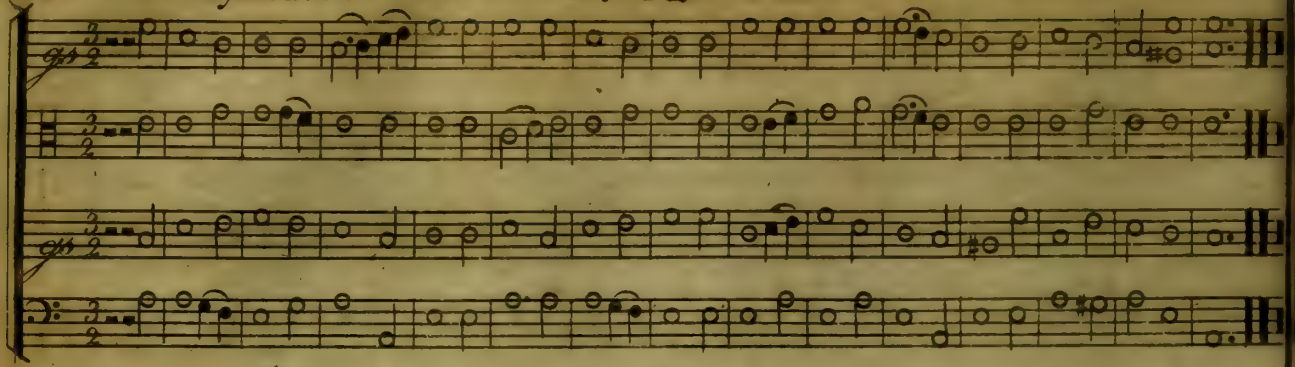
Suffield. Pf. 39th D: W. C. M.



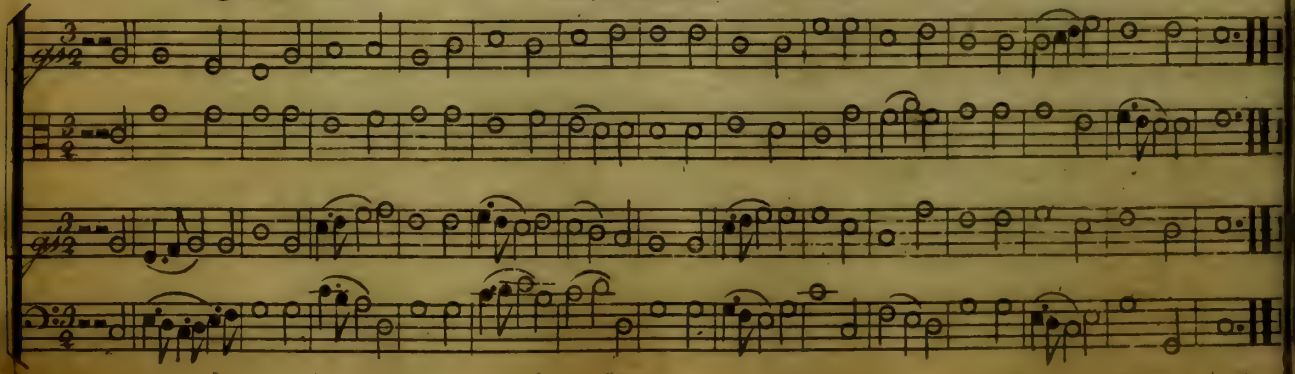
* New Suffield. Pf. 84th D: W. L. M.

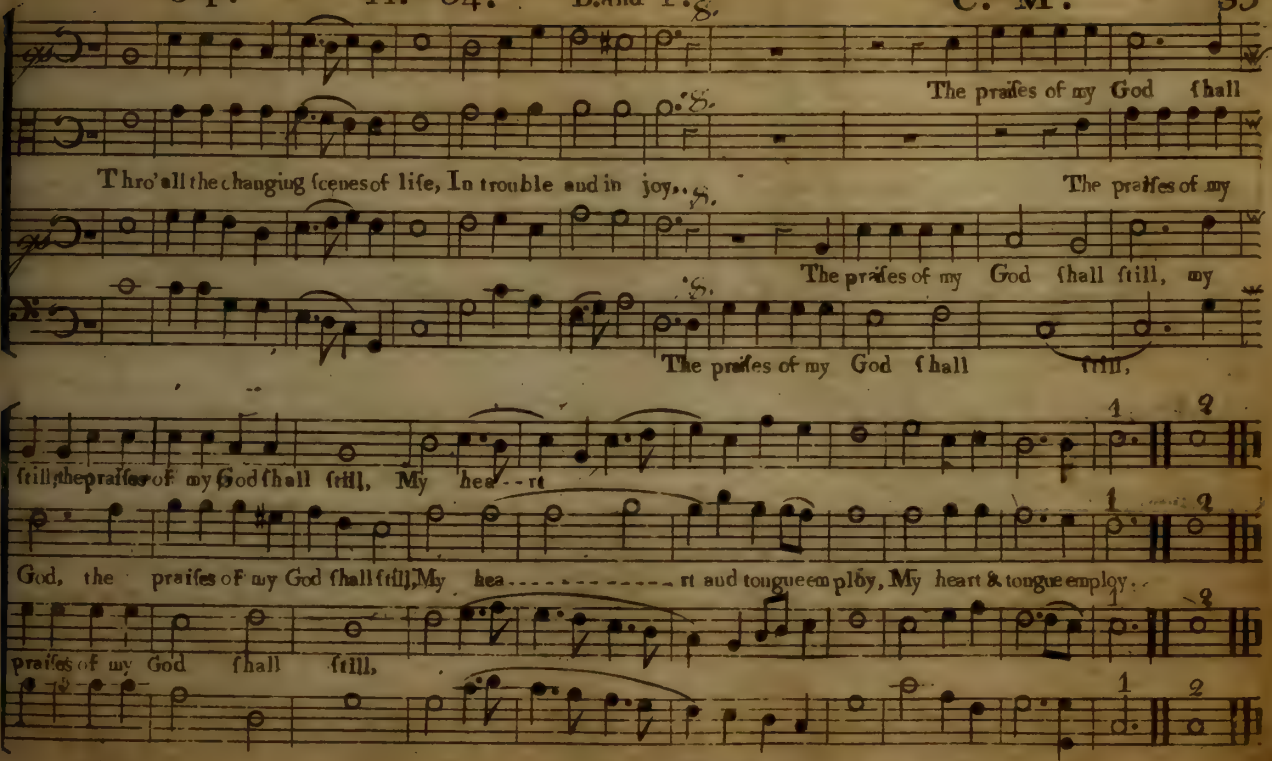


Plymouth. C. M.

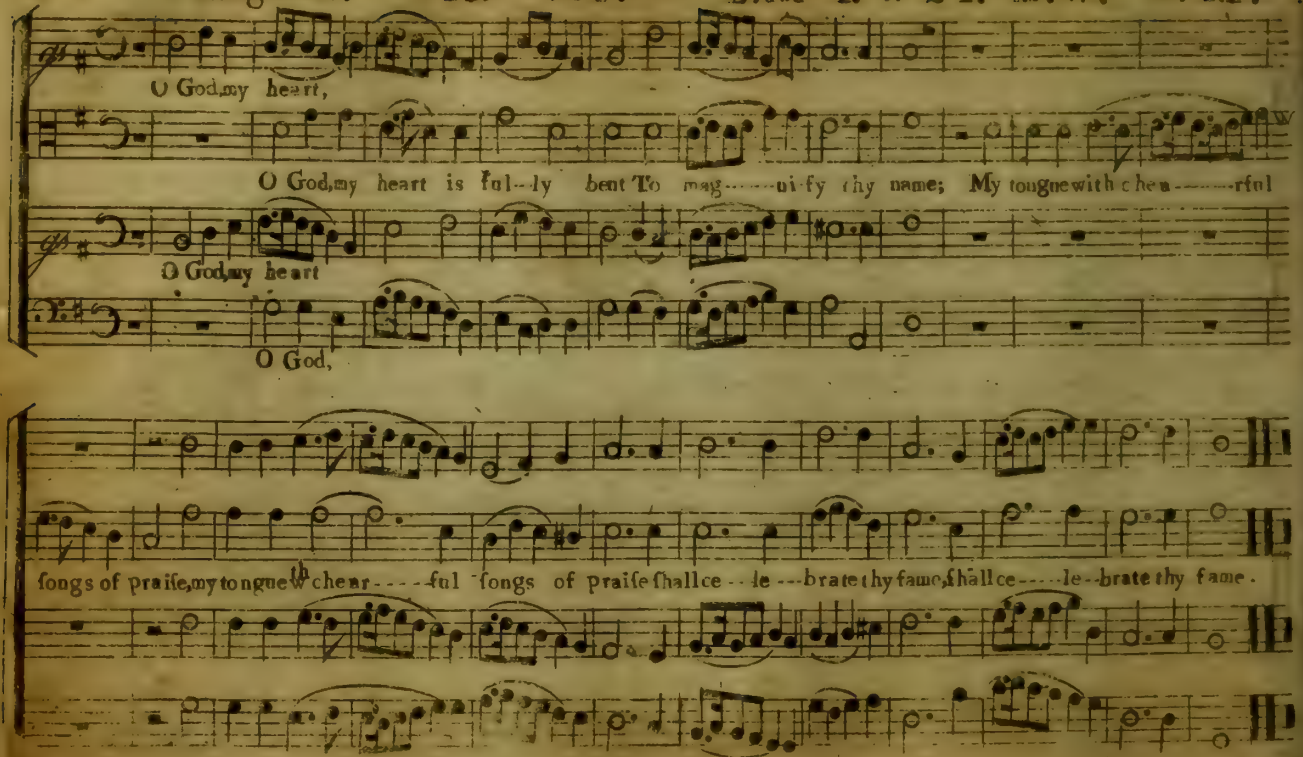


145th. C. M.




The praises of my God shall
Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy.
The praises of my
The praises of my God shall still, my
The praises of my God shall still,
still, the praises of my God shall still, My hea--rt
God, the praises of my God shall still, My hea---------rt and tongue employ, My heart & tongue employ.
praises of my God shall still,
1
2

Knighton. Pf. 108th. B. and T. or 21st. D. W. C. M.


O God, my heart,
O God, my heart is ful--ly bent To mag------ni-fy thy name; My tongue with chear------ful
O God, my heart
O God,
songs of praise, my tongue with chear----ful songs of praise shall ce--le---brate thy fame, shall ce-----le--brate thy fame.

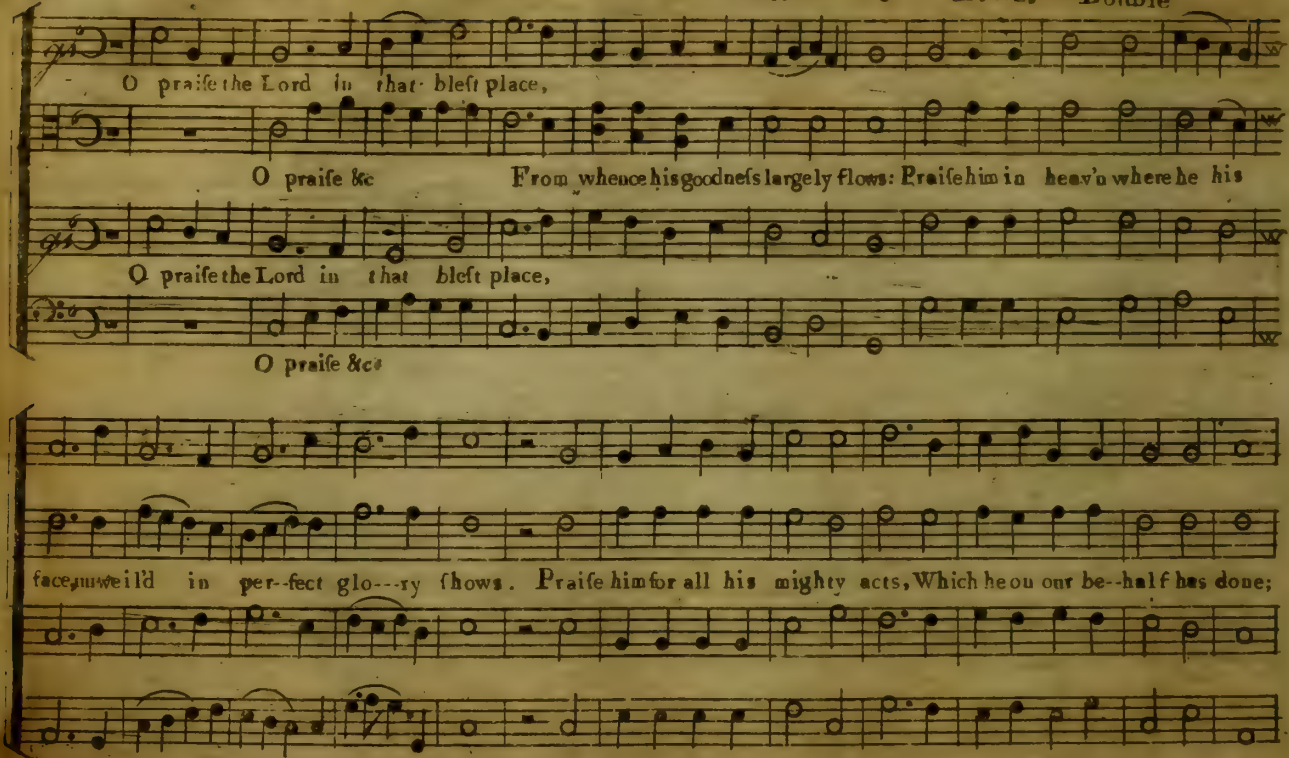
* White Haven. Pt. 45th D! W. L. M.

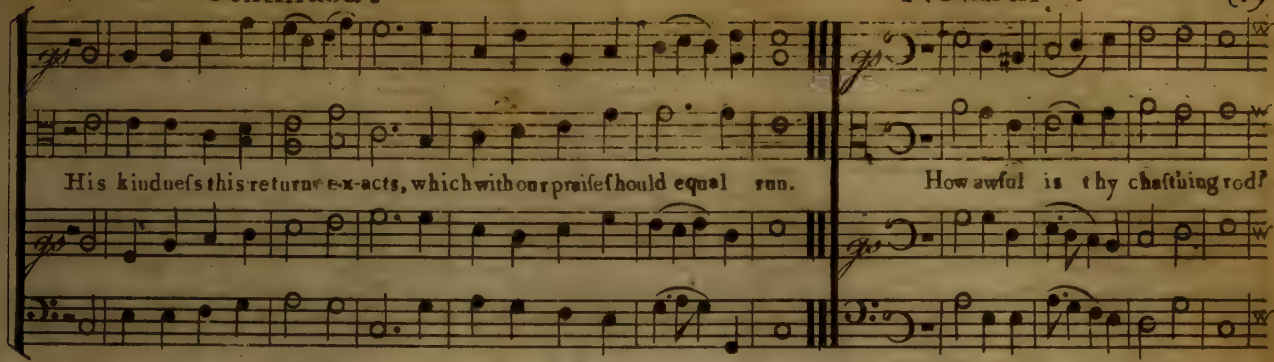
The king of saints

* Christiana. Pt. 17th 2d verse D! W. S. M.

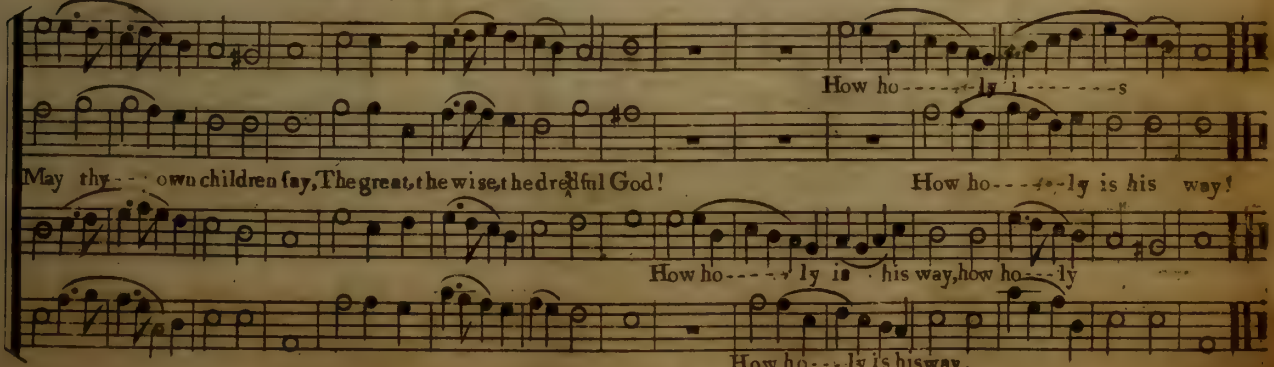
Be-hold the sinner dies; His haughty words are vain; Here in this life his pleasure lies, And all beyond is pain.

Burton. Pf. 150th B. and T. L.M. Double

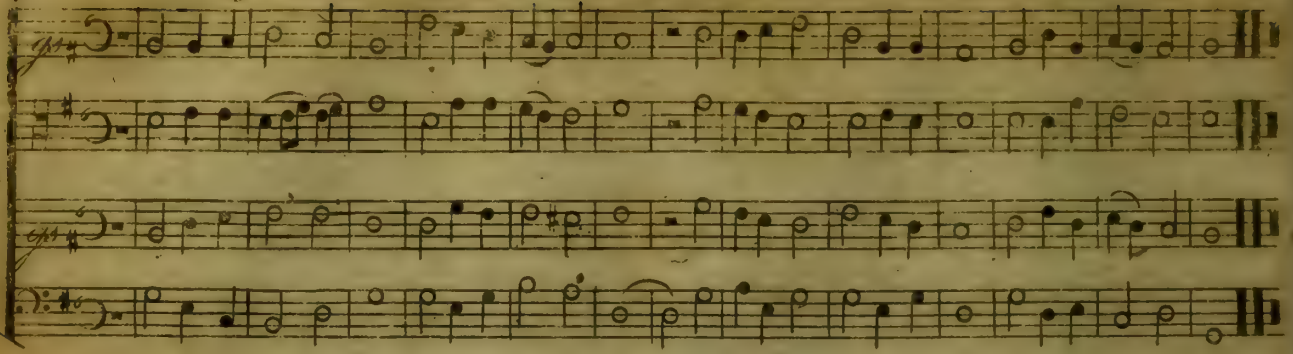

O praise the Lord in that blest place,
O praise &c
From whence his goodness largely flows: Praise him in heav'n where he his
O praise the Lord in that blest place,
O praise &c
face, unveil'd in per--fect glo---ry shows. Praise him for all his mighty acts, Which he on our be--half has done;



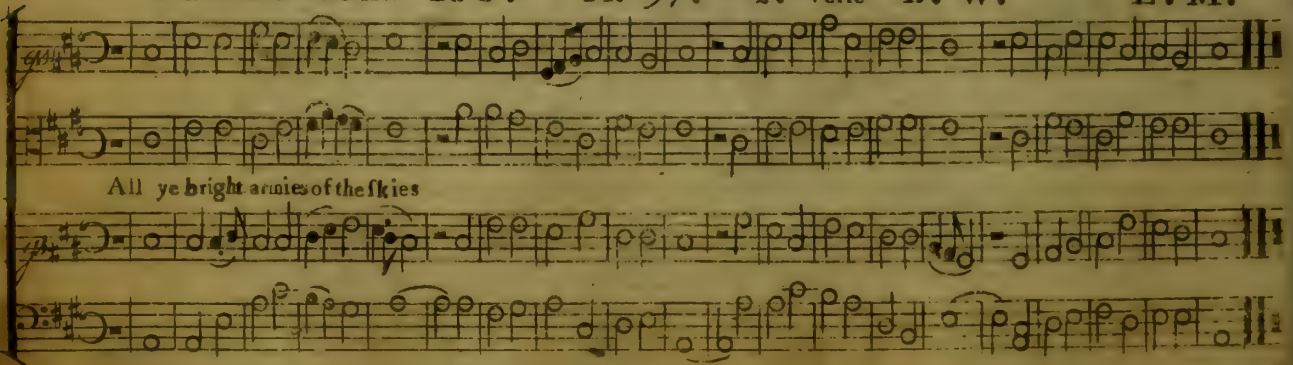
Pſ. 77th Dr W. C. M.

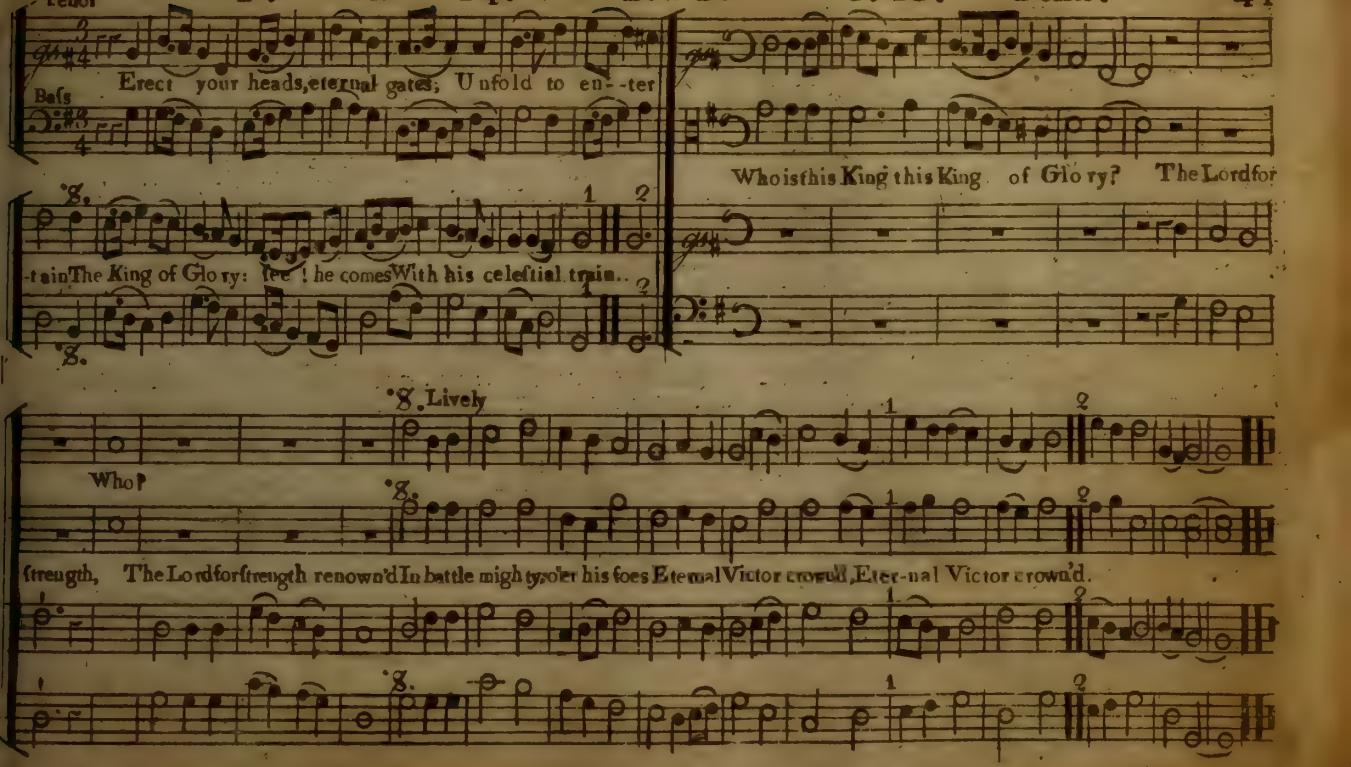

How ho - - - - - ly i - - - - - - - s
May thy - - - own children ſay, The great, the wiſe, the dreadful God!
How ho - - - - - ly is his way!
How ho - - - - - ly is his way, how ho - - - ly
How ho - - - ly is his way,

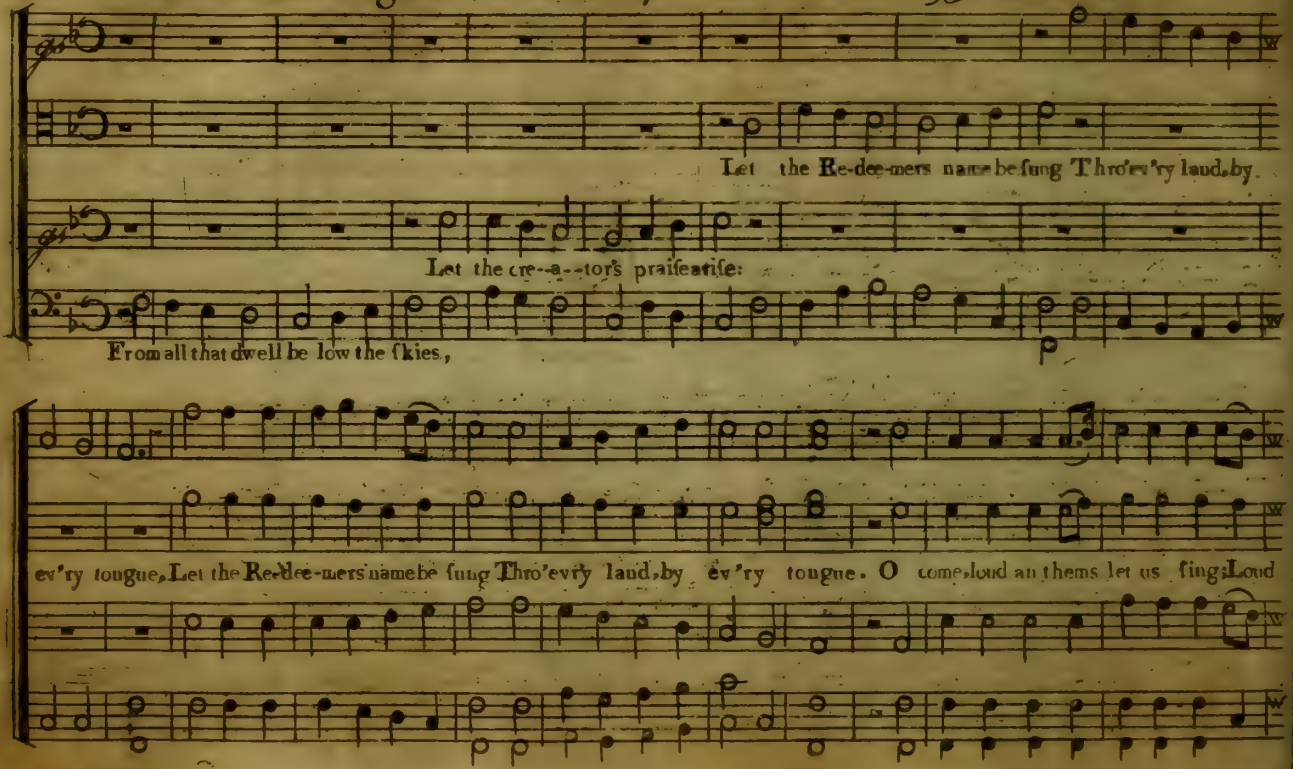
Royal. S. M.

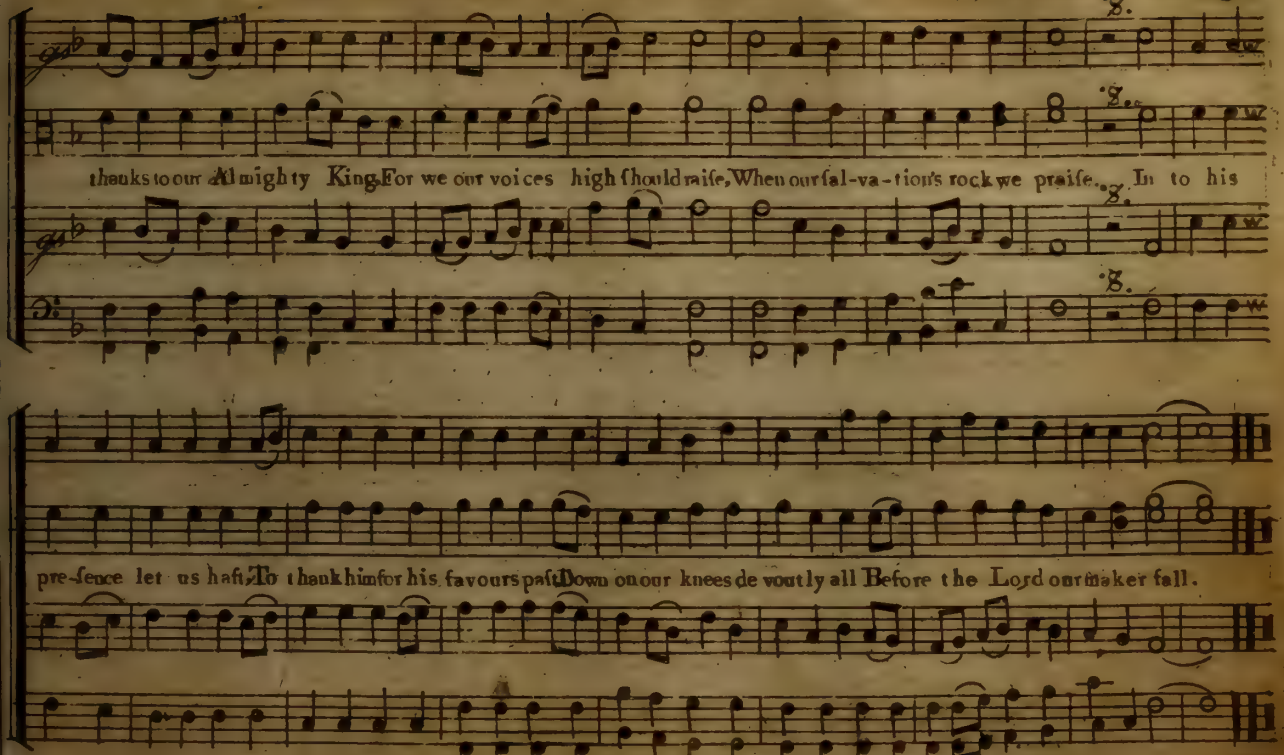


Brentwood's 100th Pf. 97th 2d verse Dr. W. L. M.

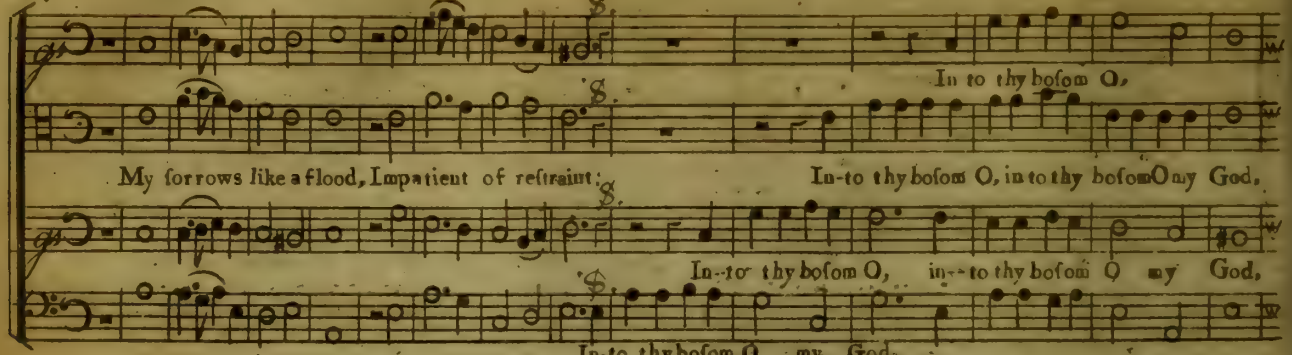



Tenor
Erect your heads, eternal gates; Unfold to en--ter
Bass
Who is this King this King of Glo ry? The Lord for
-tain The King of Glo ry: See! he comes With his celestial train.
Lively
Who?
strength, The Lord for strength renown'd In battle migh ty o'er his foes Eternal Victor crown'd, Eter-nal Victor crown'd.

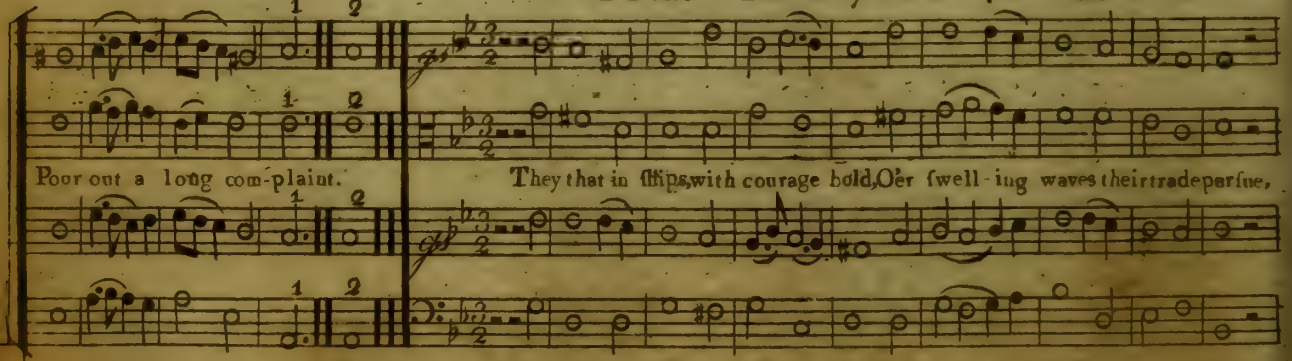

Let the Re-dee-mers name be sung Thro'ev'ry land, by
Let the cre--a--tor's praise arise:
From all that dwell be low the skies,
ev'ry tongue, Let the Re-dee-mers name be sung Thro'ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue. O come, loud an thems let us sing; Loud

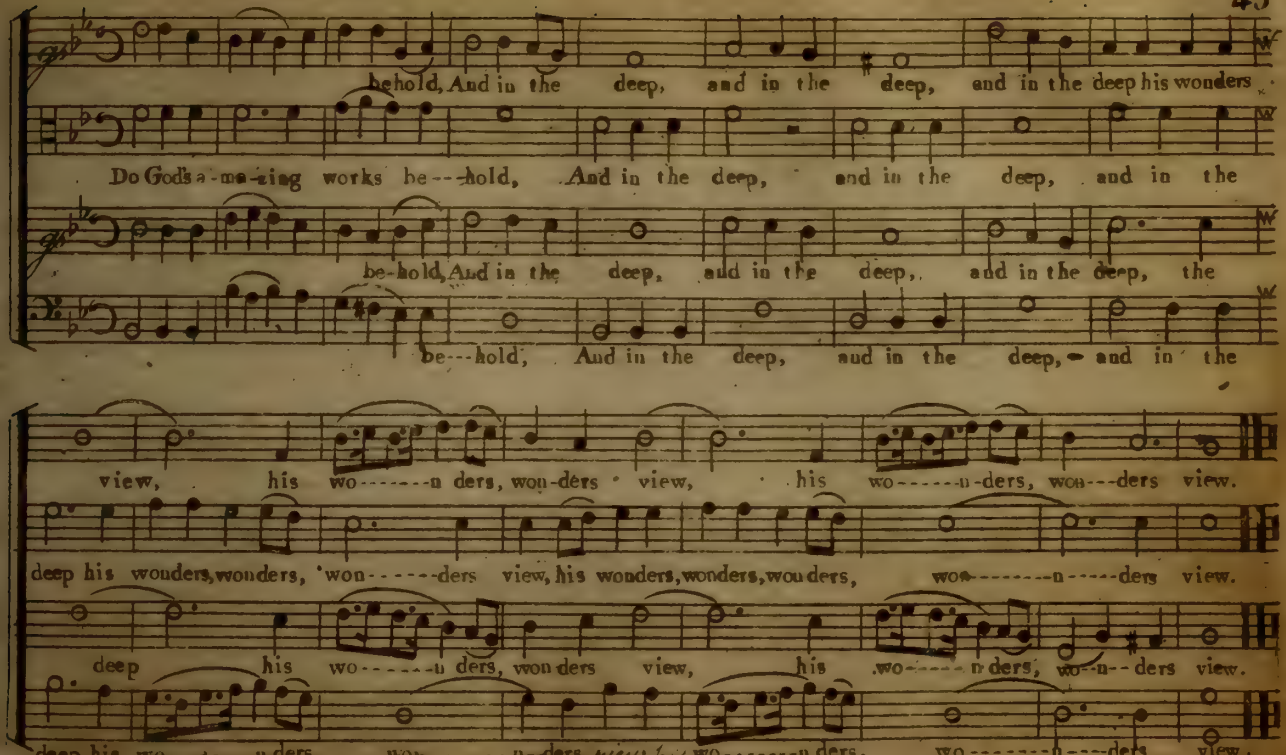

thanks to our Almighty King. For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise. In to his
pre-sence let us hast, To thank him for his favours past. Down on our knees de voutly all Before the Lord our maker fall.

Norwich. S. M.

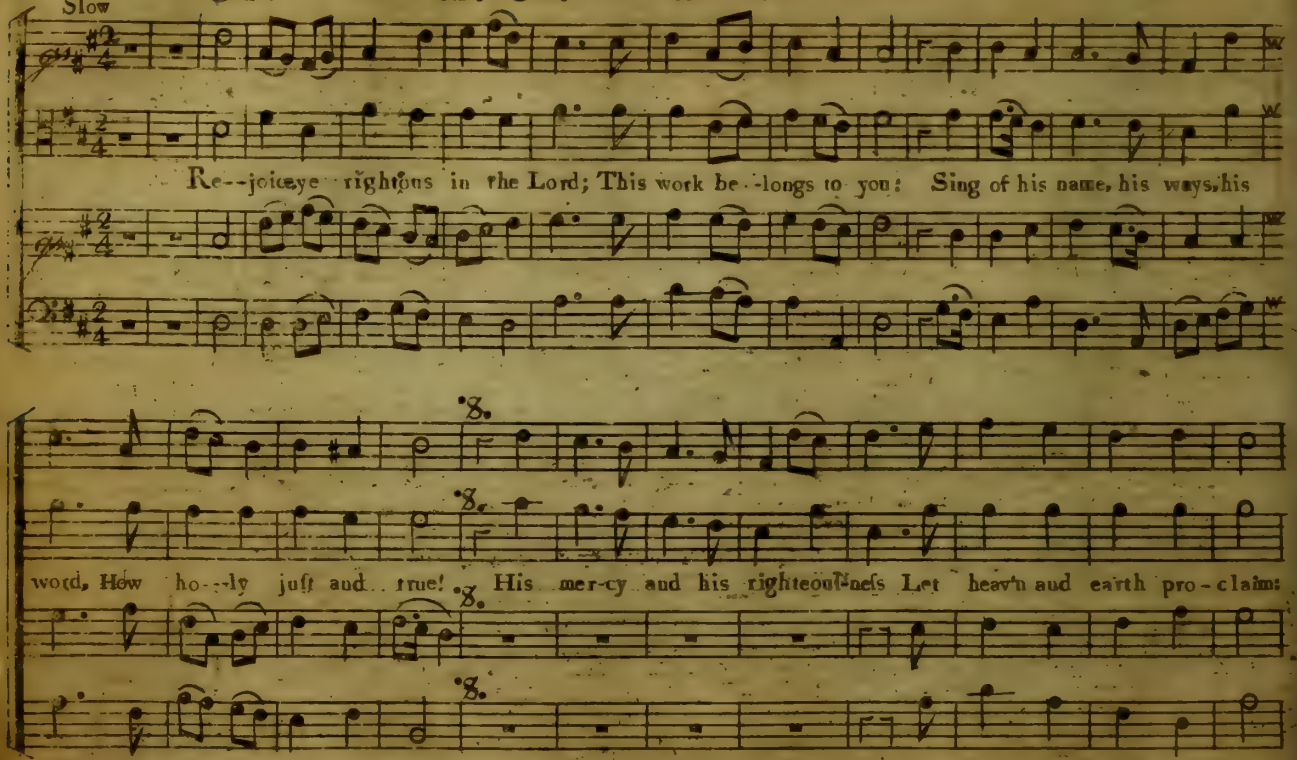

In to thy bosom O,
My sorrows like a flood, Impatient of restraint;
In-to thy bosom O, in to thy bosom O my God,
In-to thy bosom O, in--to thy bosom O my God,
In-to thy bosom O my God,

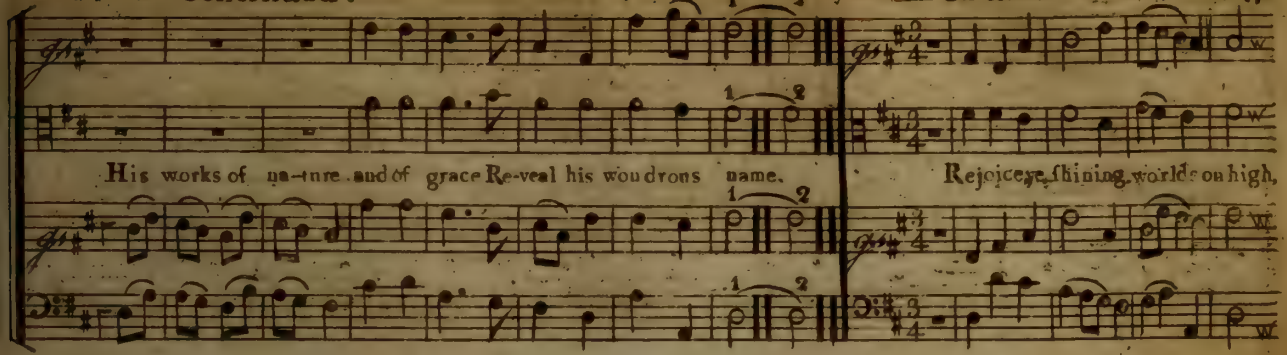
Pool. Ps. 107th Part 4th B. and T.



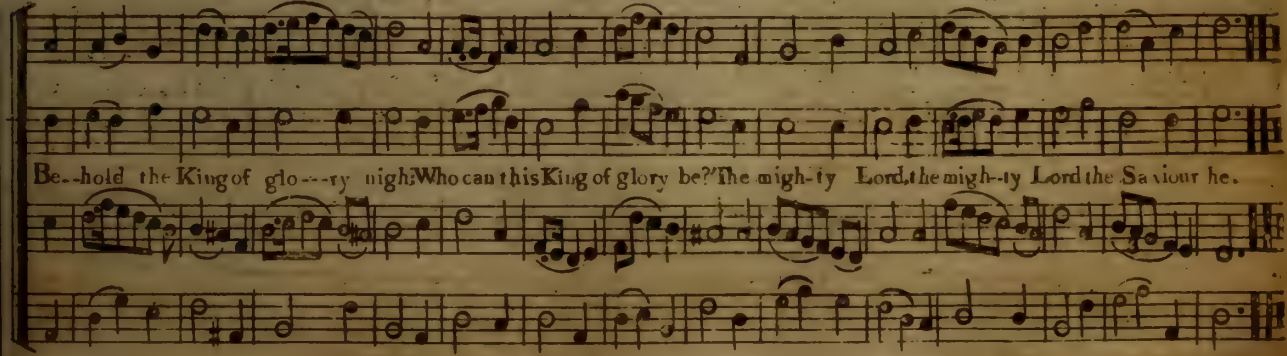

behold, And in the deep, and in the deep, and in the deep his wonders
Do Gods a-ma-zing works be---hold, And in the deep, and in the deep, and in the
be-hold, And in the deep, and in the deep, and in the deep, the
be---hold, And in the deep, and in the deep, and in the
view, his wo------n ders, won-ders view, his wo------n-ders, won---ders view.
deep his wonders, wonders, won------ders view, his wonders, wonders, wonders, wo-------n-----ders view.
deep his wo------n ders, won ders view, his wo------n ders, wo--n--ders view.
deep his wo------n-ders, wo-------n--ders, wonders his wo-------n ders, wo-------n---ders view.

33d. Pf. 33d. Dr. W.

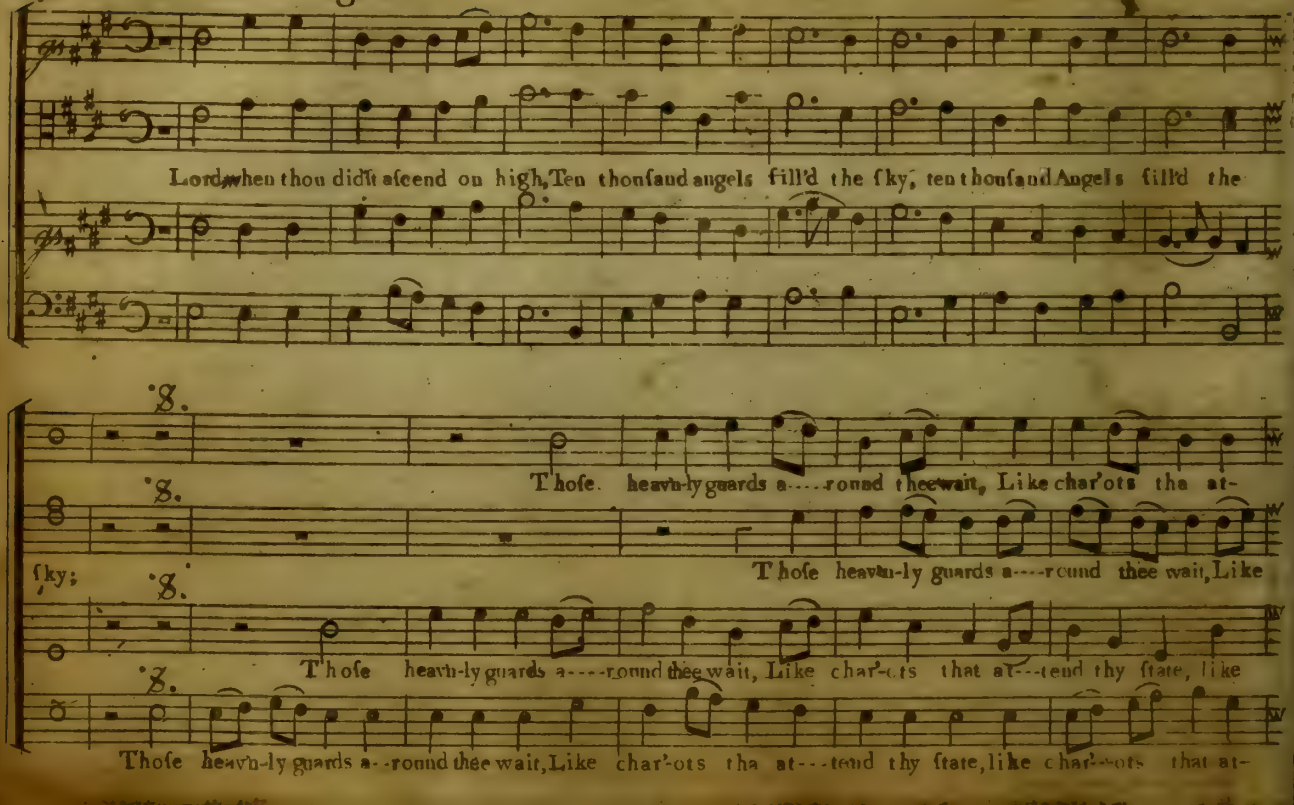

Slow
Re--joice ye righteous in the Lord; This work be--longs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his
word, How ho--ly just and true! His mer-cy and his righteous-ness Let heav'n and earth pro-claim:

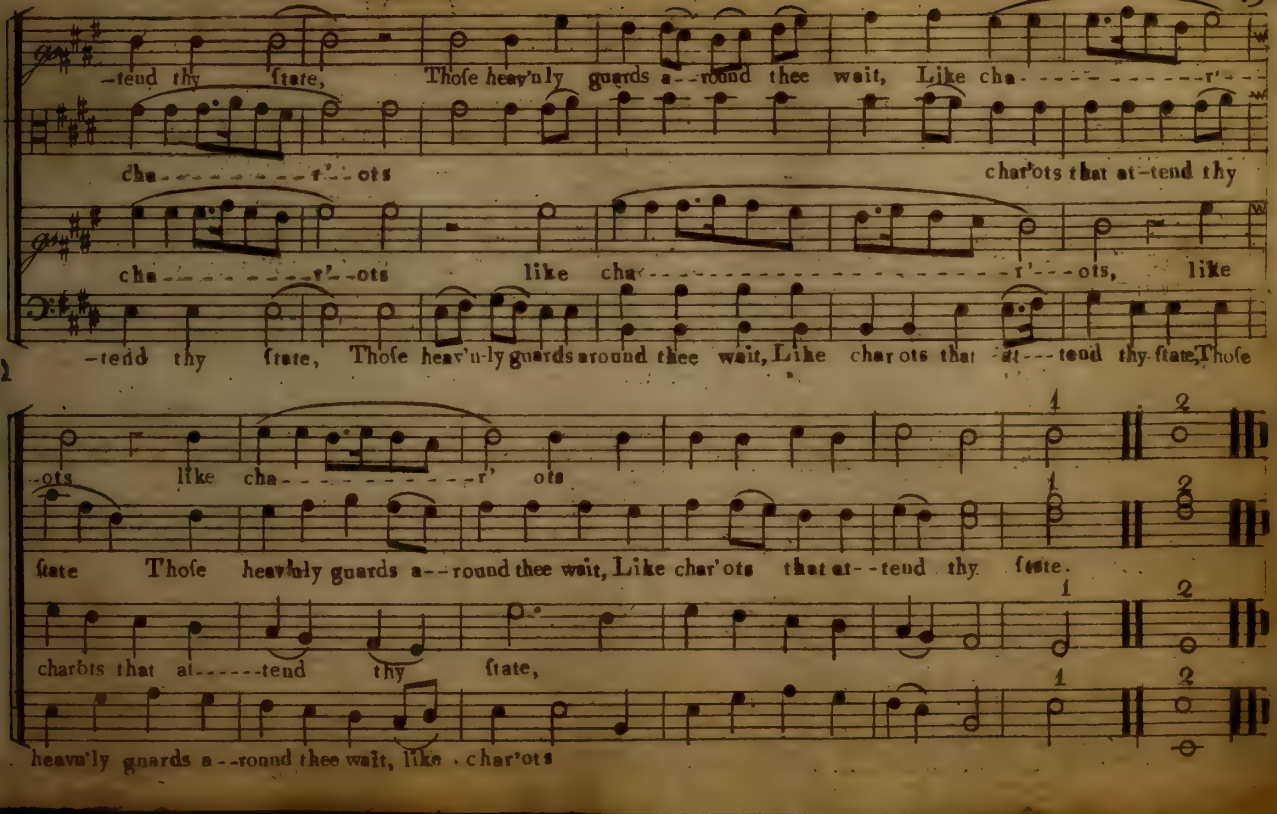


Pf. 24th - Dr. W. L. M.

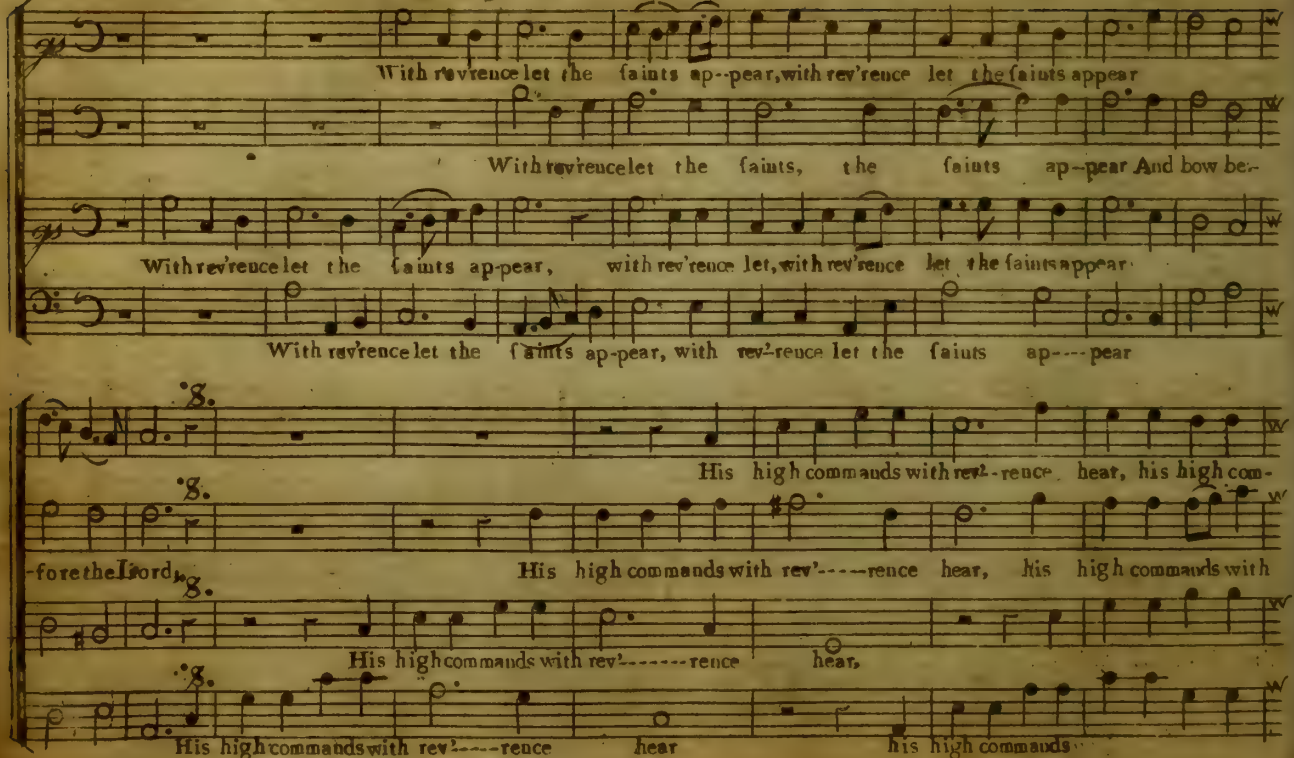


Washington. Pf. 68th D. W. L. M.

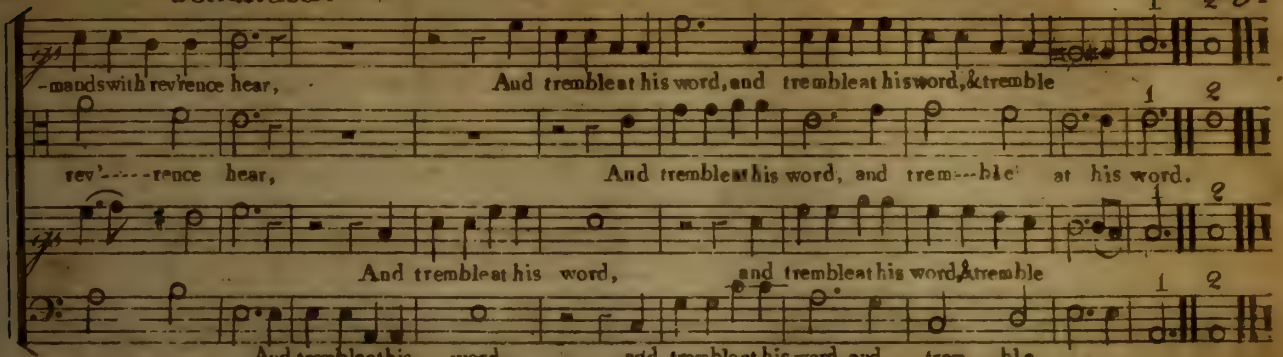

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky, ten thousand Angels fill'd the
Those heavn-ly guards a----round thee wait, Like char'ots tha at-
sky;
Those heavn-ly guards a----round thee wait, Like
Those heavn-ly guards a----round thee wait, Like char'-ots that at---tend thy state, like
Those heavn-ly guards a--round thee wait, Like char'-ots tha at---tend thy state, like char'-ots that at-


-tend thy ſtate, Thoſe heav'nly guards a--round thee wait, Like cha----------r'--
cha----------r'--ots char'ots that at-tend thy
cha----------r'--ots like cha----------r'---ots, like
-tend thy ſtate, Thoſe heav'n-ly guards around thee wait, Like char ots that at---tend thy ſtate, Thoſe
-ots like cha----------r' ots
ſtate Thoſe heav'nly guards a--round thee wait, Like char'ots that at--tend thy ſtate.
charbts that at------tend thy ſtate,
heavu'ly guards a--round thee wait, like . char'ots

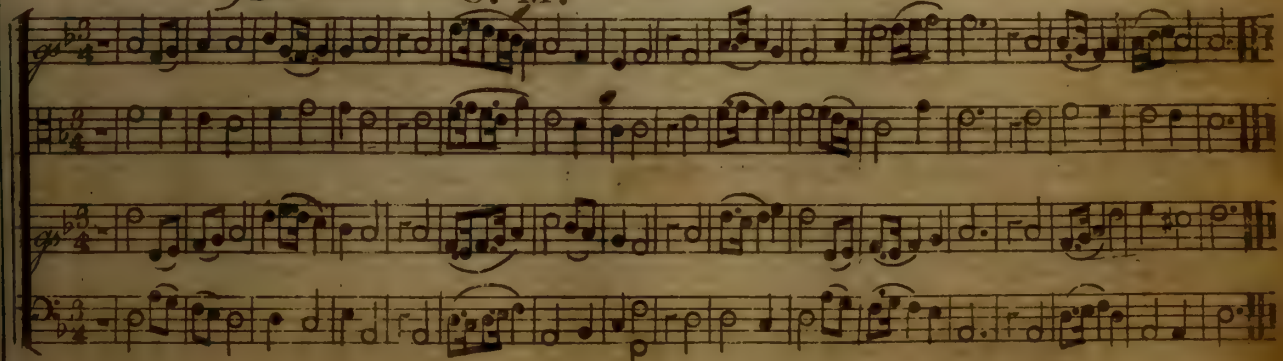
3d. Pt. 89th. D: W. C. M.


With reverence let the saints ap--pear, with rev'rence let the saints appear
With reverence let the saints, the saints ap--pear And bow be-
With reverence let the saints ap-pear, with rev'rence let, with rev'rence let the saints appear
With reverence let the saints ap-pear, with rev'rence let the saints ap----pear
His high commands with rev'--rence hear, his high com-
-fore the Lord,
His high commands with rev'----rence hear, his high commands with
His high commands with rev'------rence hear,
His high commands with rev'----rence hear his high commands

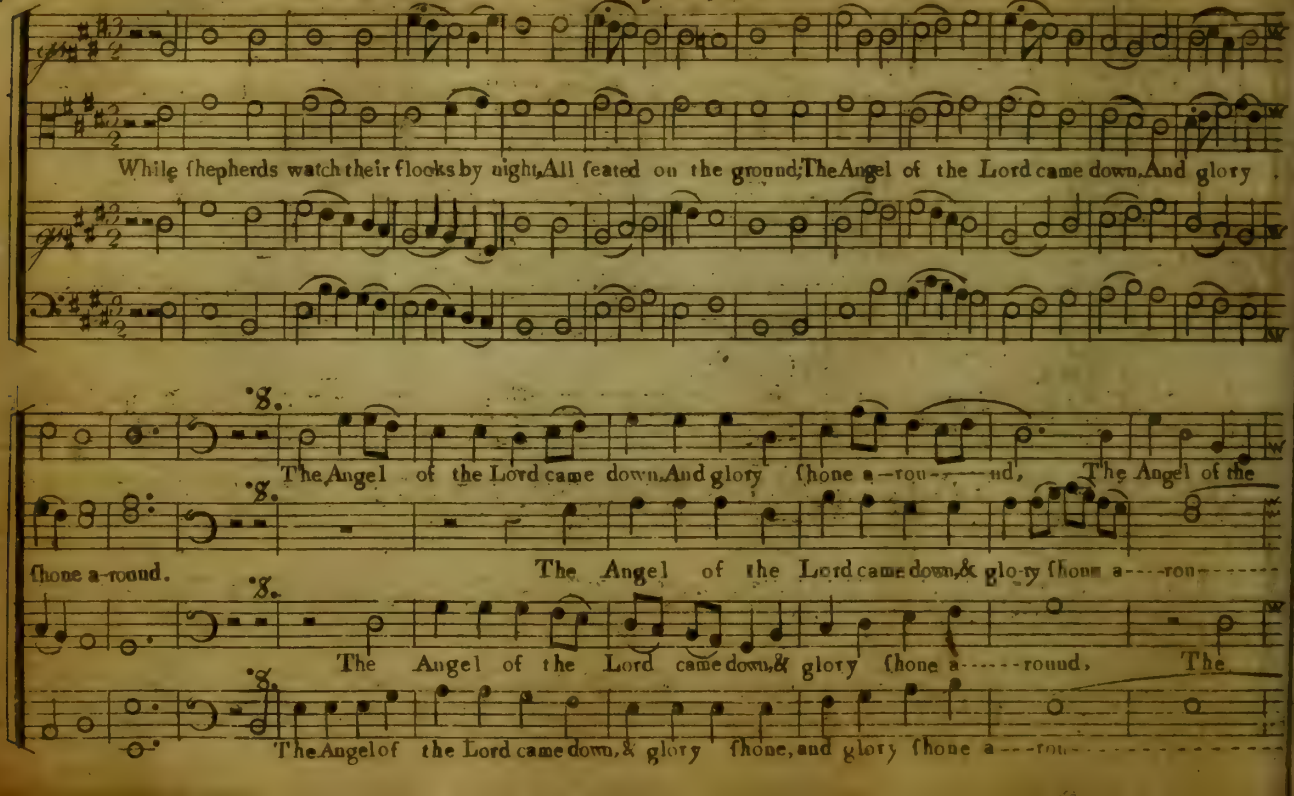
Continued.


-mands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word, and tremble at his word, & tremble
rev'----rence hear,
And tremble at his word, and trem--ble at his word.
And tremble at his word,
and tremble at his word, & tremble
And tremble at his word,
and tremble at his word, and trem--ble

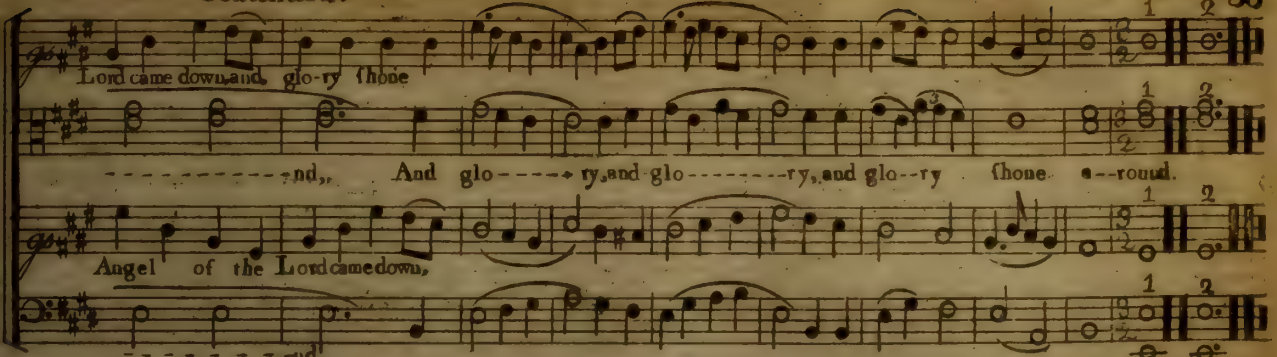
90th C. M.



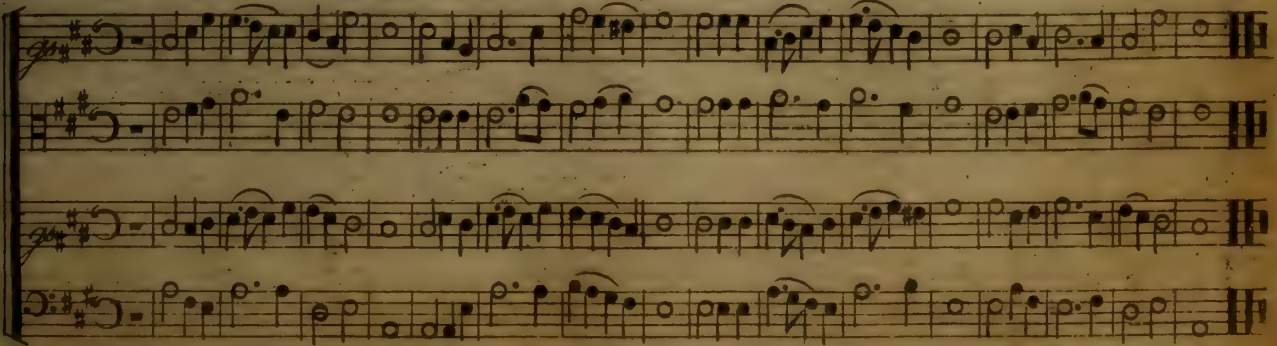
Bethleham. Christmas Hymn, or Pt. 4th D: W. C. M.


While shepherds watch their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The Angel of the Lord came down, And glory
The Angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone a-rou-nd, The Angel of the
shone a-round.
The Angel of the Lord came down, & glory shone a---ron-----
The Angel of the Lord came down, & glory shone a-----round, The
The Angel of the Lord came down, & glory shone, and glory shone a---ron-----

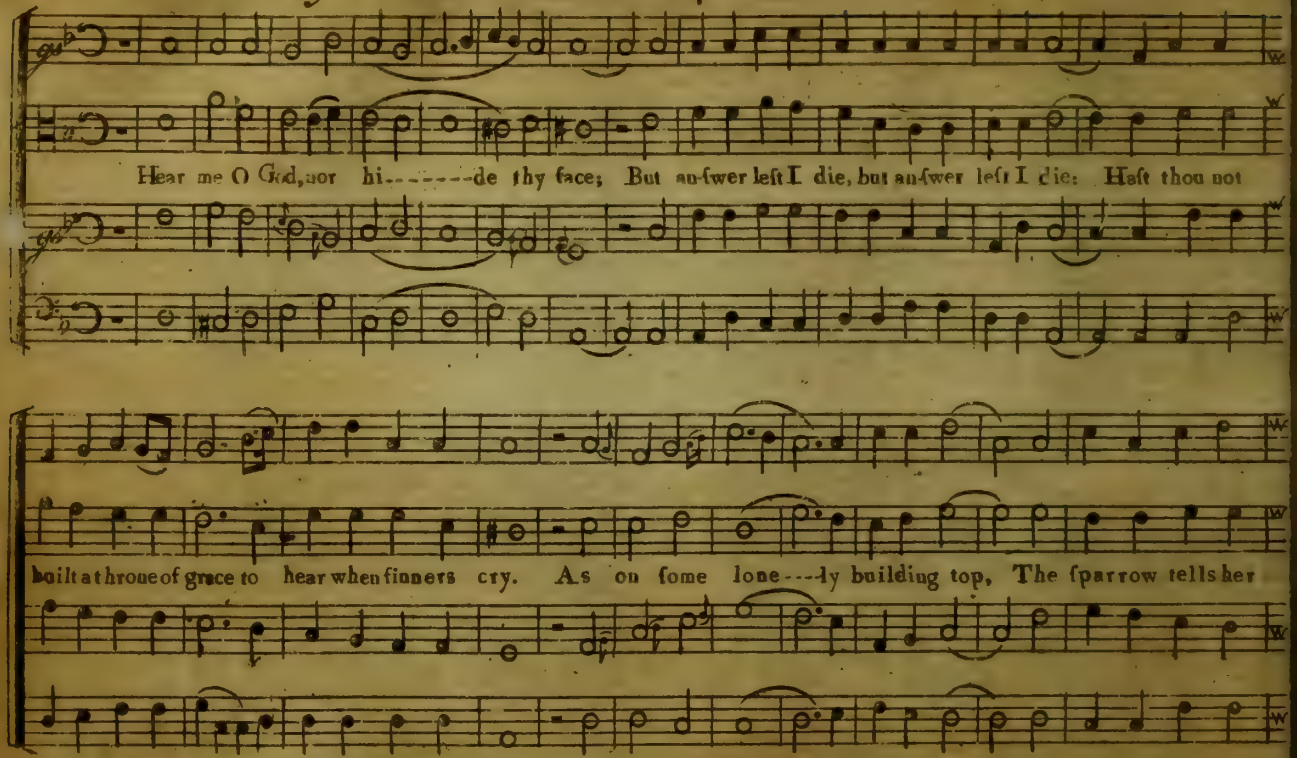
Continued.

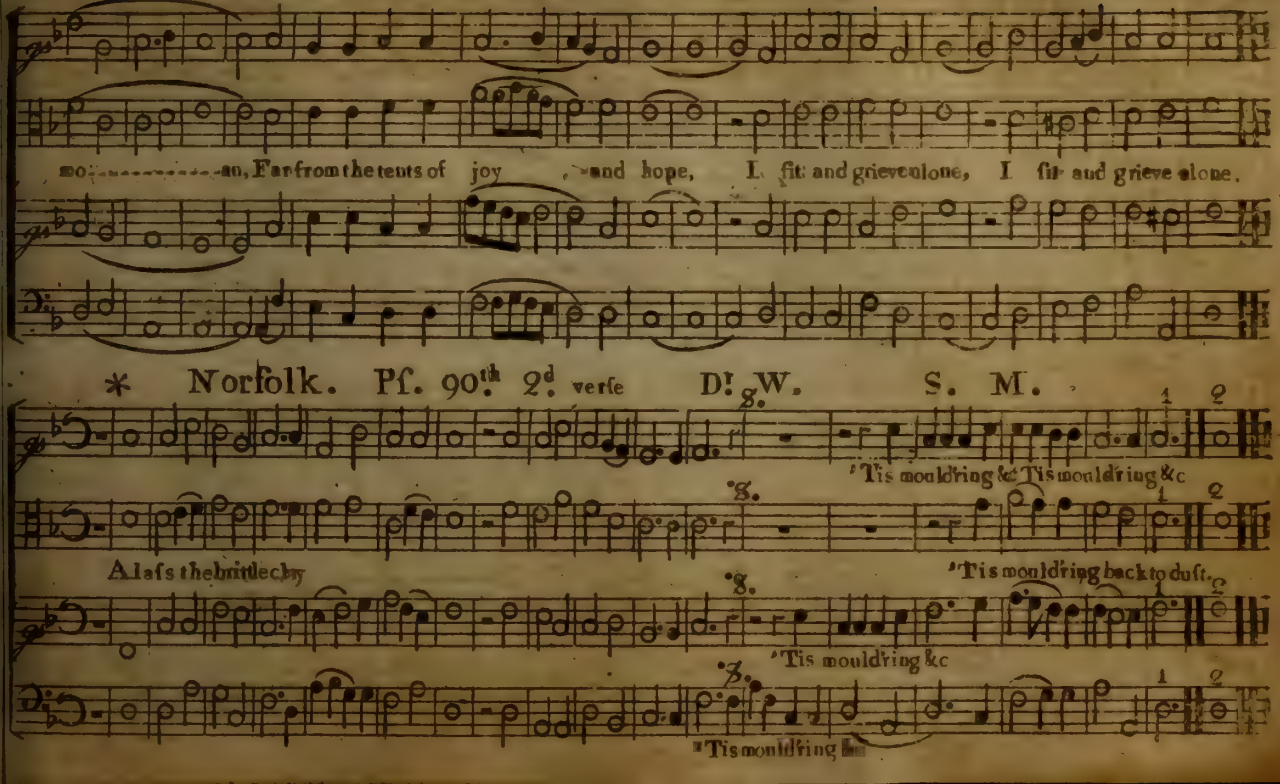


Paris. L. M.

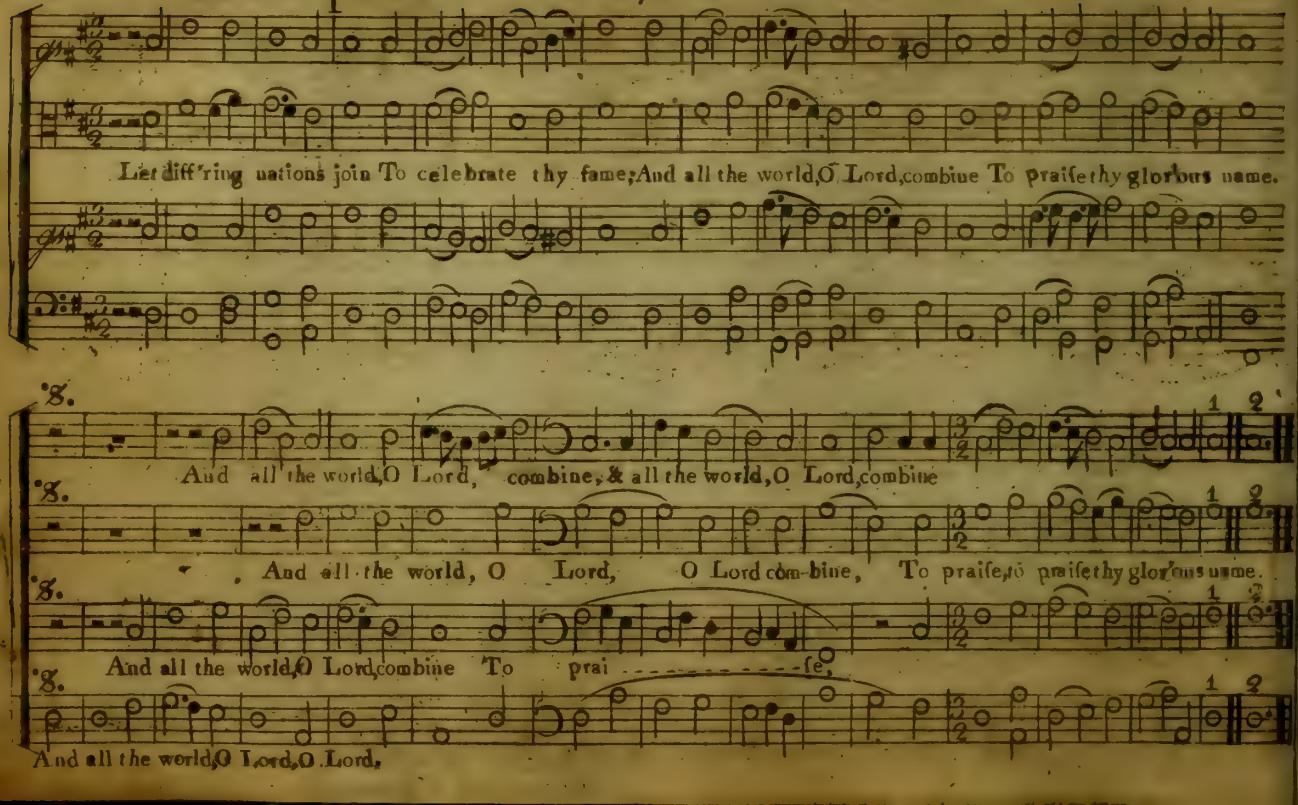


* Bethany. Pf. 102d 1st and 4th verſes D. W.

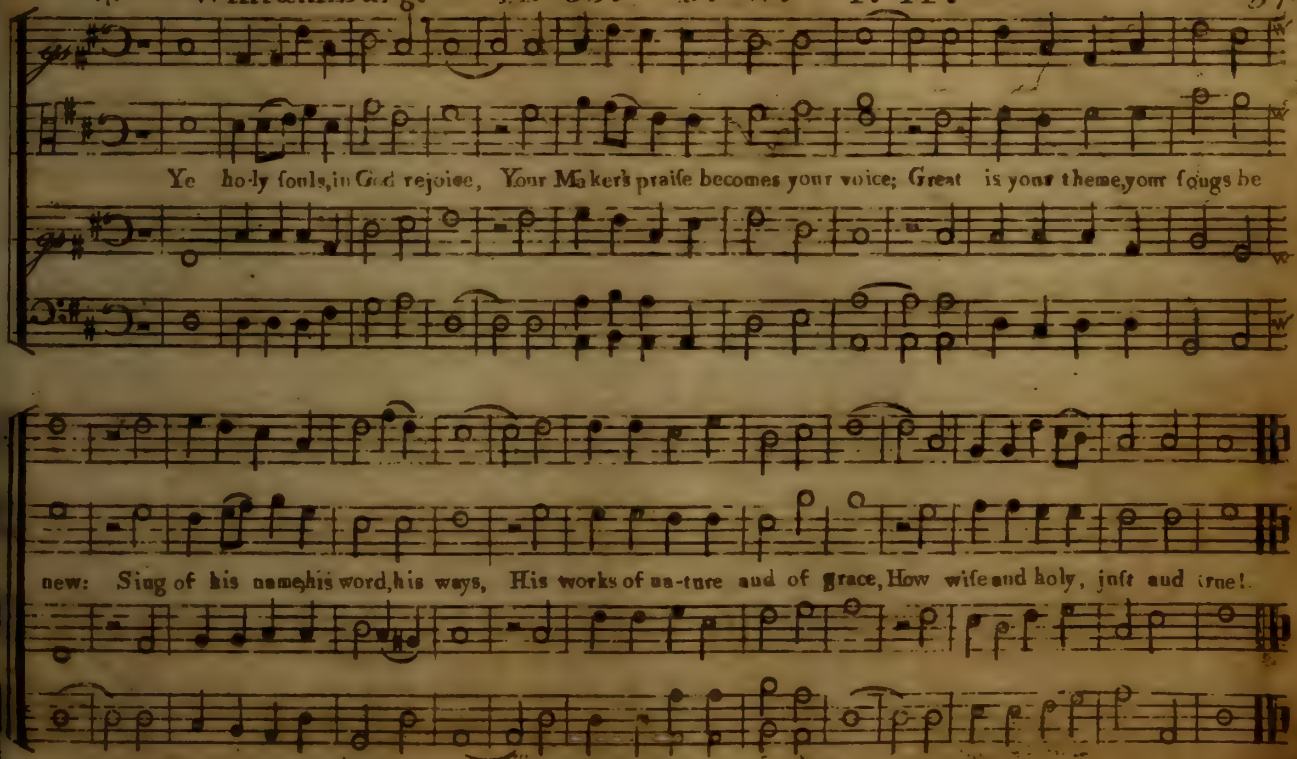

Hear me O God, nor hi-----de thy face; But anſwer leſt I die, but anſwer leſt I die: Haſt thou not
built a throne of grace to hear when ſinners cry. As on ſome lone---ly building top, The ſparrow tells her

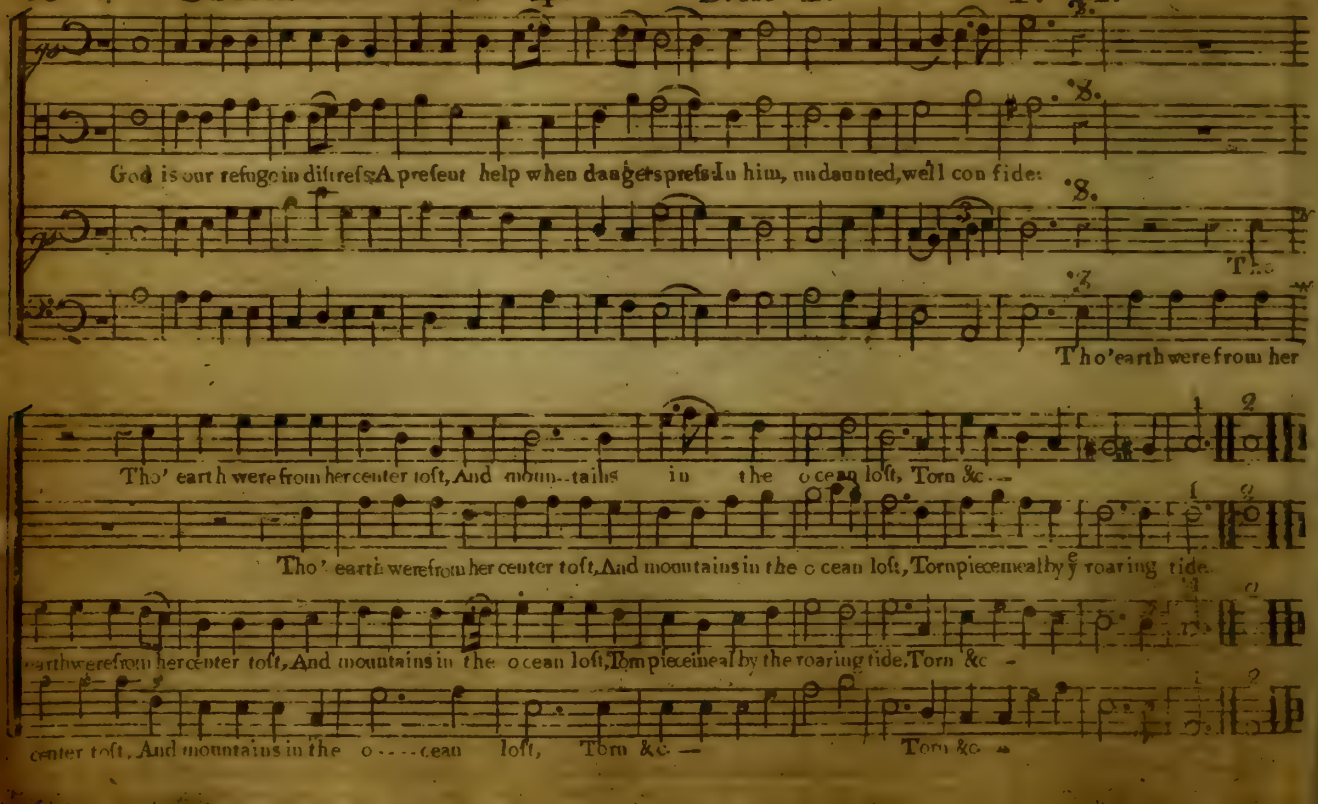

mo-an, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone, I sit and grieve alone.
* Norfolk. Pf. 90th 2d verse D. g. W. S. M.
'Tis mouldring &c 'Tis mouldring &c
Alass the brittle clay
'Tis mouldring back to dust.
'Tis mouldring &c
'Tis mouldring

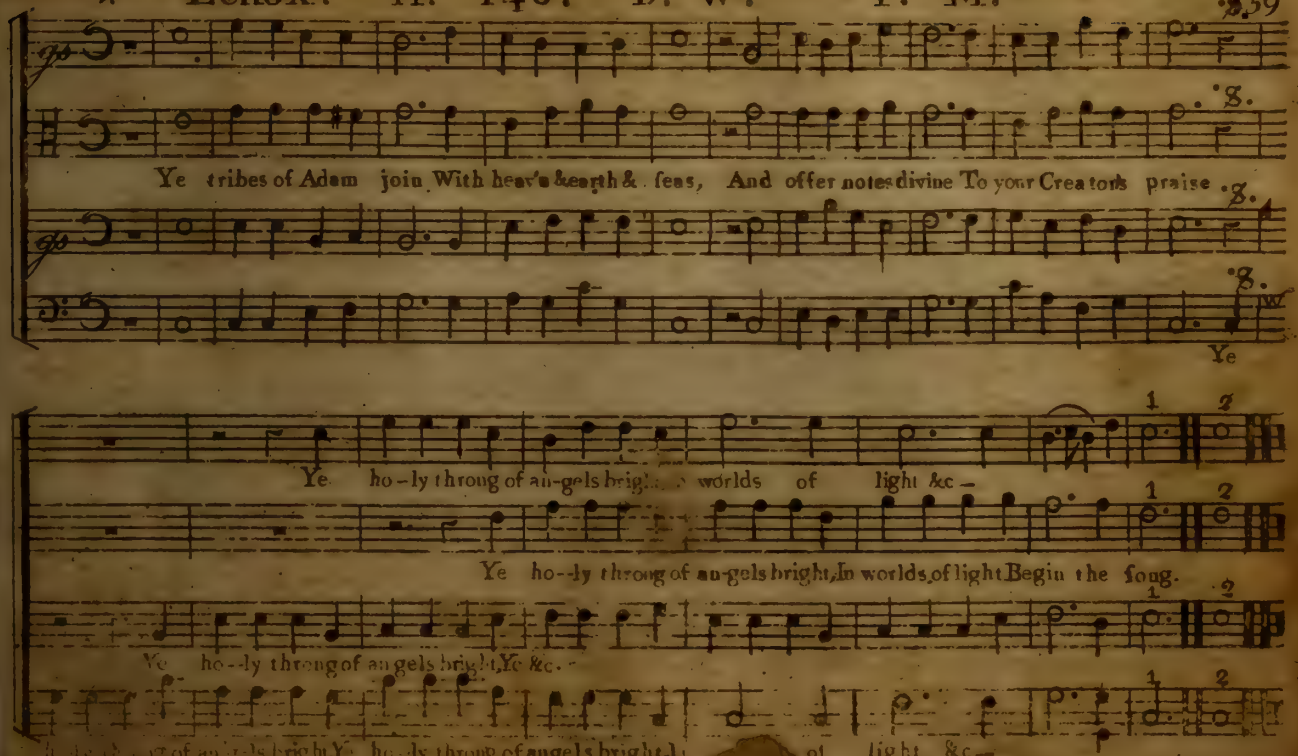
Philadelphia. Pr. 67.th 3.d verse B. and T. S. M.


Let diff'ring nations join To celebrate thy fame; And all the world, O Lord, combine To praise thy glorious name.
And all the world, O Lord, combine, & all the world, O Lord, combine
And all the world, O Lord, O Lord com-bine, To praise, to praise thy glor'ous name.
And all the world, O Lord, combine To prai - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - se,
And all the world, O Lord, O Lord.

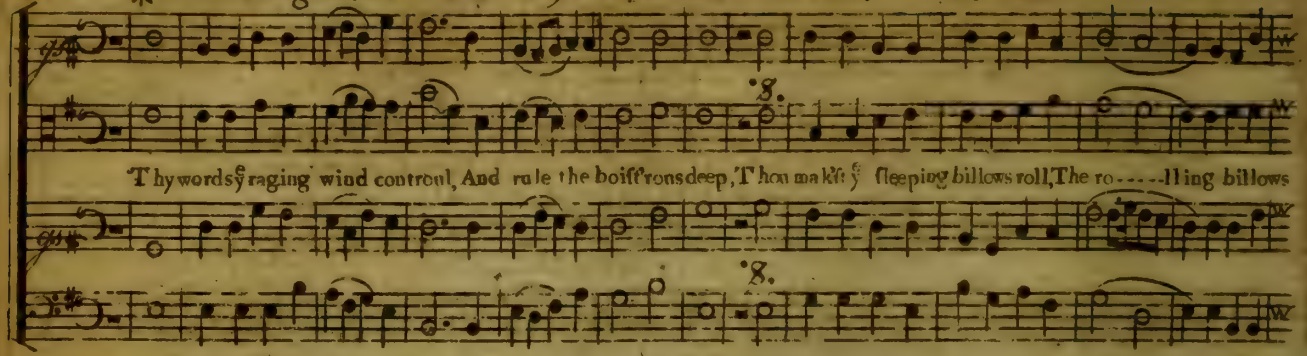
* Williamsburg. Pt. 33d D. W. P. M.


Ye holy souls, in God rejoice, Your Maker's praise becomes your voice; Great is your theme, your songs be
new: Sing of his name, his word, his ways, His works of na-ture and of grace, How wise and holy, just and true!

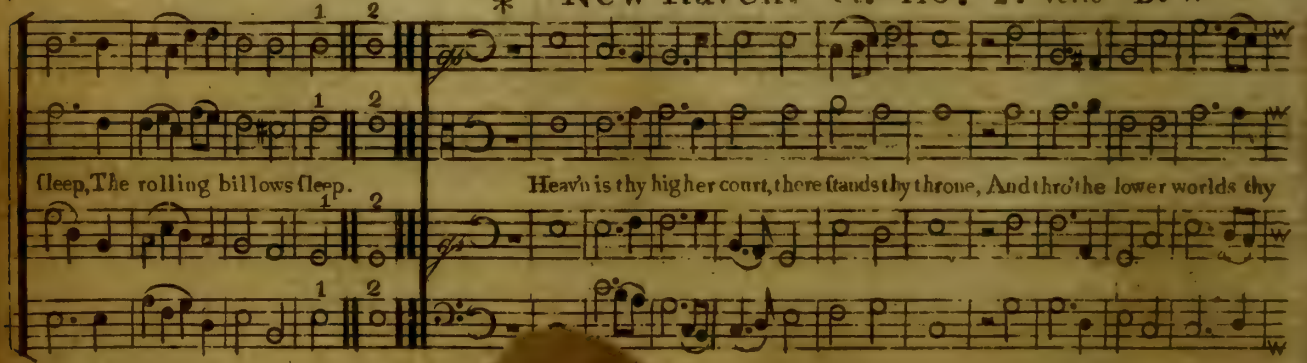

God is our refuge in distress, A present help when dangers press, In him, undaunted, well confide:
Tho' earth were from her
Tho' earth were from her center toft, And moun--tains in the ocean loft, Torn &c --
Tho' earth were from her center toft, And mountains in the ocean loft, Torn piecemeal by y roaring tide.
earth were from her center toft, And mountains in the ocean loft, Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide. Torn &c -
center toft, And mountains in the o----cean loft, Torn &c -
Torn &c -

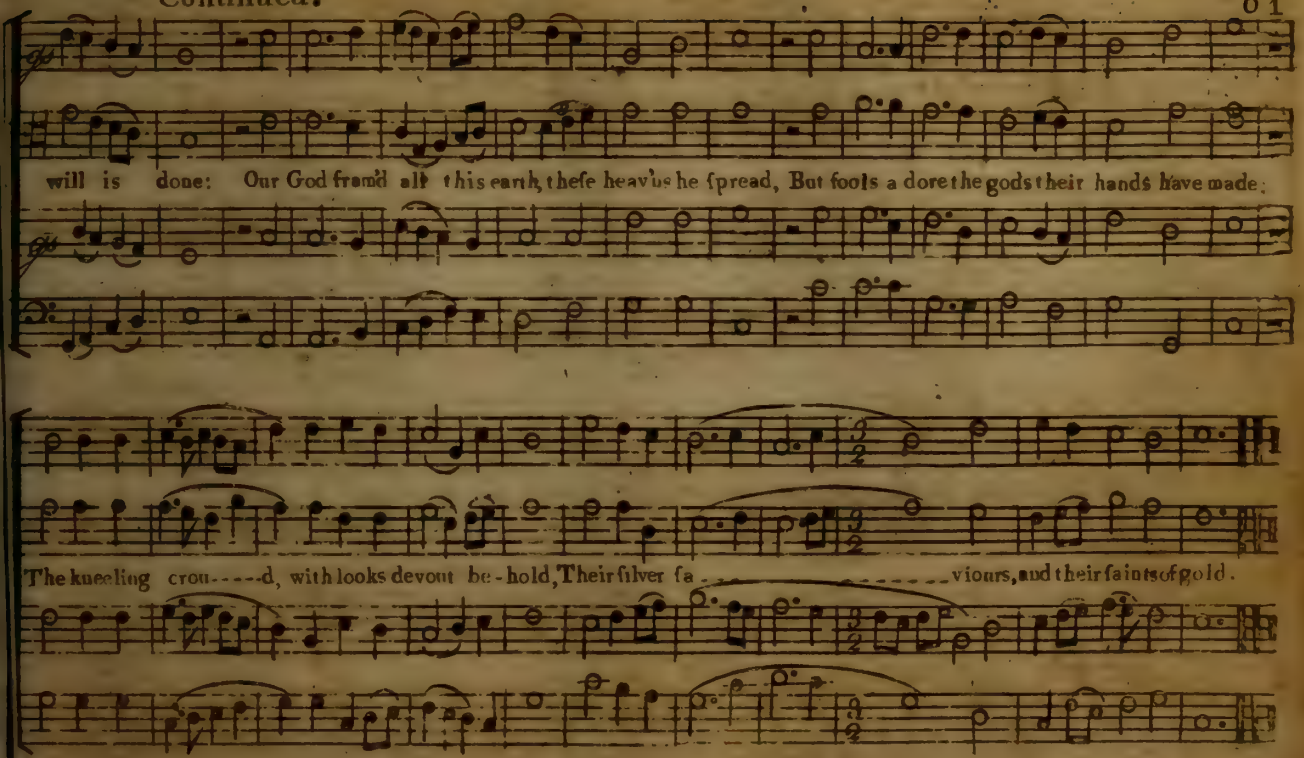

Ye tribes of Adam join With heav'n & earth & seas, And offer notes divine To your Creators praise.
Ye ho--ly throng of an-gels bright, worlds of light &c—
Ye ho--ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light Begin the song.
Ye ho--ly throng of an gels bright, Ye &c.
ho--ly throng of an gels bright, Ye ho--ly throng of angels bright, of light &c—

* Virginia. Pf. 89th 4th verse Dr W. C. M.

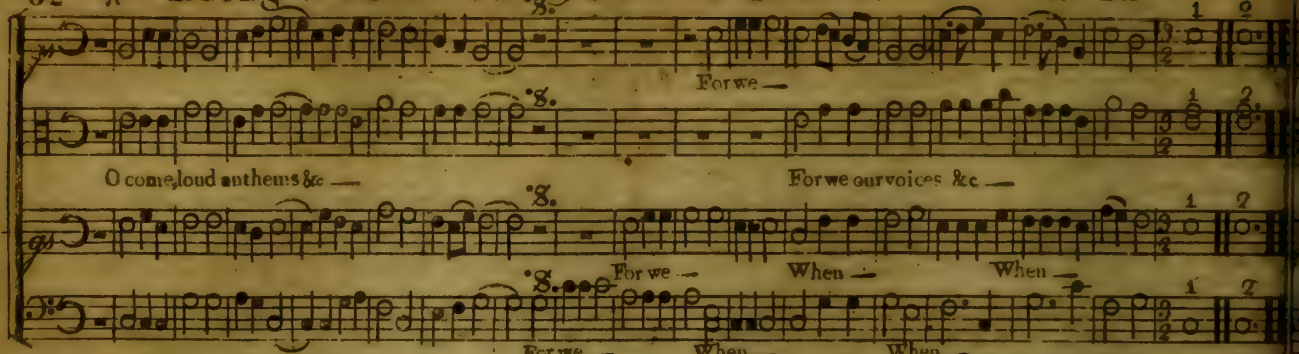


* New-Haven. Pf. 115th 2d verse Dr W.

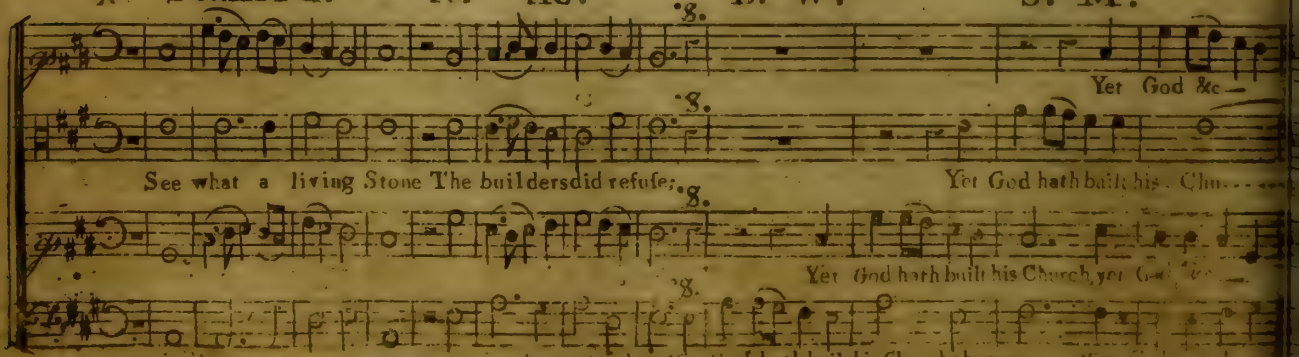


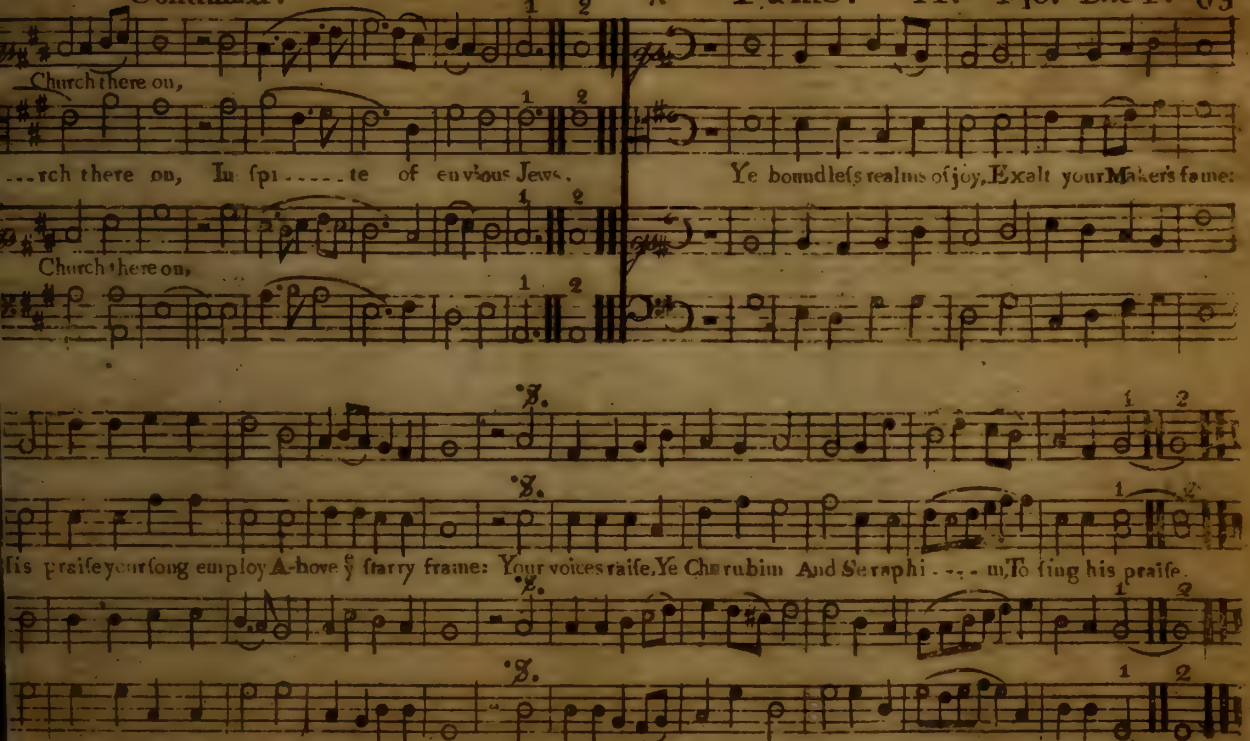

will is done: Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he ſpread, But fools adore the gods their hands have made.
The kneeling crou-----d, with looks devout be-hold, Their ſilver ſa-----viours, and their ſaints of gold.

62 * Bridg-water. Pf. 95th B. & T. L. M.

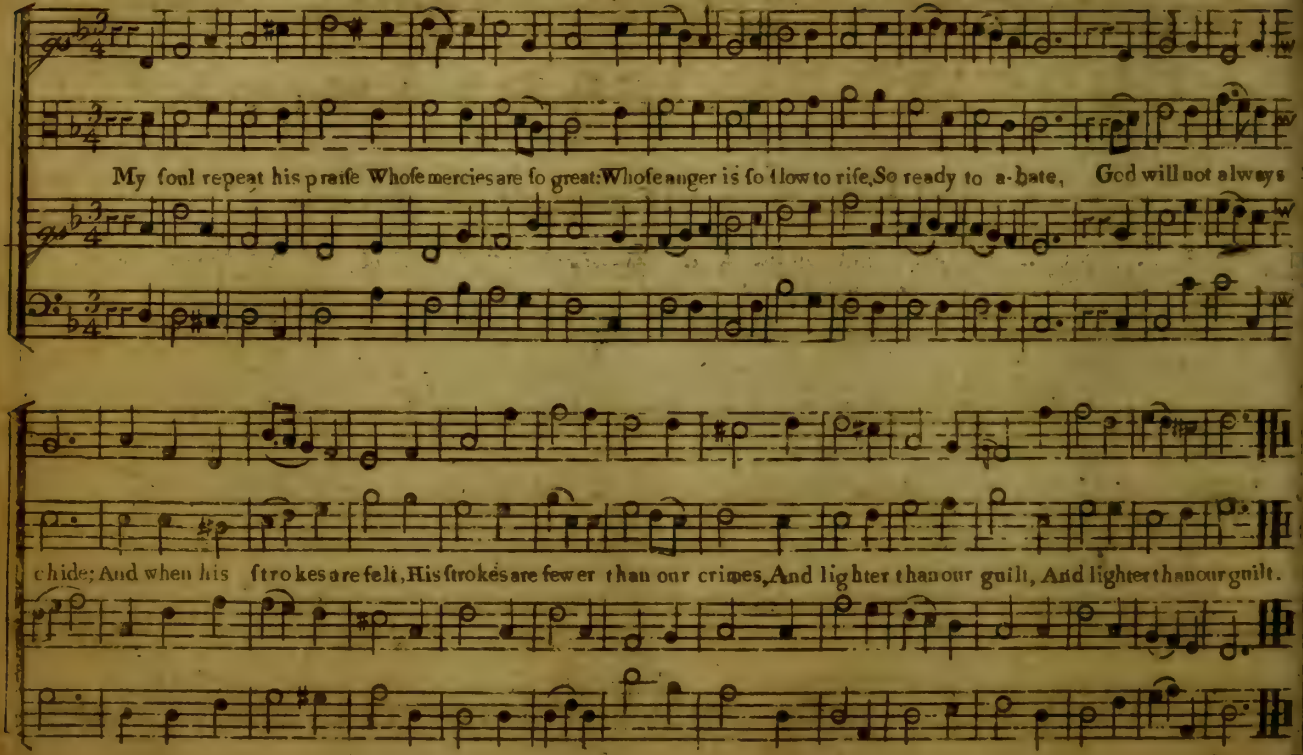


* Stafford. Pf. 118. Dr. W. S. M.


Yet God &c —
See what a living Stone The buildersdid refuse;
Yet God hath built his Chu
Yet God hath built his Church, yet G
Yet God hath built his Church here on
Yet God


Church there on,
...rch there on, In spi.....te of envious Jews.
Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame:
Church there on,
Z.
Z.
lis praise your song employ A-bove ỹ starry frame: Your voices raise, Ye Cherubim And Seraphi.....m, To sing his praise.
Z.
Z.

Fulham. Pf. 103d, Dr W. S. M. Double.


My soul repeat his praise Whose mercies are so great: Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to a-bate, God will not always
chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

THE

CHORISTER's COMPANION.

PART THIRD.

CONTAINING

A Collection of approved HYMNS and ANTHEMS.

IN THREE AND FOUR PARTS,

Some of which never before printed.

NEW-HAVEN; Printed by T. and S. Green, for Simeon Jocelin and Amos Doolittle.

N. B. In the hymn-tunes, where the words are not ſet at large, they are to be ſung in their order, 'till directed to repeat, by words interſperſed.

SELECT HYMNS.

Hymn for Feversham.

1. NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's Name,
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop---and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all by sin oppress,
Welcome to the sacred rest,
Nothing brought Him from above;
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
His tremendous foes and ours,
From their curs'd empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7. Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each chearful string,
Mortals join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

Hymn

Hymn for Oldford.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Prieſt, above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame---
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood;
While ſatan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his meaſure, feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

Hymn for Dartford.

1 RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
Time ſhall ſoon this earth remove;
Riſe, my ſoul, and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe;
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource;
So a ſoul that's born of God
Pants to view his glor'ous face,
Upwards tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Ceaſe,

3 Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon and you know
Happy entrance will be giv'n,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Hymn for Chatham.

1 THOU God of glor'ous majeſty,
To Thee---in my diſtreſs to Thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
An half awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endleſs bliſs or pain,
A ſinner born to die.

2 O God my inmoſt ſoul convert,
And deeply on my anxious heart
Eternal things impreſs;
Give me to feel their ſolemn weight,
To tremble at the brink of fate,
And 'wake to righteouſneſs.

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous Day,
When thou in clouds ſhalt come,
To judge the nations at thy Bar;
And tell me, Lord, ſhall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded ſeas, I ſtand,
Secure inſenſible!
A point of life, a moment's ſpace,
Removes me to an heav'nly place,
Or ſhuts me up in hell!

5 Be this my one great buſ'neſs here,
With ſer'ous induſtry and care,
My future bliſs t' enſure;

Thy

Thy righteous orders to fulfil,
To ſuffer all thy ſov'reign will,
And to the end endure.

Hymn for Helmsley.

1 LO! He comes in clouds deſcending,
Once for helpleſs ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah:
All the angels cry Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing, &c.
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment, &c.
Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah! &c.
See the day of God appear.

5 Anſwer thine own bride and ſpirit,
Haſten, Lord, the gen'ral doom,
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation, &c.
Travails! Groans! and bids thee come.

6 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

O come quickly, &c.
Hallelujah! come Lord, come.

Hymn for Hexham.

1 COME to Jesus, come away,
Heard I not the Spirit say?
Come, and all the sweetness prove,
Of the Holy Ghost and Love:
Come, and dwell forevermore,
All in raptures burn, adore.

2 Come to Jesus, come away,
Come to Jesus, do not stay;
Jesus shed his precious blood
T' you might swim in pleasure's flood,
Jesus div'd into a sea
Of the deepest wrath for thee.

3 Come to Jesus, come away;
Virgin Spirit, shun delay:
Jesus laid aside his robes,
T' you may lay aside your sobs,
Jesus cloath'd himself with shame
T' you may cloath you with his Name.

4 Come to Jesus, come away,
This is thy espousal day:
Come away, come to thy home,
Come away to thy Bridegroom,
To the world then bid adieu,
Heaven see within thy view.

5 Come to Jesus, come away,
Welcome with thy Lord to stay;
Welcome to thy heav'n at last,
Now the indignation's past.
Roll, ye billows, roll and roar,
Now thy treasure's safe ashore.

Hymn for Eaton.

1 HARK! ye mortals, hear the trumpet,
Sounding loud the mighty roar;
Hark! th' Arch-Angel's voice proclaiming,
Thou, old Time, shalt be no more.

Rolling ages, rolling ages, rolling ages,
Now your ſolemn cloſe appears.

2 This great rolling frame of nature,
That huge maſs of blazing day,
Yonder arch'd expance of heav'n,
Ye muſt all diſſolve away.
Hark! th' Arch-Angel, &c.
Swells the ſolemn ſummons loud.

3 See the gloomy priſoners riſing,
Hell's dark caverns gaping wide;
Wild confuſion ſeize the chriſtleſs,
Horrors fill the ſpacious void:
Come ye mountains, &c.
Hide us from this dire revenge.

4 See the purple banner flying,
Hear the judgment-char'ot roll;
Hear the Saviour's words of mercy:
"Come, ye ranſom'd heav'n-born ſouls.
Judge theſe nations, &c.
Now they all ſhall feel my pow'r."

5 Hurl'd in countleſs numbers downward,
See in wild diſorder driv'n;
Tortur'd with deſpair and anguiſh,
Left (and that for ever) heav'n,
How tremendous, &c.
Sounds their laſt deciſive doom.

6 See the ſouls that earth deſpiſed,
In celeſtial glories move;
Hallelujahs big with wonder,
Praiſing Chriſt's eternal love:
Hallelujahs, &c.
Echo thro' the realms of light.

7 Joys ecſtatic, hymns harmonious,
In ſoft ſymphony reſound;
Angels, ſeraphs, harps and trumpets,
Swell the ſweet angelic ſound:
Hail! Almighty! &c.
Great eternal Lord, Amen.

Hymn for Georgia.

1 WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!
Chriſt the Lord is born to-day,
Chriſt who takes our ſins away,
He who rules in heav'n and earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his birth;
Him ſhall all his people ſee,
And rejoice eternally.

2 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hoſannas fill the ſky;
Glory be to God above!
God is infinite in love!
Peace on earth, good-will to men!
Now with us our God is ſeen:
Angels join with us in praiſe,
Help us ſing redeeming grace.

3 Now the wall is broken down,
Now the goſpel is made known:
Now the door is open wide,
Chriſt for Jew and Gentile dy'd,
All who feel the weight of ſin,
All who languiſh to be clean,
All who for redemption groan,
May be ſav'd by Faith alone.

4 Jeſus is the lovely name,
This the angel doth proclaim:
He ſhall all his people ſave,
They in him remiſſion have;
When they ſee themſelves undone,
They take refuge in the Son:
They ſhall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

5 Shout ye nations of the earth,
Sing the triumphs of his birth;
All the world by him is bleſt;
Sound his praiſe from eaſt to weſt,
Jews and Gentiles jointly ſing,
Chriſt our common Lord and King;

Chriſt

Chriſt our life, our joy, our ſong
To eternity prolong.

HYMN for EVERSHAM.

1 COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
FATHER all glorious,
O'er all victorious!
Come and reign over us,
ANTIENT OF DAYS.

2 JESUS our LORD, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd;
Lord hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty ſword——
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs,
SPIRIT of holineſs,
On us deſcend!

4 Come, holy COMFORTOR,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,
And ne'er from us depart.
SPIRIT OF POW'R!

5 To the Great ONE in THREE
Eternal praiſes be
Hence—Evermore!
His ſov'reign majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

HYMN for EDENBOROUGH.

1 HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three!

2 Inthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
E'er time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.

3 All that the name of creature owns,
To thee in hymns aſpire;
May we, as angels on our thrones,
Forever join the choir!

4 Hail holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential One ador'd,
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN for PORTSMOUTH.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals give thanks and ſing
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

2 Jeſus the Saviour reigns,
The GOD of truth and love,
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jeſus giv'n:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right hand
'Till all his foes ſubmit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet,

Lift

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I ſay, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glor'ous hope,
Jeſus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' Arch-Angel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſound Rejoice!

Hymn for Aurora.

2 ALMIGHTY God commands,
And Sol doth ſtraight ariſe,
With wond'rous force purſues his courſe
And ſhoots along the ſkies:

3 With what amazing ſpeed,
He wings his rapid way;
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
And thus concludes the day!

4 Awake my drouſy ſoul,
Ariſe and come away;
The pretty birds in nature's words,
Proclaim the riſing day:

5 In concert ſweet they join,
And ſing in var'ous ways;
Their little throats are ſwell'd with notes,
And fill'd with ſongs of praiſe.

6 Ariſe my ſoul ariſe,
Shake off this ſluggiſh load;
In morning ſong, your accents ſtrong,
Adore your maker God.

Hymn for Stratford.

2 OH! how his purple ſtreams did flow,
His blood on man he did beſtow:
With hands and feet nail'd to the wood,
And pierced ſide ran down with blood.

3 What wiſdom can conceive or know,
What tongue or pen can truly ſhow,
The vaſt dimentions of his love,
Or ſhew his power in Heav'n above?

4 To God be praiſe and worſhip due,
For giving us his only Son :
Let's tune our ſouls, and him adore,
In Hallelujahs evermore.

CHRISTMAS HYMN for BOSTON.

3 " NO gold, nor purple ſwadling bands,
" Nor royal ſhining things ;
" A manger for his cradle ſtands,
" And holds the KING of kings.

4 " Go, ſhepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And ſee his humble throne ;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes.
" Go, ſhephers, kiſs the SON."

5 Thus *Gabriel* ſang, and ſtraight around
The heav'nly armies throng ;
They tune their Harps to lofty ſound,
And thus conclude the ſong :

6 " Glory to GOD that reigns above,
" Let peace ſurround the earth ;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love,
" At their Redeemer's birth."

7 LORD ! and ſhall Angels have their ſongs,
And men no tunes to raiſe ?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs tongues
When we forget to praiſe !

8 Glory to GOD that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN for SALISBURY.

2 NOTHING have I Lord to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt am poor ;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery ;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb,
Thy blood was ſhed for me !

3 With-

3 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners I:
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in Thee!
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs Lamb!
Thy blood was ſhed for me!

The Child's Request.

1 THOU giver of my life and joy,
Let ſongs to Thee my tongue employ;
Whilſt immature this feeble frame,
Teach me to liſp thy ſacred Name.

2 May my fond genius, as I riſe,
Seek the fair fount where knowledge lies,
On wings ſublime trace heav'n's abode,
And learn my duty to my God.

3 From low purſuits exalt my mind,
From ev'ry vice of ev'ry kind;
Nor let my conduct ever tend
To wound the feelings of a friend.

4 Though golden flow'rs my paths ſhould grace,
And joys ſalute me as I paſs;
Yet may my gen'rous boſom know,
And learn to feel another's woe.

5 If Providence ſhould lend me wealth,
And joys increas'd by peace and health;
Yet ne'er may I deſpiſe the poor,
Nor ſend them begging from my door.

6 Tho' poverty, with ſtern command,
Should graſp me in his iron hand,
In my diſtreſs may I receive
That kind relief I'd wiſh to give.

7 An ardent love for ſacred truth,
Employ my infancy and youth,
Live in my life thro' ev'ry ſtage,
And ripen with my rip'ning age.

8 When time it's hoary froſt has ſhed,
And ſilver'd o'er my feeble head,

May

May my calm mind reflect intent
On length of days in virtue ſpent.

9 When Death his curtain ſhall o'er-ſpread,
And wrap me in his awful ſhade,
May my bleſt ſoul to youth ariſe,
And triumph in its native ſkies.

Hymn for Sinai.

3 WELL, let the nations ſtart and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheiſts and emp'rors ſhrink and die,
When flame and noiſe torment the air.

4 Let noiſe and flame confound the ſkies,
And drown the ſpacious realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thund'rer's praiſe,
And ſend our loud *Hoſannas* thro'.

5 Celeſtial King, thy blazing pow'r
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys,
We ſhout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

6 Thus ſhall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his char'ot play,
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
Ye glor'ous ſtorms prepare his way.

Hymn for Jubilee.

2 THE goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home!

3 Jeſus our great high prieſt
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary ſpirits reſt,
Ye mourning ſouls be glad!
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

4 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim:
The Year of Jubilee is come;
Return to your eternal home!

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‡†‡ The tunes with this mark (*) have never before been printed.

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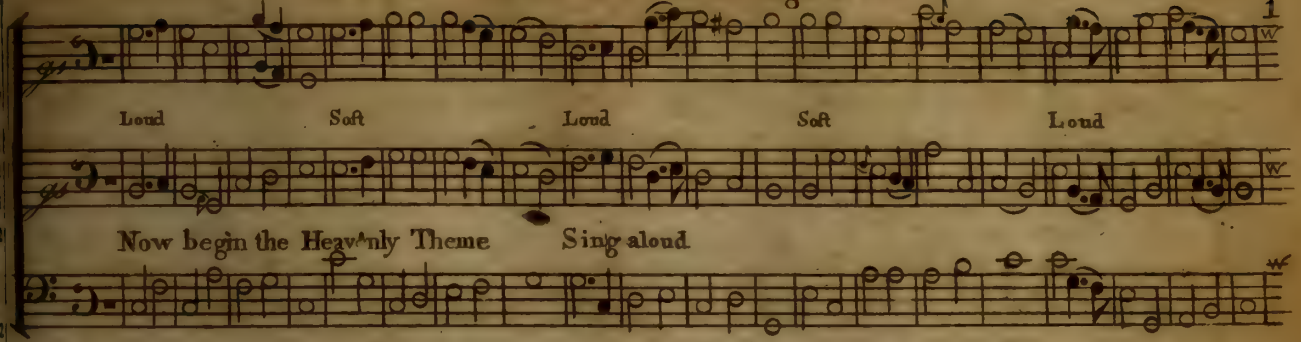

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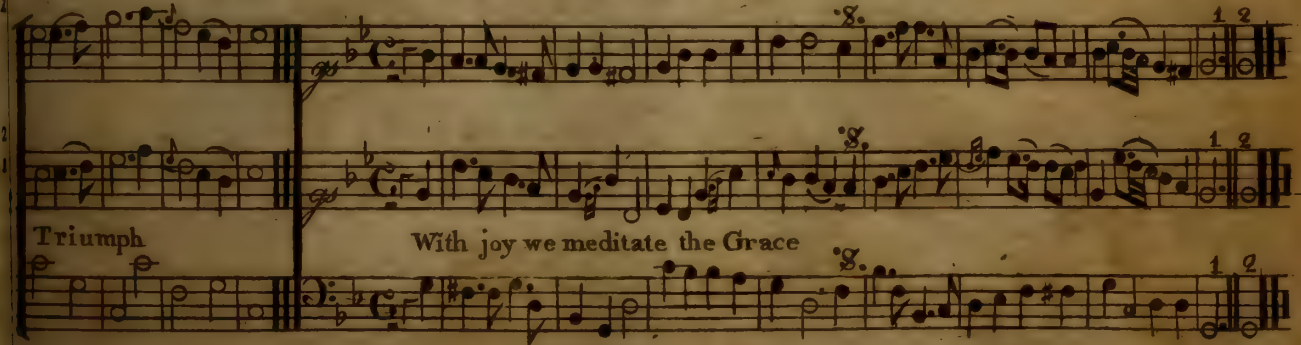
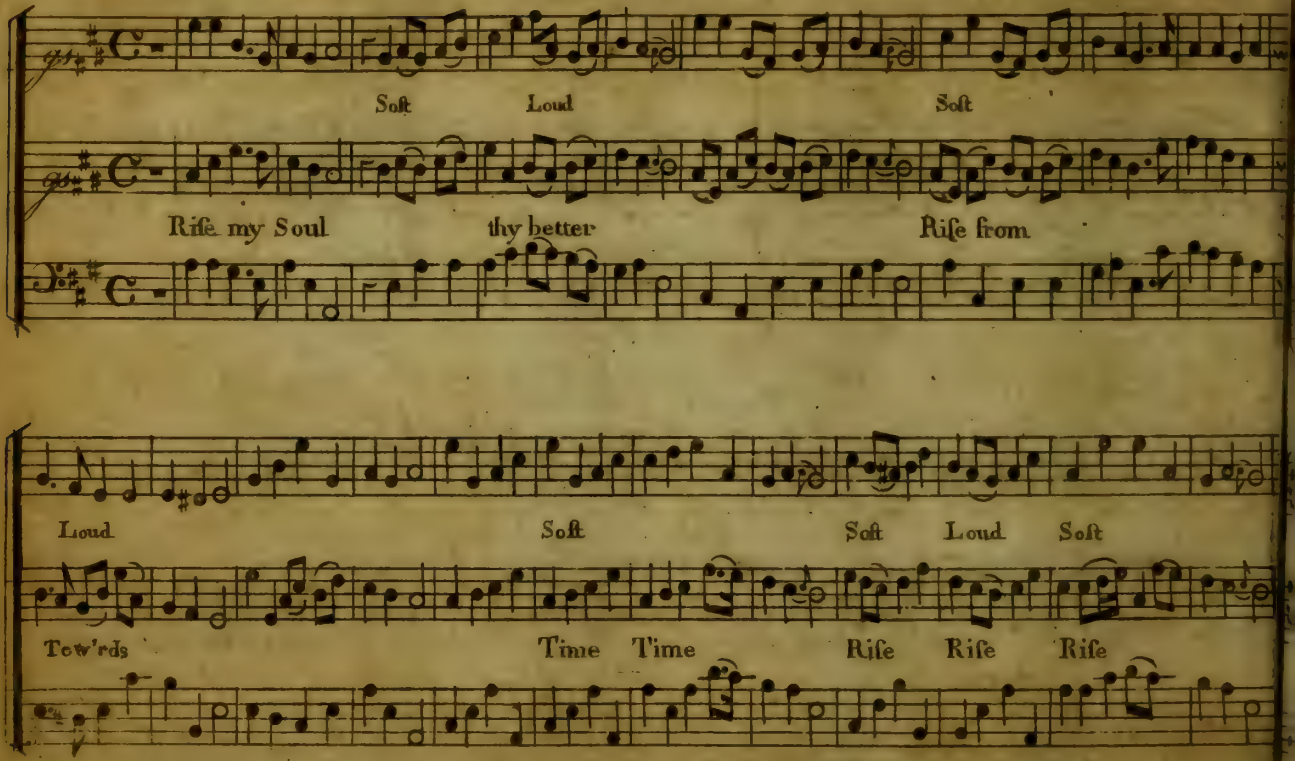
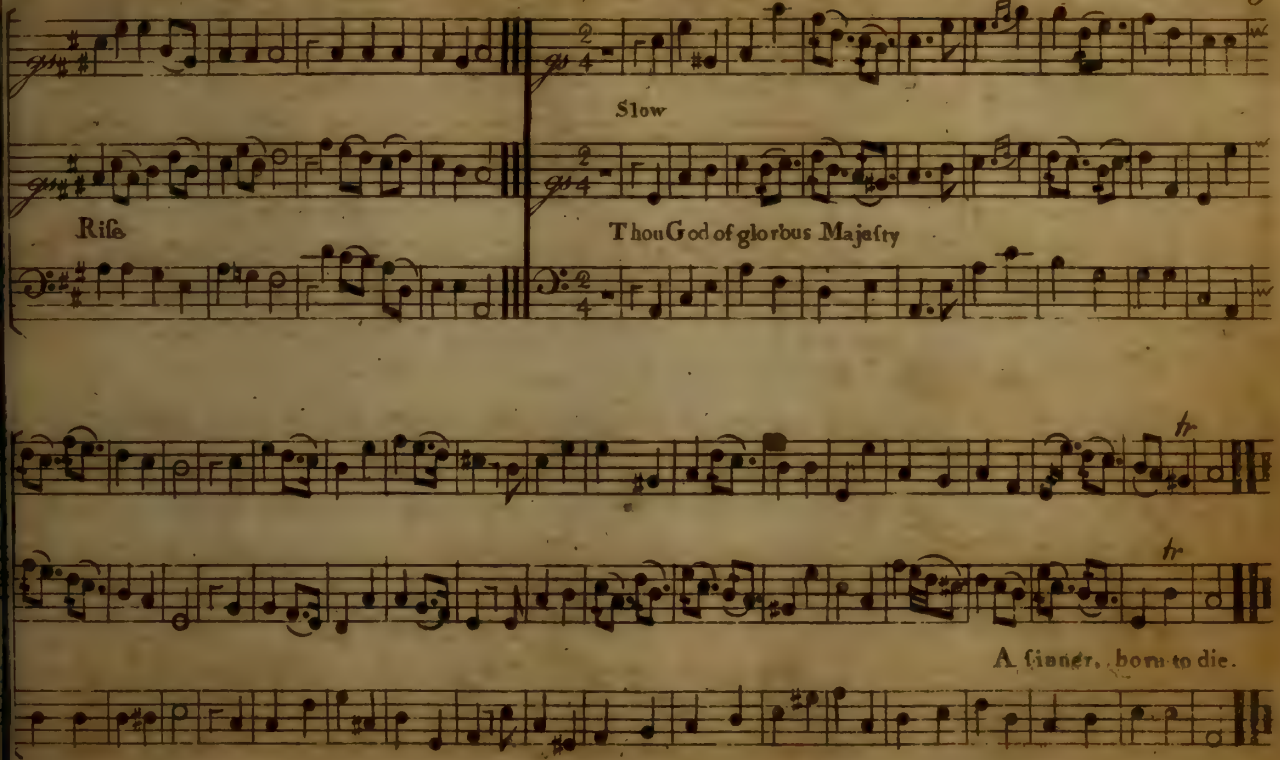


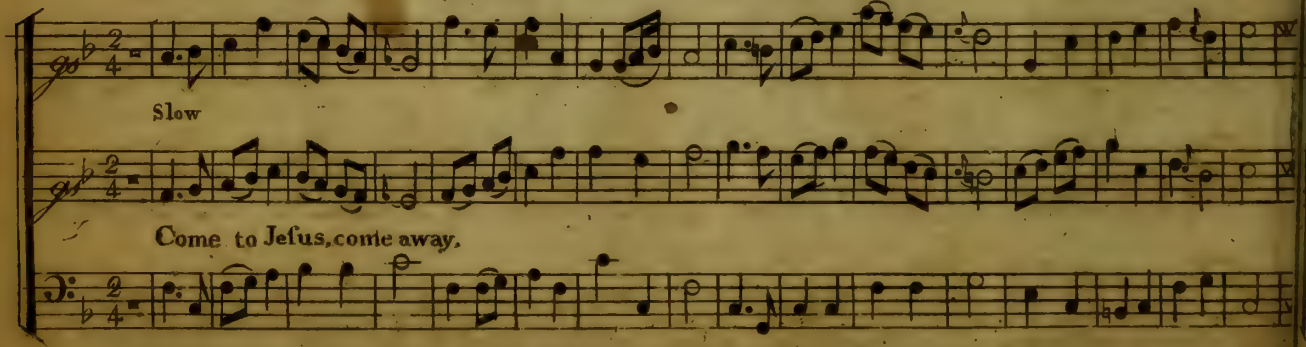
Dartford. Mr. G. W. Page 111.

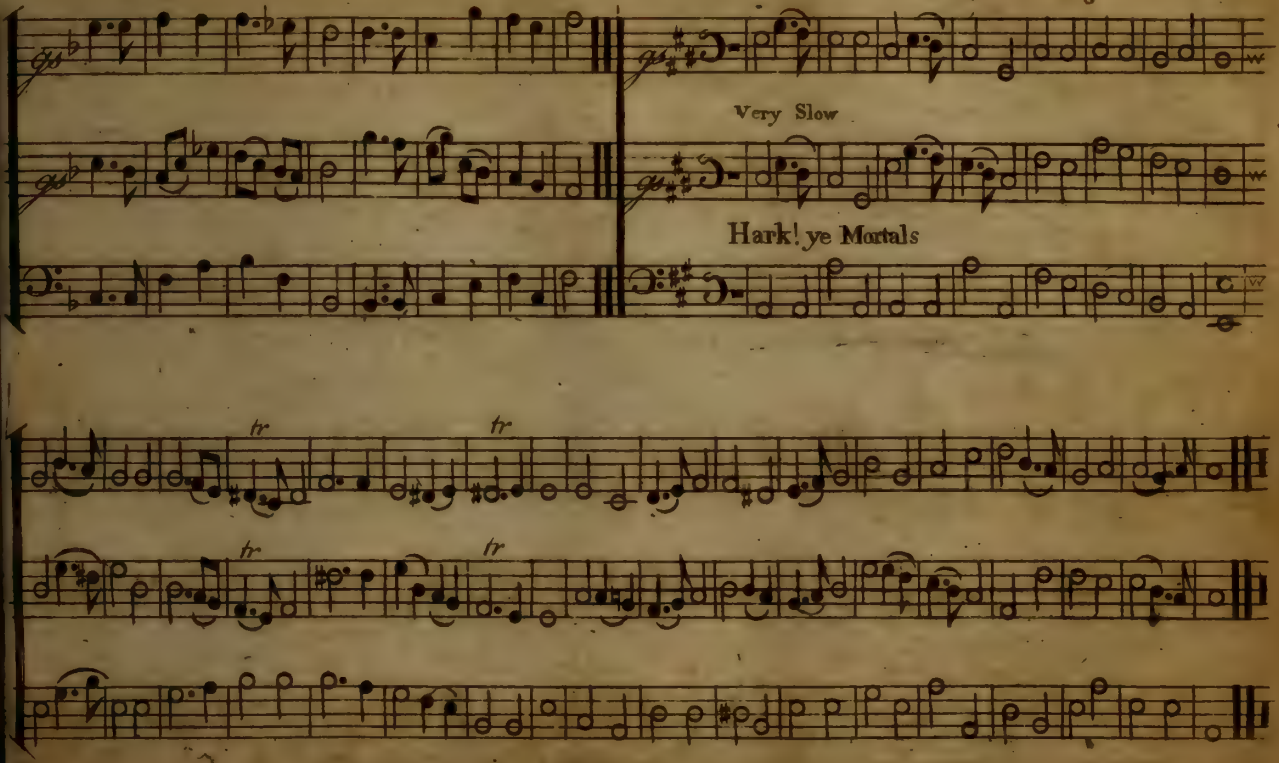



Slow
Rise
Thou God of glorbus Majesty
A singer, born to die.

Helmsley.

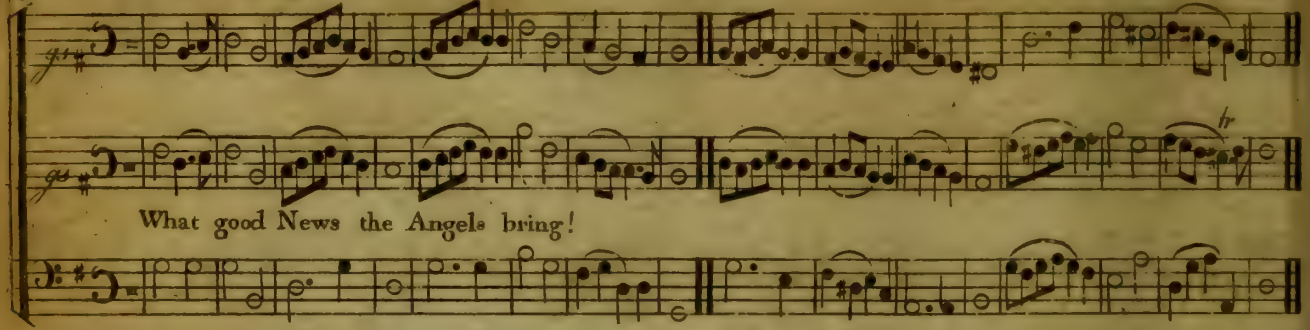
Hexham.



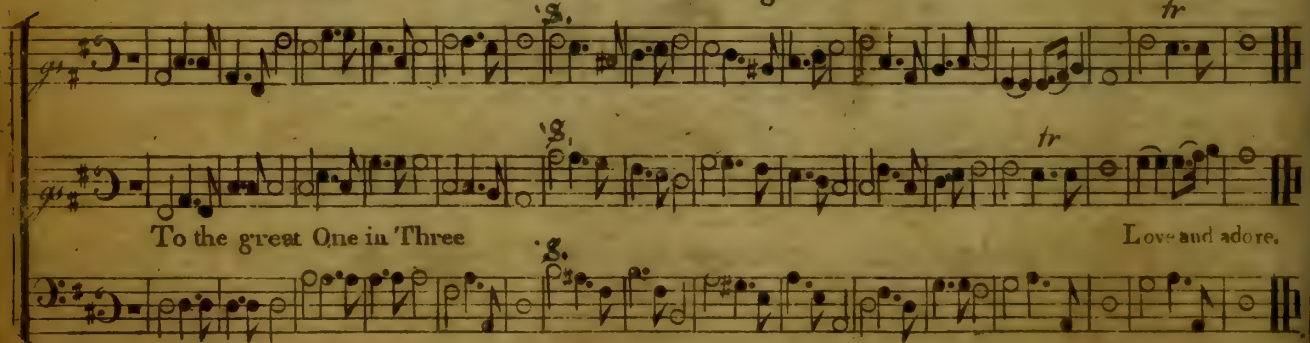

Very Slow
Hark! ye Mortals
tr
tr
tr
tr

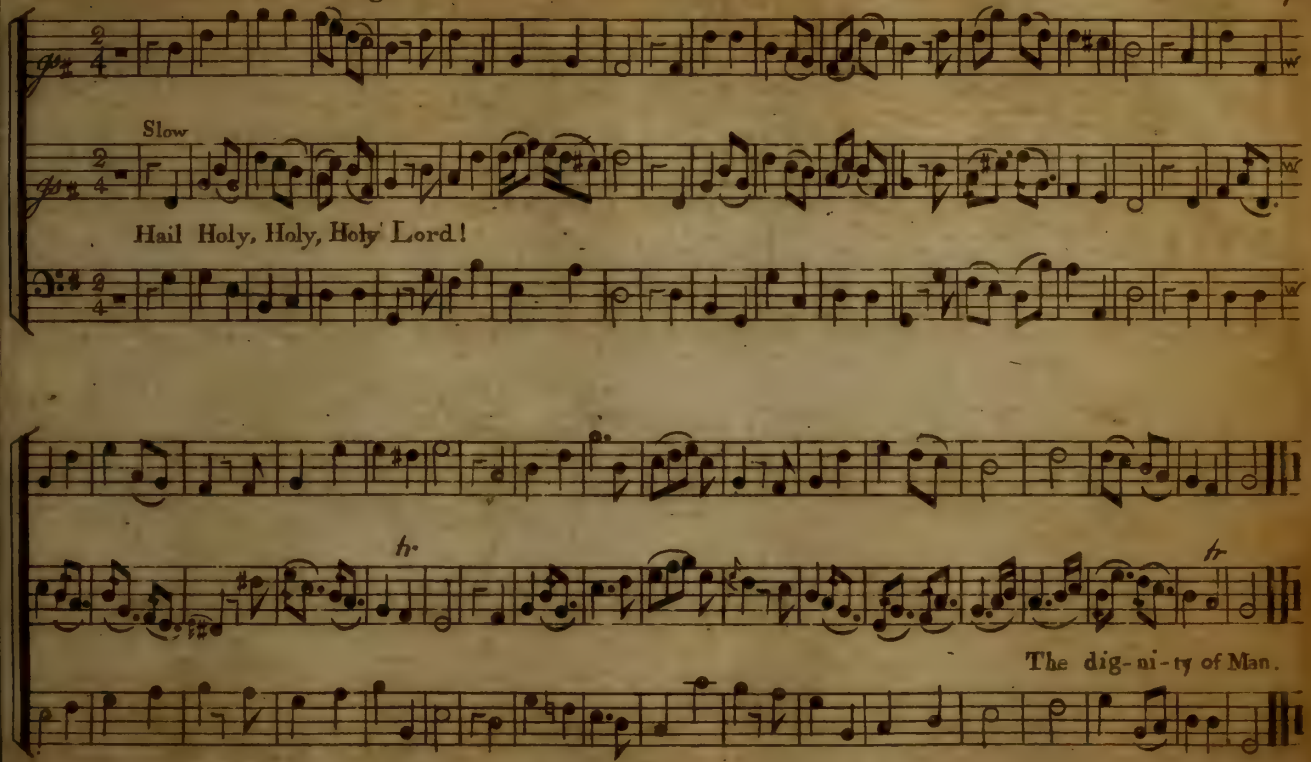
Georgia. Mr. G. W. Hymn 32d.

Repeat the two last lines of the words, with the 1st strain, to close the Tune.

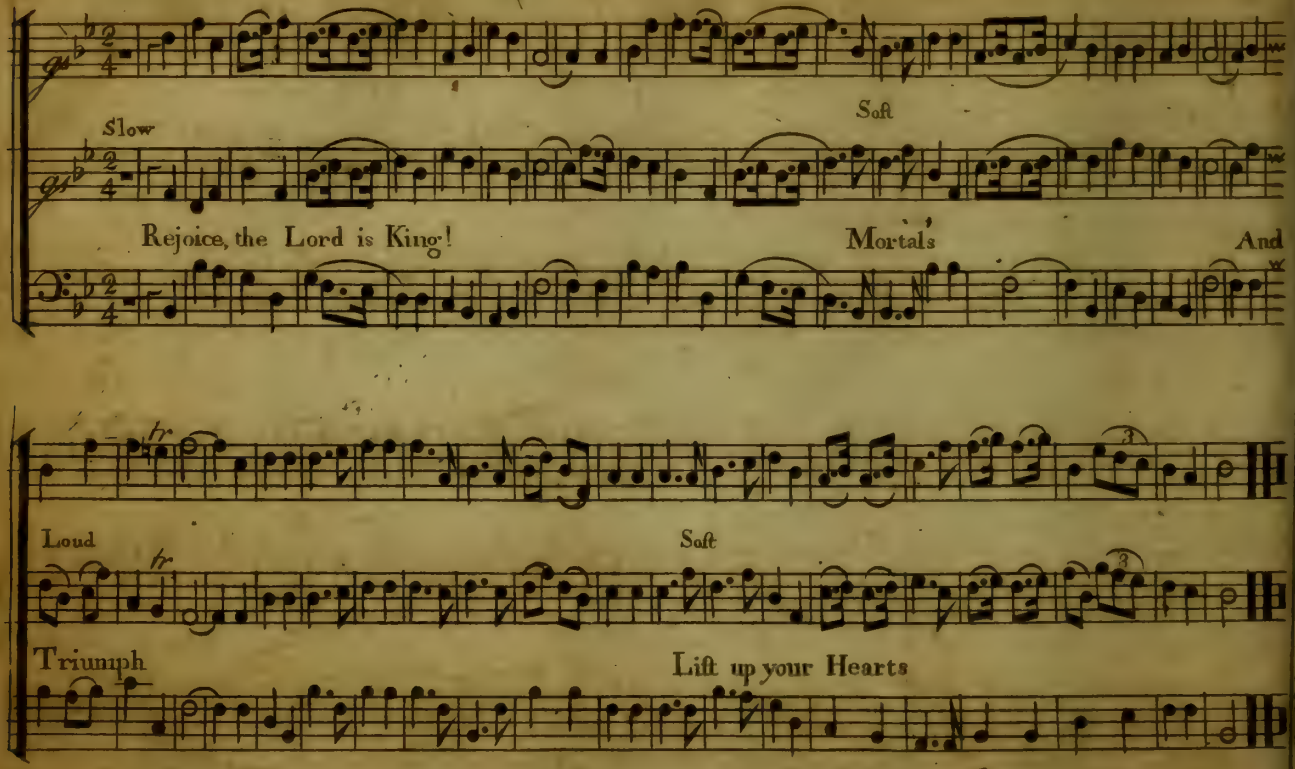


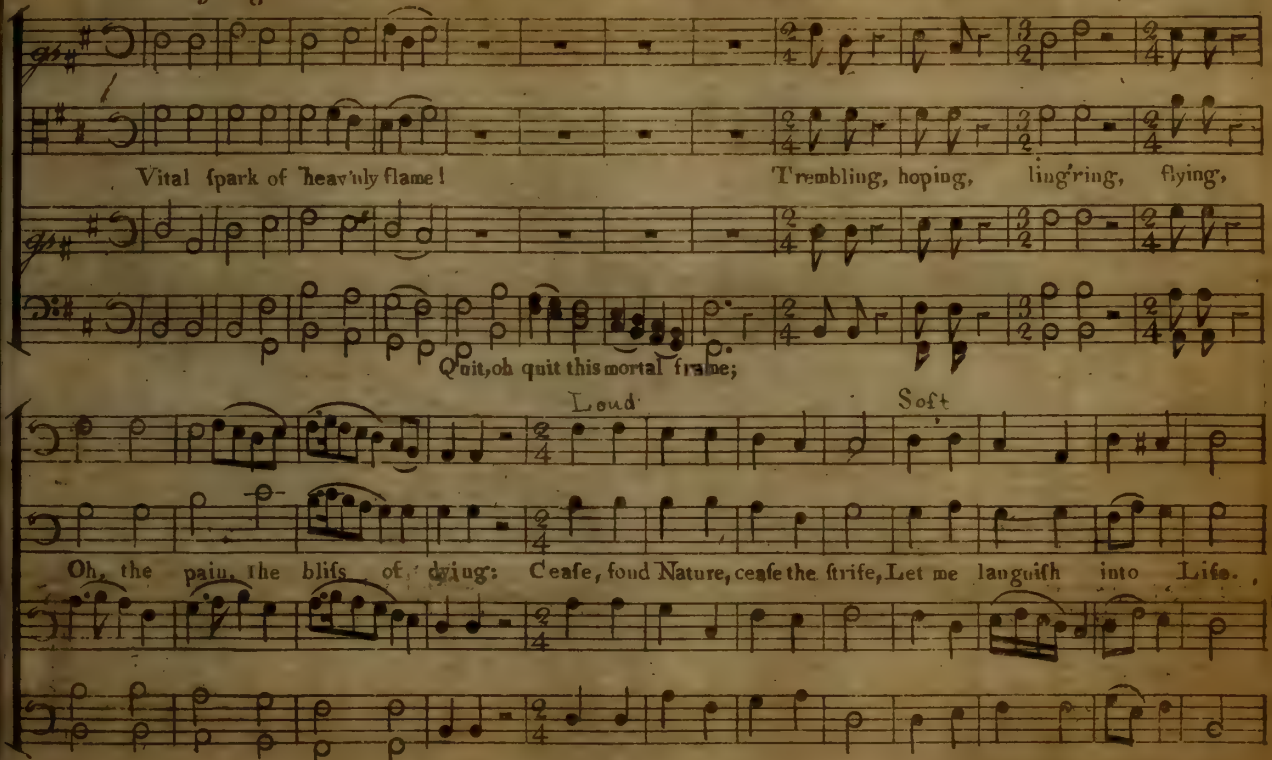
Evésham. Mr. G. W. Page 181.



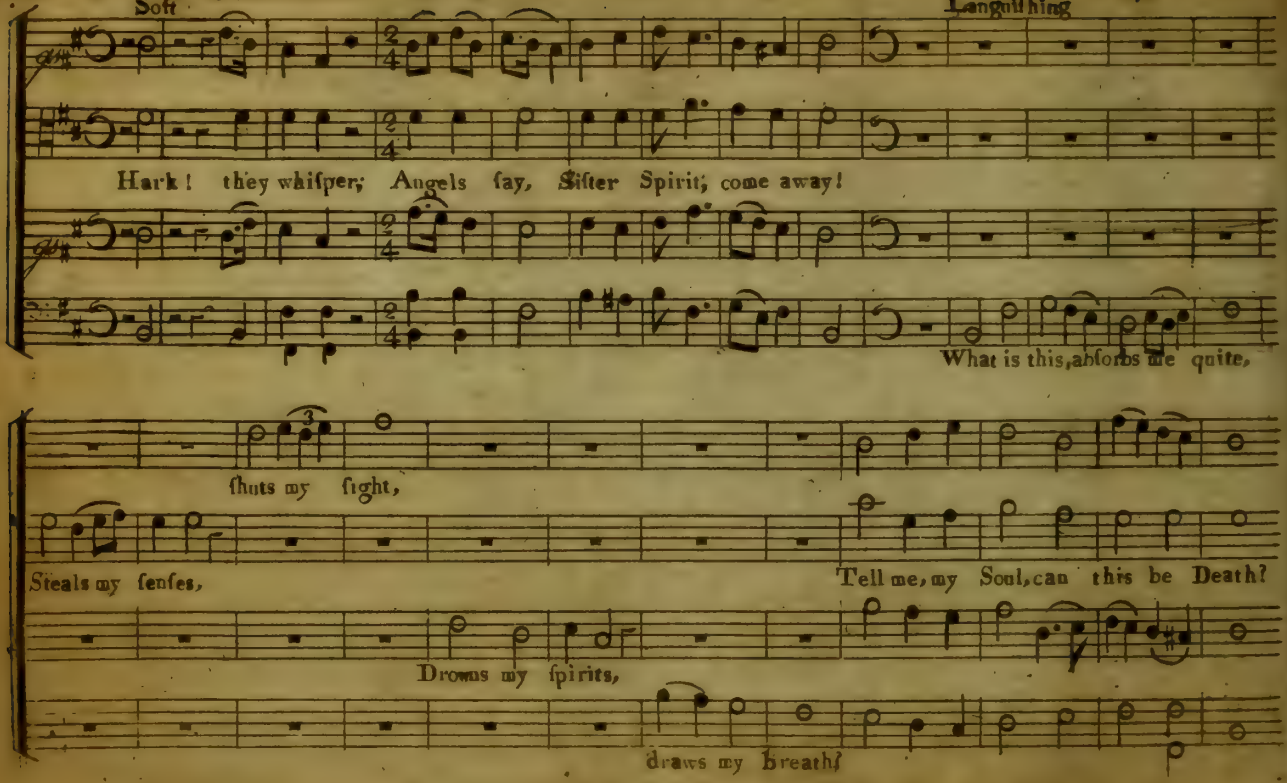

Slow
Hail Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
tr
tr
The dig-ni-ty of Man.

Portsmouth . Mr. G. W.

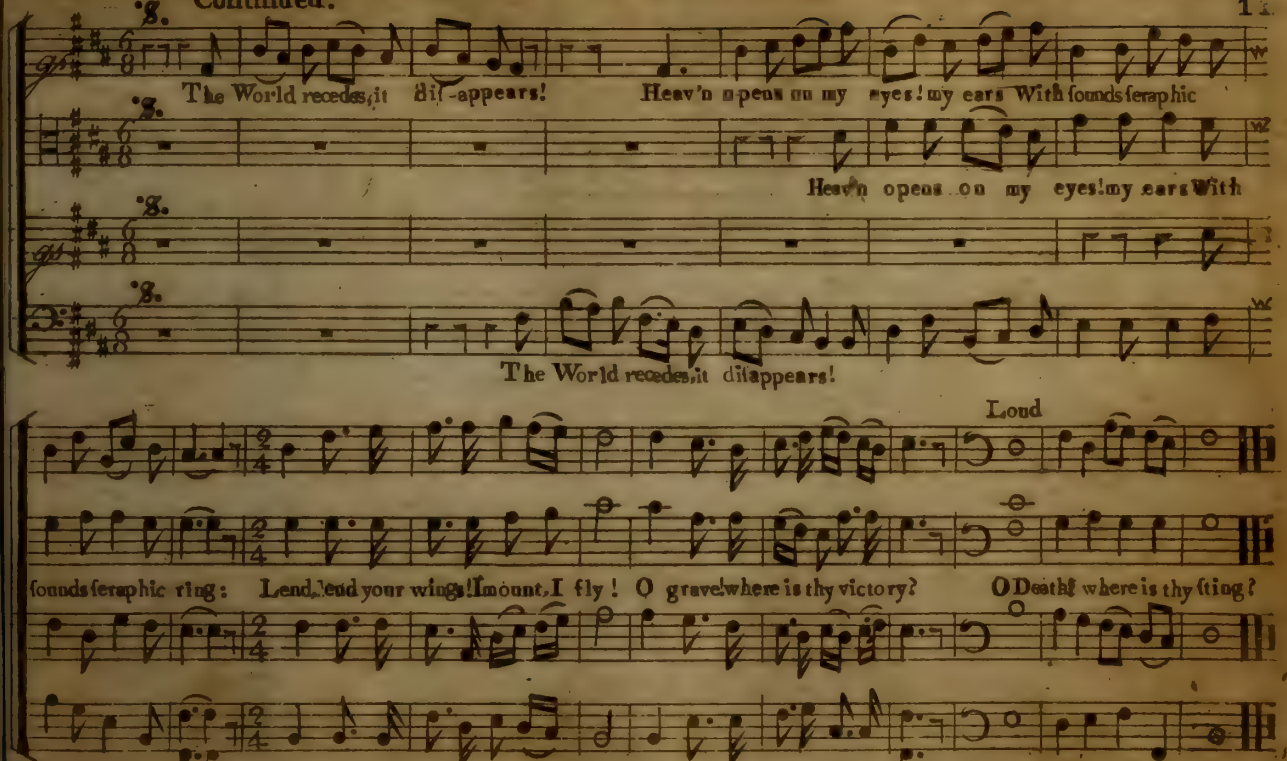



Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame;
Loud
Soft
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying: Cease, fond Nature, cease the strife, Let me languish into Life.

Soft Continued. Languishing

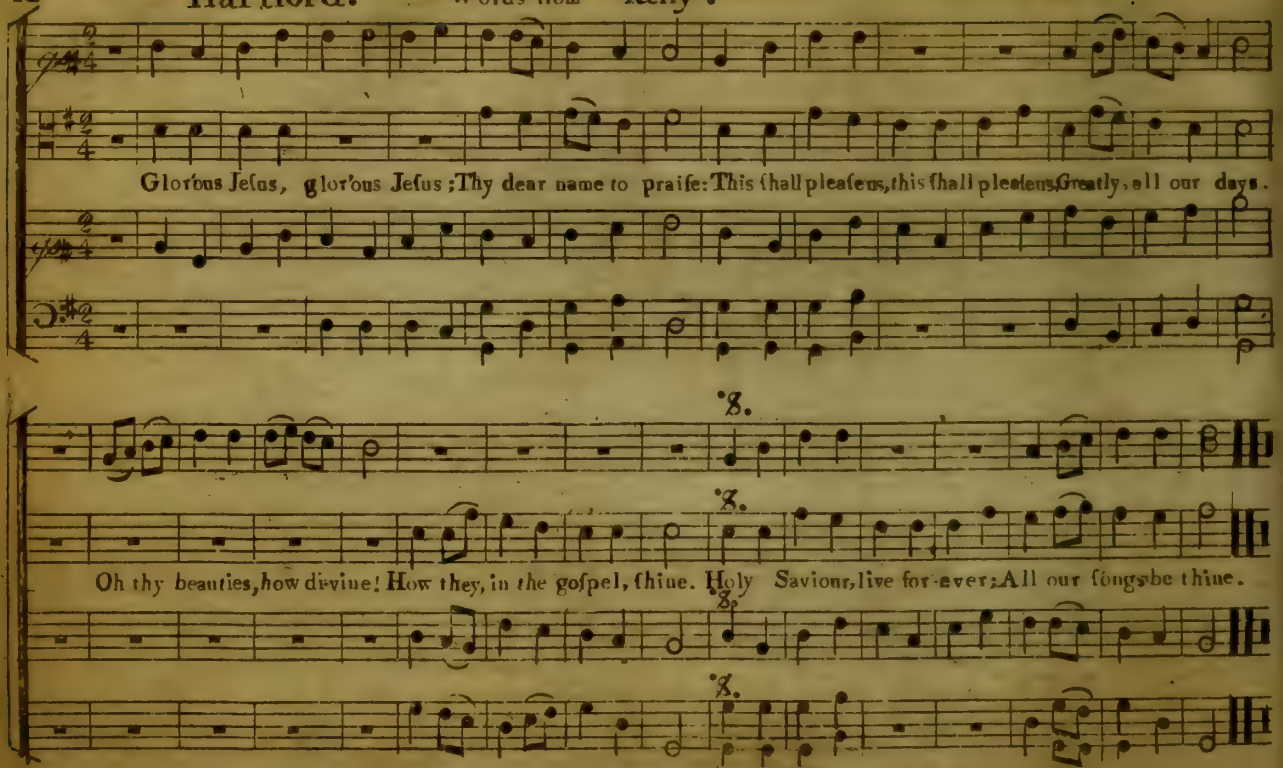

Hark! they whisper; Angels say, Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this, absorbs me quite,
shuts my sight,
Steals my senses,
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?
Drowns my spirits,
draws my breath?

Continued.


The World recedes, it dis-appears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears With
The World recedes, it disappears!
Loud
sounds seraphic ring: Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?

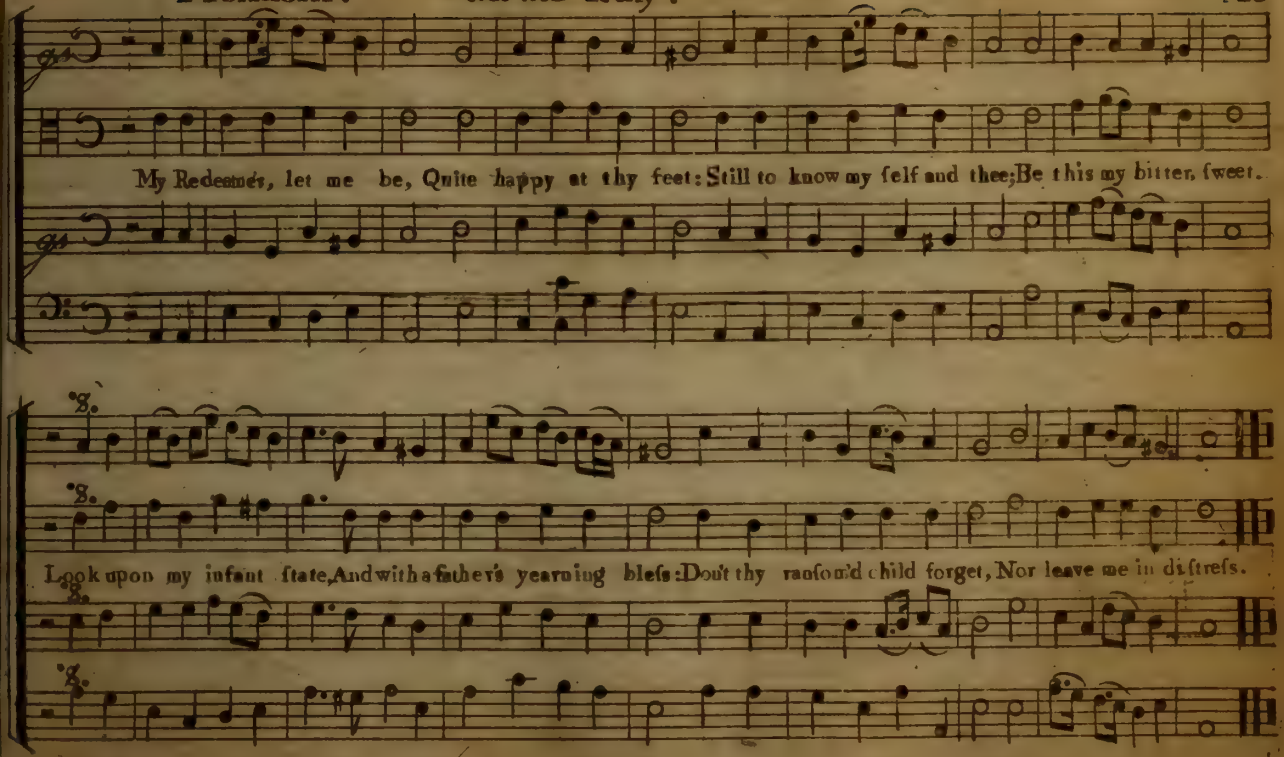
Hartford.

Words from Relly.


Glorious Jesus, glorious Jesus; Thy dear name to praise: This shall please us, this shall please us Greatly, all our days.
Oh thy beauties, how divine! How they, in the gospel, shine. Holy Saviour, live for-ever; All our songs be thine.

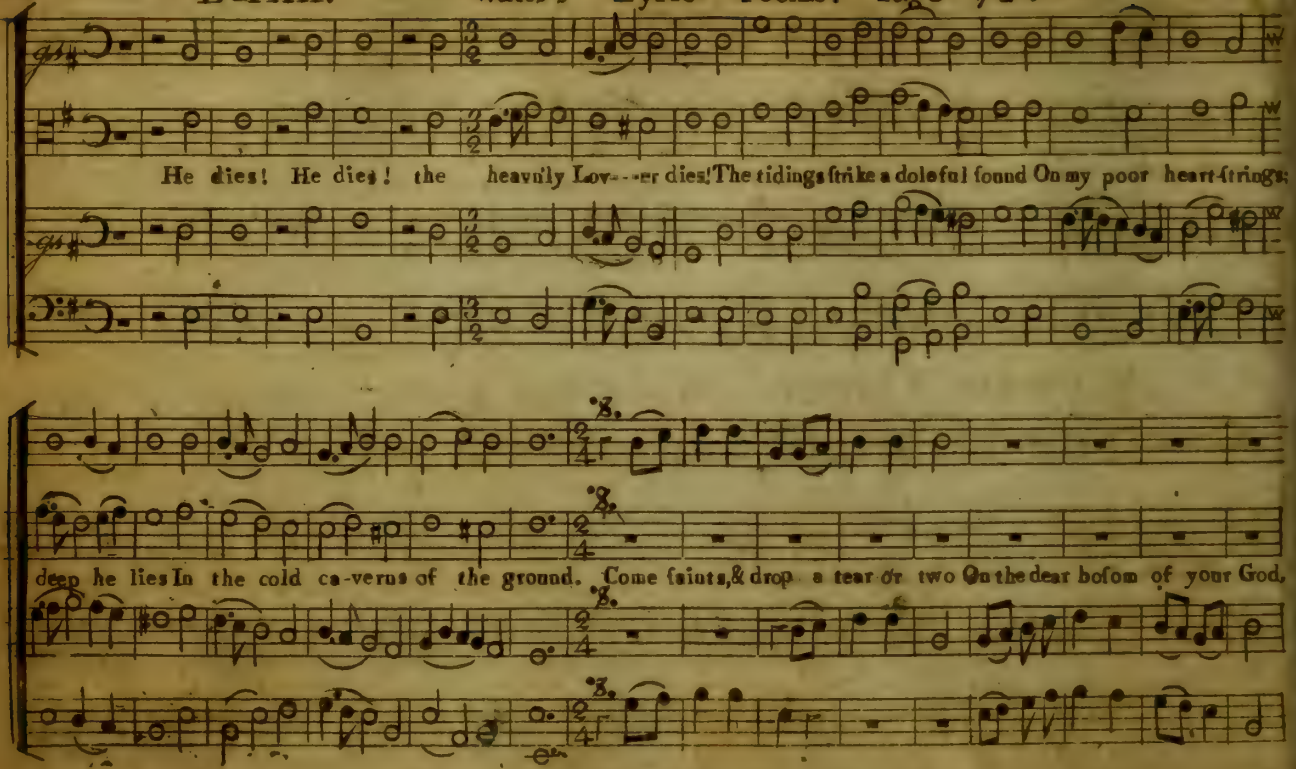
Mendom.

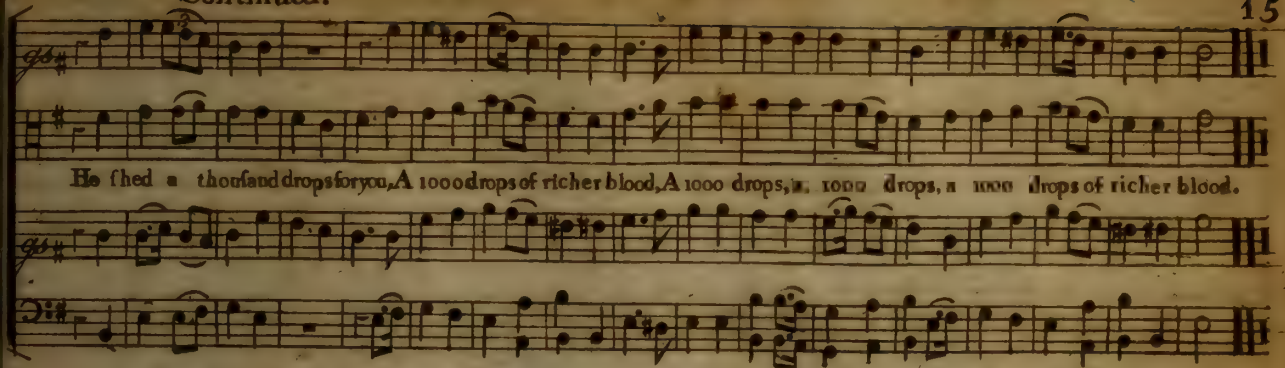
Words from Relly.


My Redeemer, let me be, Quite happy at thy feet: Still to know my self and thee; Be this my bitter, sweet.
Look upon my infant state, And with a father's yearning bless: Dout thy ransom'd child forget, Nor leave me in distress.

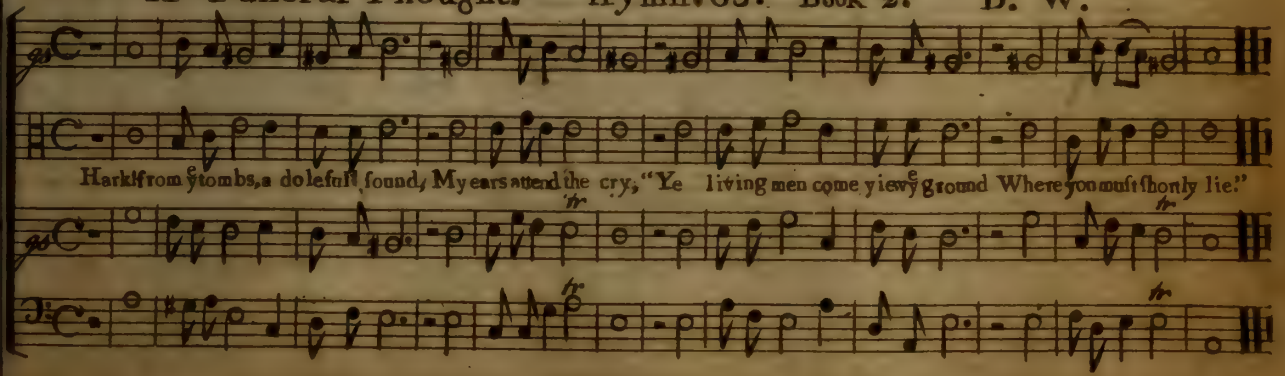
Berlin.

Watts's Lyric Poems. Page 72.


He dies! He dies! the heavnly Lov---er dies! The tidings strike a doleful sound On my poor heart-strings;
deep he lies In the cold ca-verns of the ground. Come saints, & drop a tear or two On the dear bosom of your God,

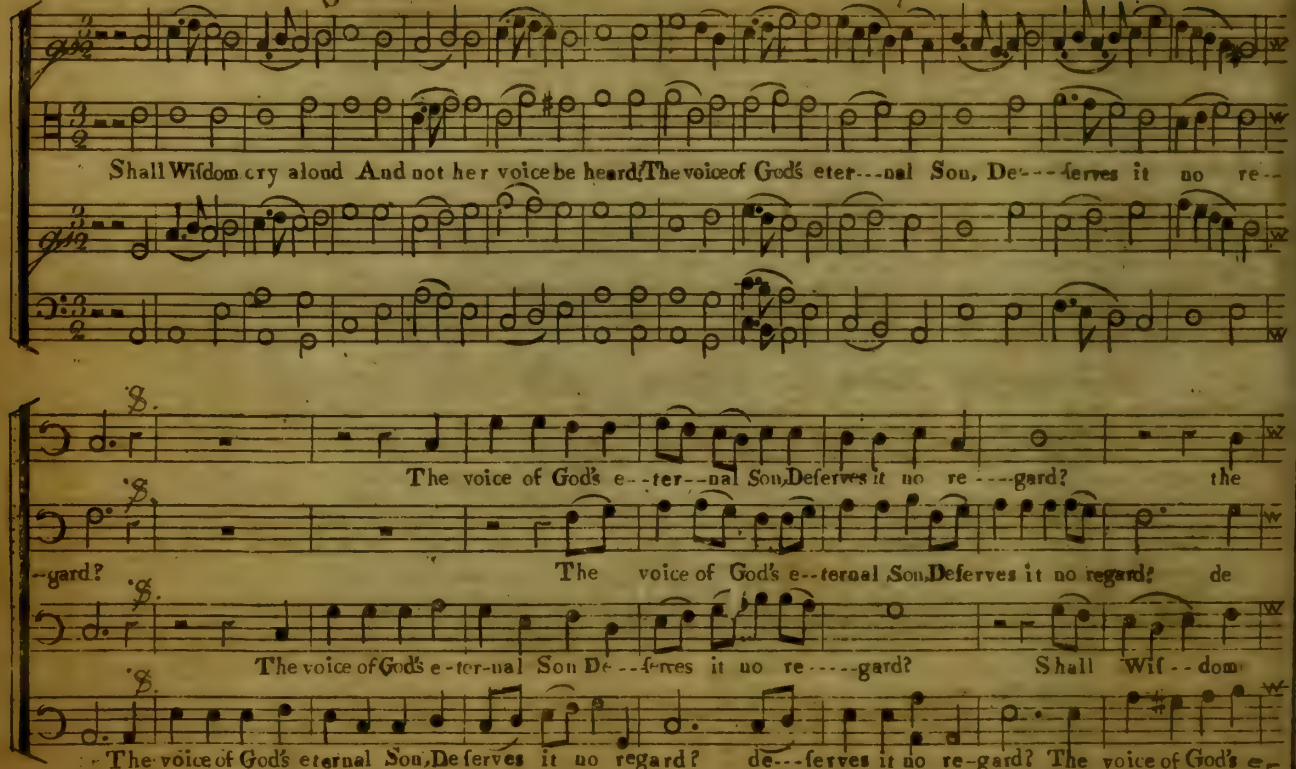


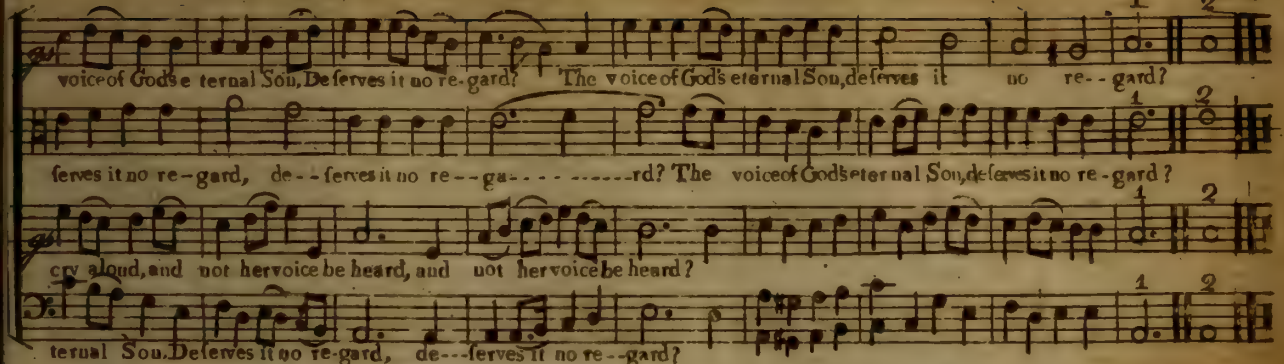
A Funeral Thought. Hymn. 63d. Book 2d. Dr. W.



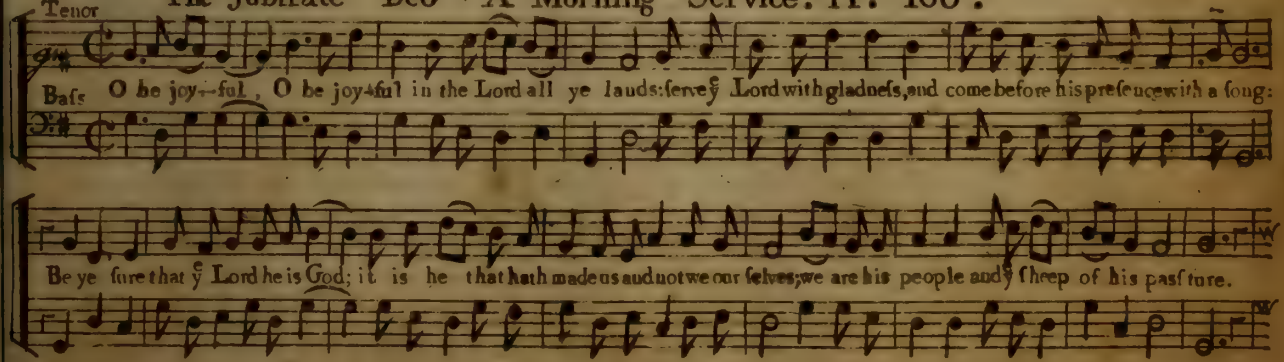
Framingham.

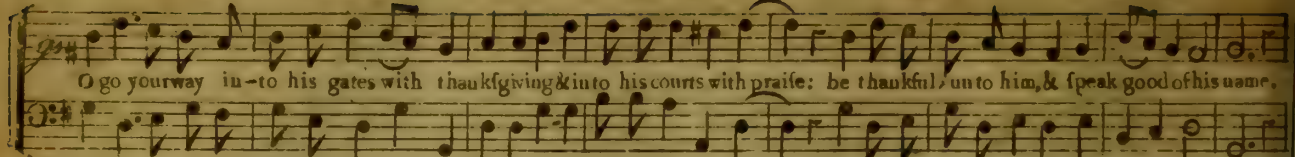
Words from D.r W.

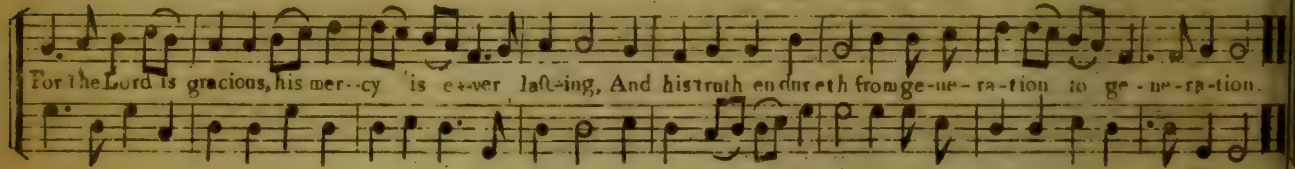

Shall Wisdom cry aloud And not her voice be heard? The voice of God's eter---nal Son, De----serves it no re--
The voice of God's e--ter--nal Son, Deserves it no re----gard? the
--gard? The voice of God's e--ternal Son, Deserves it no regard? de
The voice of God's e-ter-nal Son De--serves it no re-----gard? Shall Wis--dom
The voice of God's eternal Son, Deserves it no regard? de---serves it no re-gard? The voice of God's e-


voice of God's e ternal Son, De serves it no re-gard? The voice of God's eternal Son, deserves it no re--gard?
serves it no re-gard, de--serves it no re--ga-------rd? The voice of God's eternal Son, deserves it no re-gard?
cry aloud, and not her voice be heard, and not her voice be heard?
ternal Son. Deserves it no re-gard, de---serves it no re--gard?

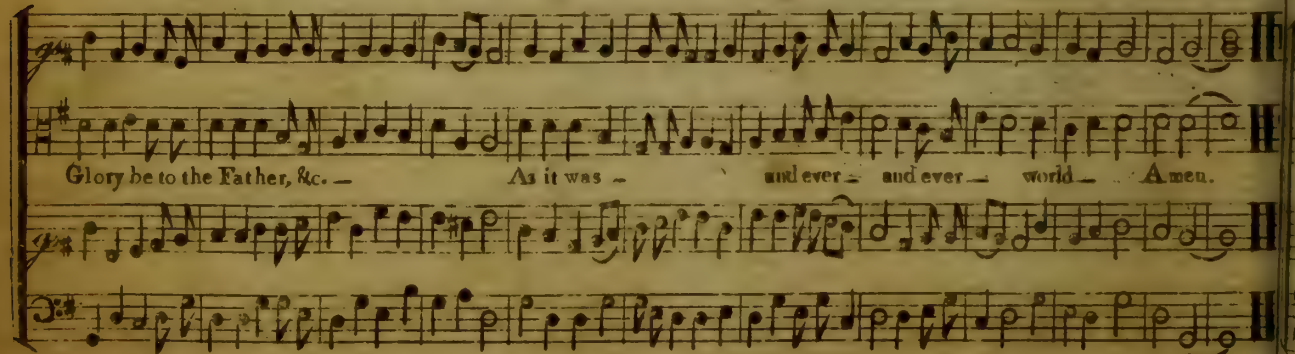
The Jubilate Deo A Morning Service. Pf. 100th.

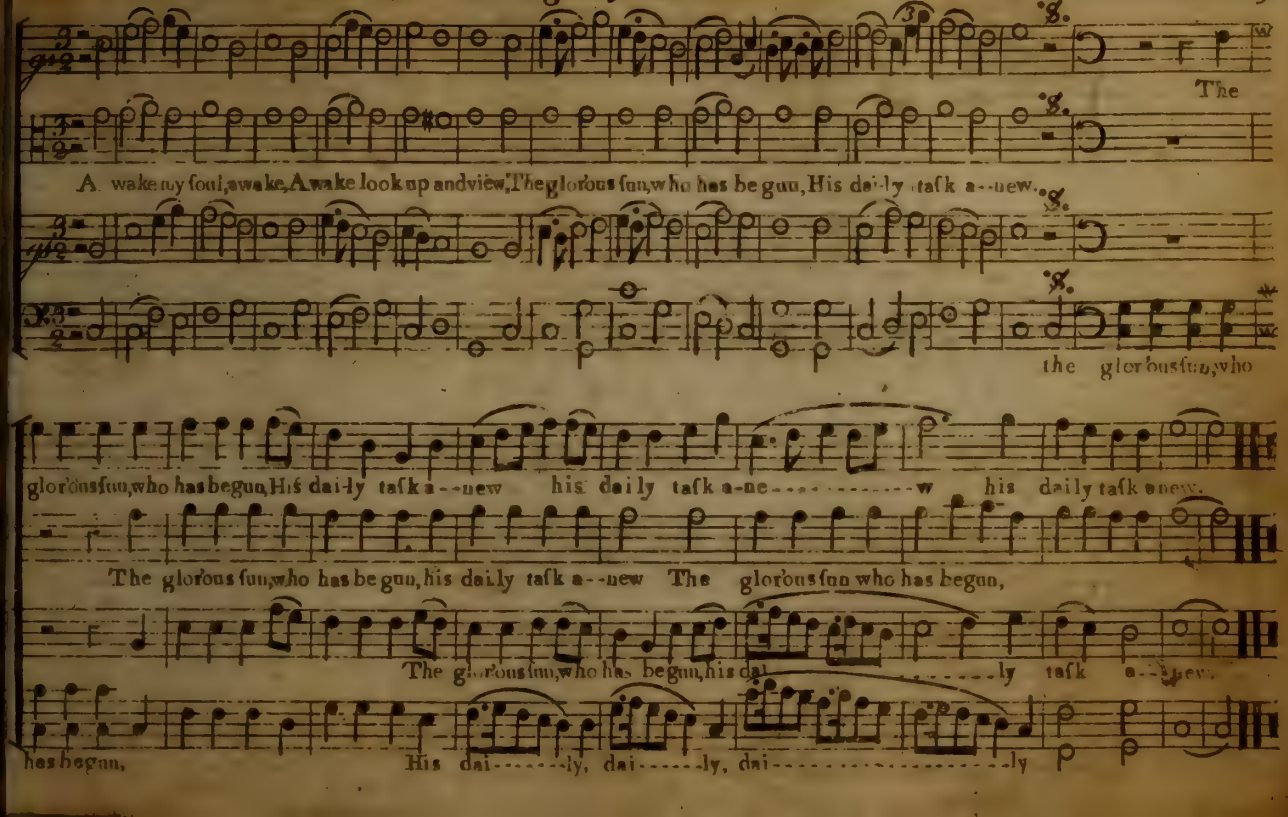

Tenor
Bass O be joy--ful, O be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lands: serve ye Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song:
Be ye sure that ye Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us and not we our selves; we are his people and ye sheep of his pasture.

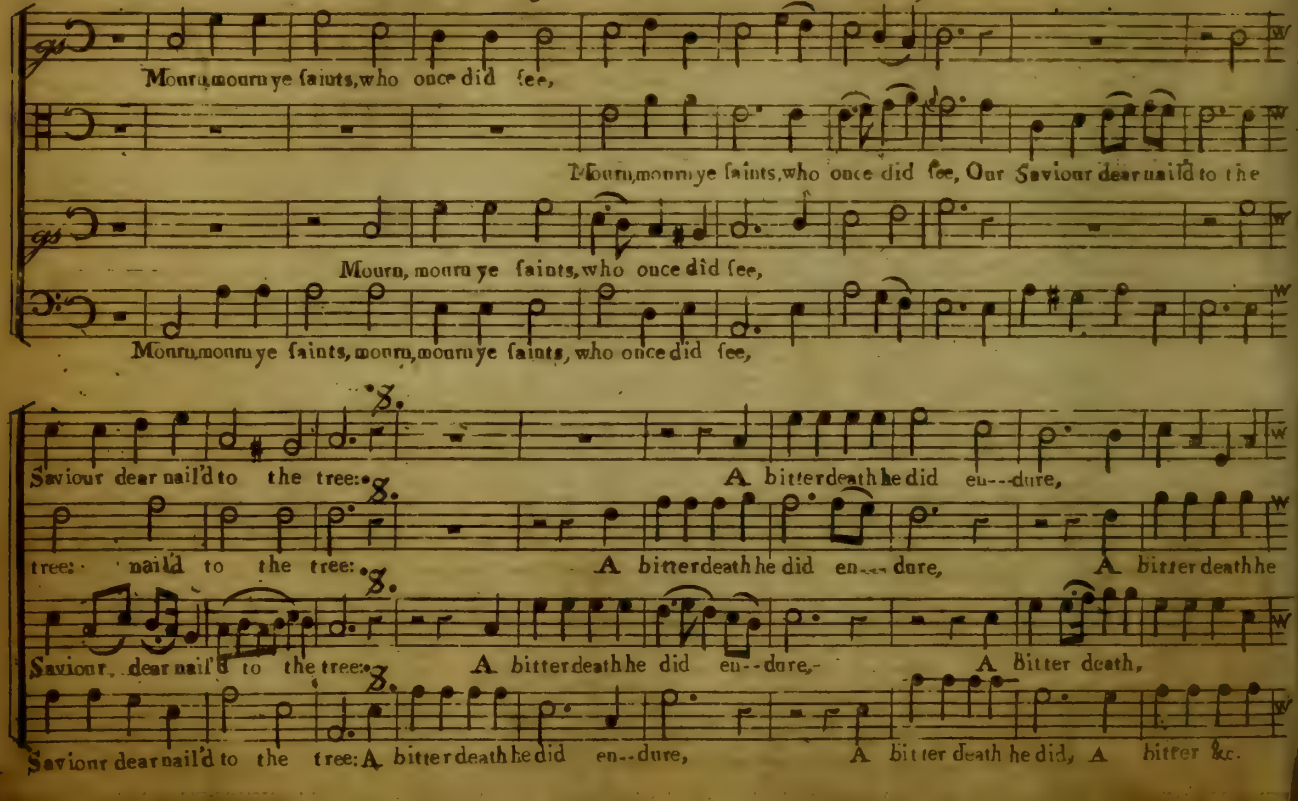

O go yourway in-to his gates with thanksgiving &into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him,& speak good of his name.


For the Lord is gracious, his mer--cy is ev-ver last-ing, And his truth endureth from ge-ne-ra-tion to ge-ne-ra-tion.

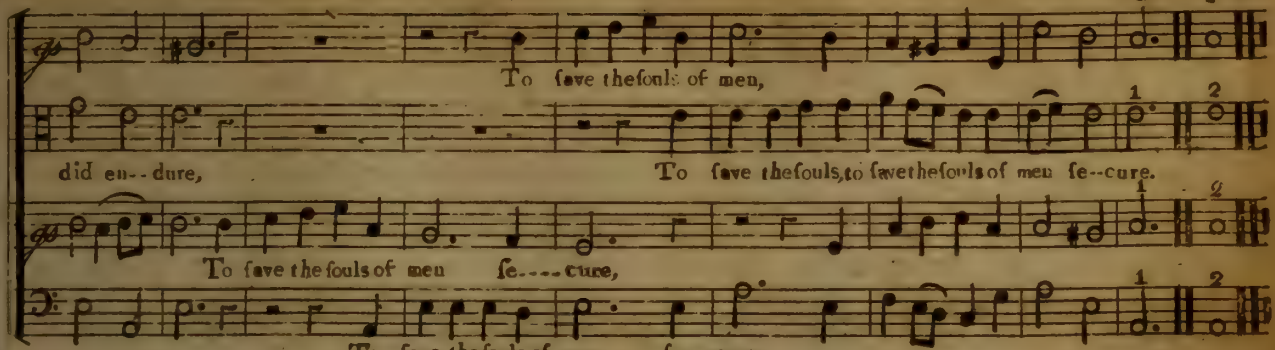
DOXOLOGY


Glory be to the Father, &c. — As it was — and ever — and ever — world — Amen.

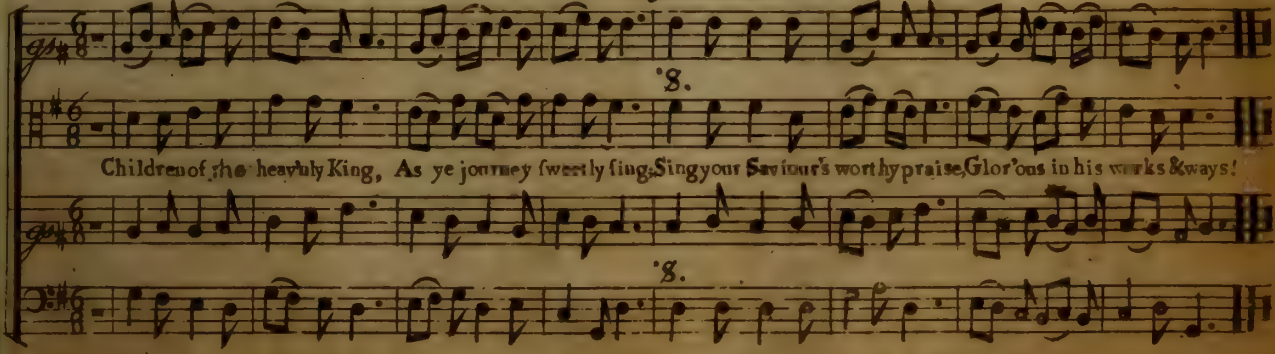

The
A wake my soul, awake, A wake look up and view, The glorious sun, who has be gun, His dai-ly task a--new.
the glor'ous sun, who
glor'ous sun, who has be gun, His dai-ly task a--new his dai ly task a-ne---------w his daily task a new.
The glorous sun, who has be gun, his daily task a--new The glorous sun who has begun,
The glorous sun, who has be gun, his dai-------ly task a--new.
has be gun, His dai-------ly, dai-------ly, dai----------ly

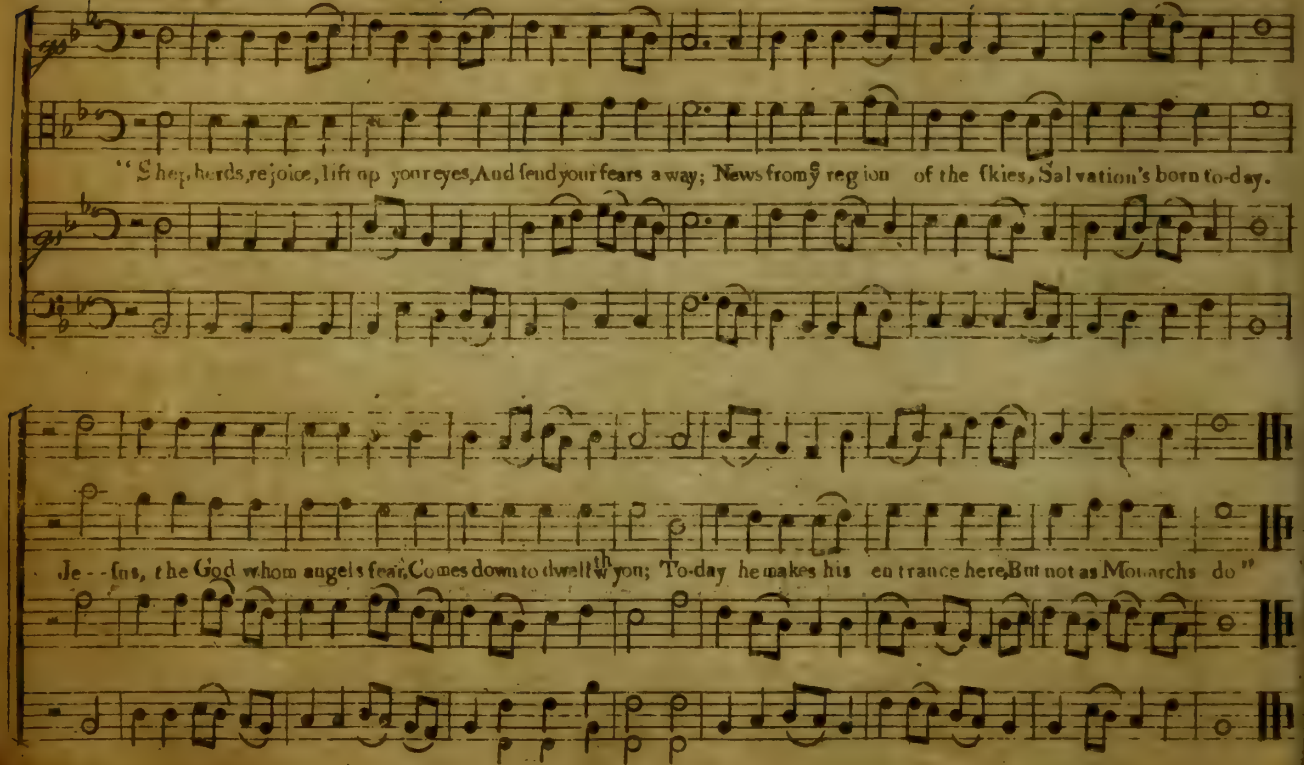

Mourn, mourn ye saints, who once did see,
Mourn, mourn ye saints, who once did see, Our Saviour dear nail'd to the
Mourn, mourn ye saints, who once did see,
Mourn, mourn ye saints, mourn, mourn ye saints, who once did see,
Saviour dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure,
tree: nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A bitter death he
Saviour dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A Bitter death,
Saviour dear nail'd to the tree: A bitter death he did en--dure, A bitter death he did, A bitter &c.

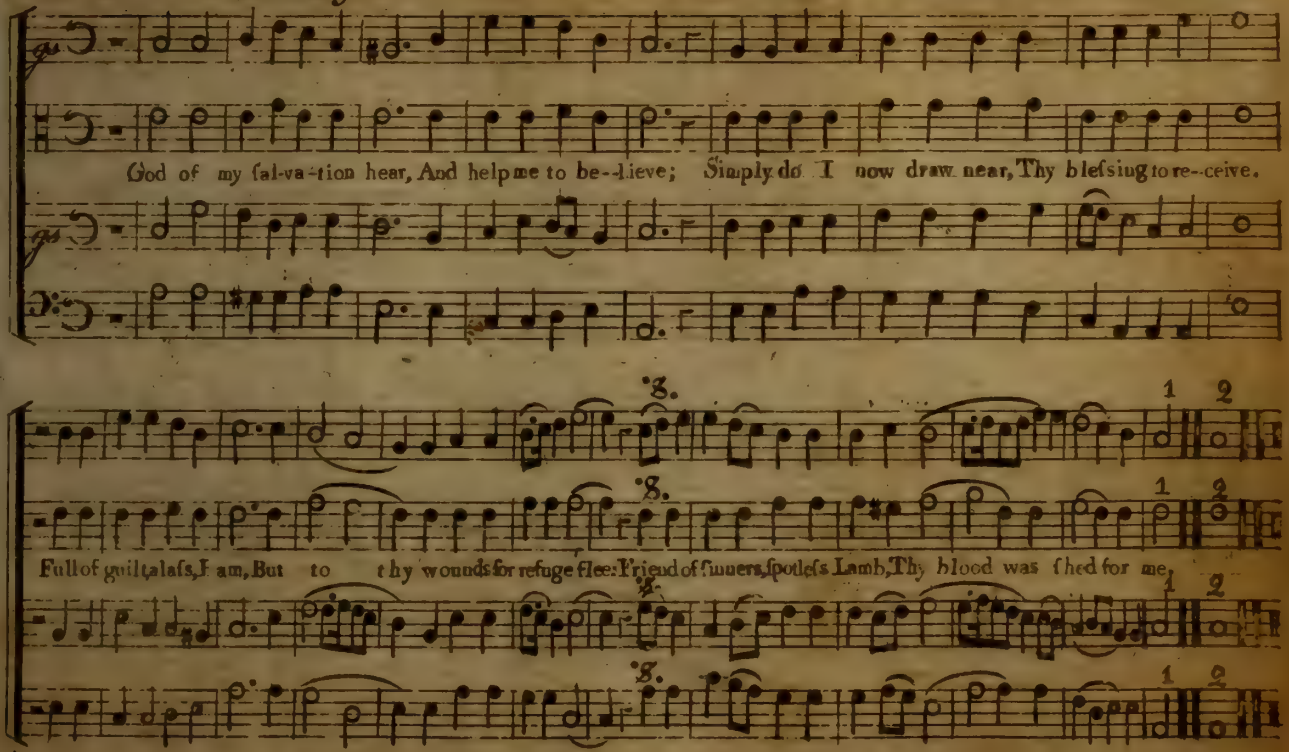
Continued.


To save the souls of men,
did en--dure,
To save the souls, to save the souls of men se--cure.
To save the souls of men se----cure,
To save the souls of men se---cure,

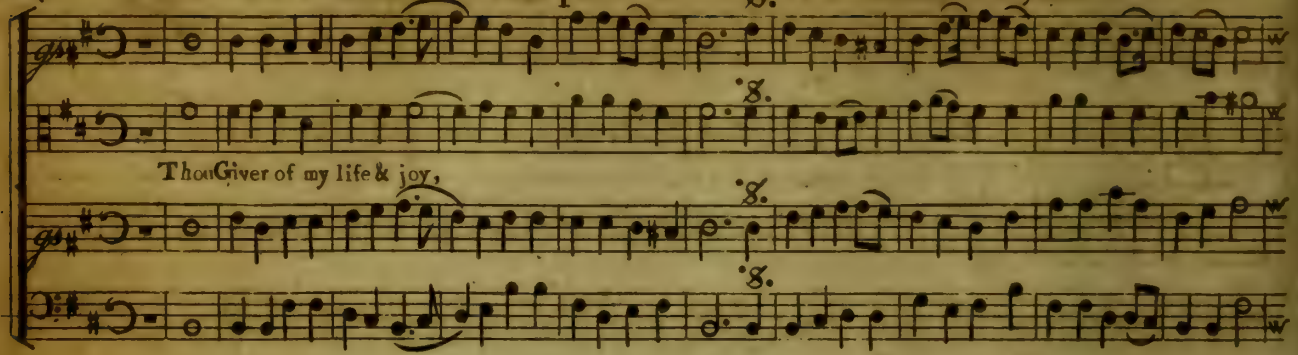
Warren. M^r. G. W. Hymn 35^th.



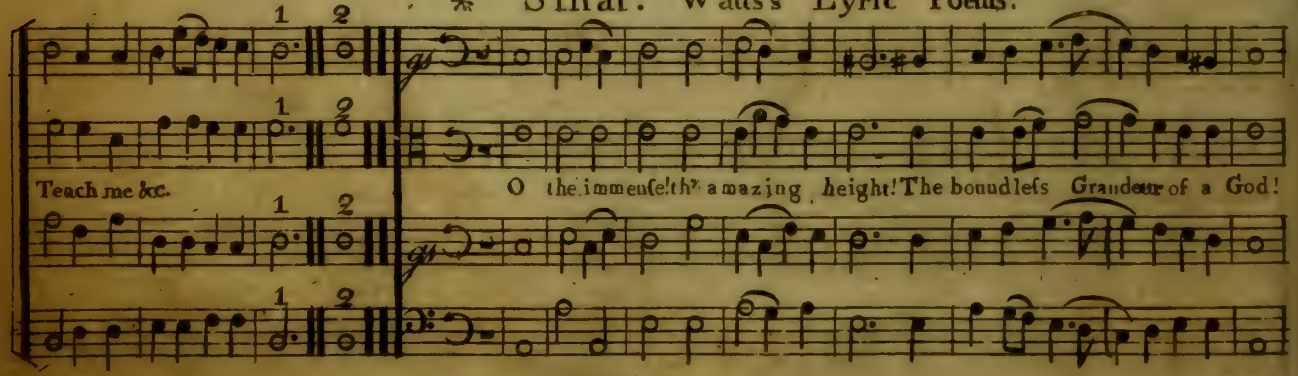

"Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes, And send your fears away; News from the region of the skies, Salvation's born to-day.
Je--sus, the God whom angels fear, Comes down to dwell with you; To-day he makes his entrance here, But not as Monarchs do"

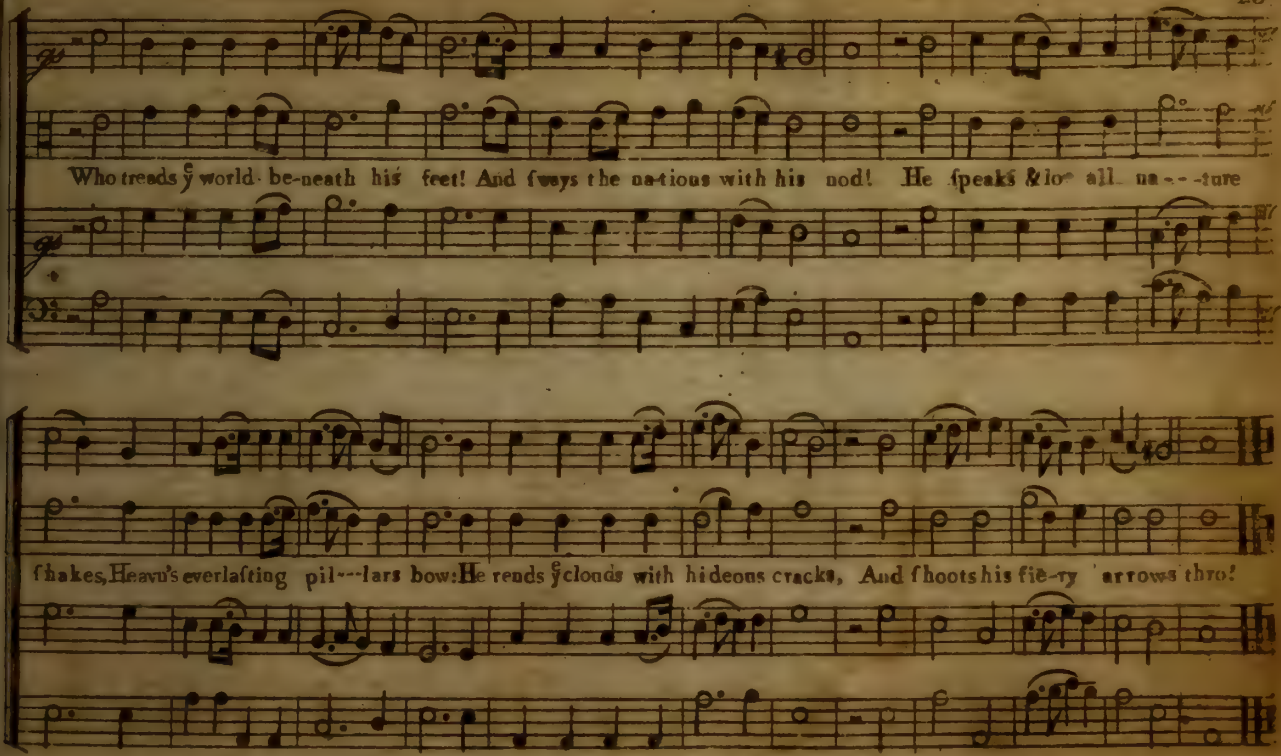

God of my sal-va-tion hear, And help me to be--lieve; Simply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re--ceive.
Full of guilt, alas, I am, But to thy wounds for refuge flee: Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me.

* The Child's Request. 8. A Modern Hymn

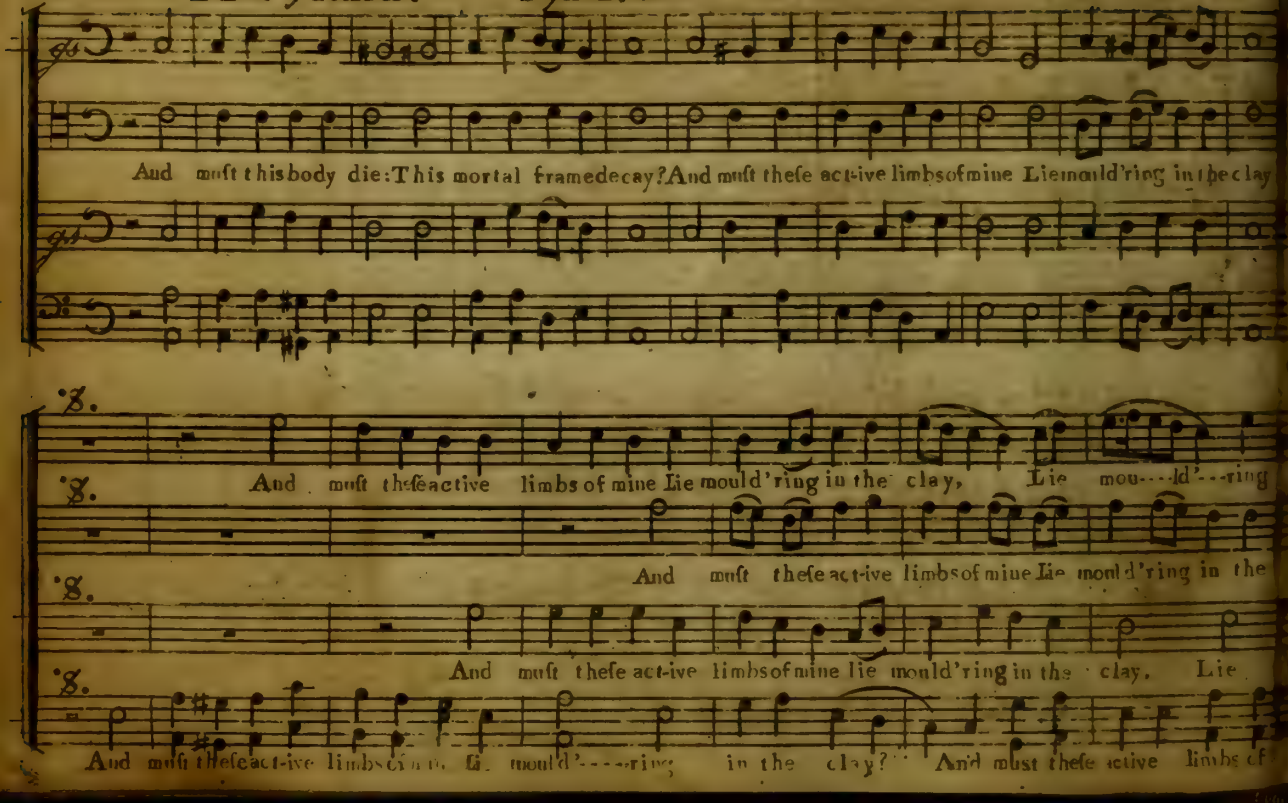


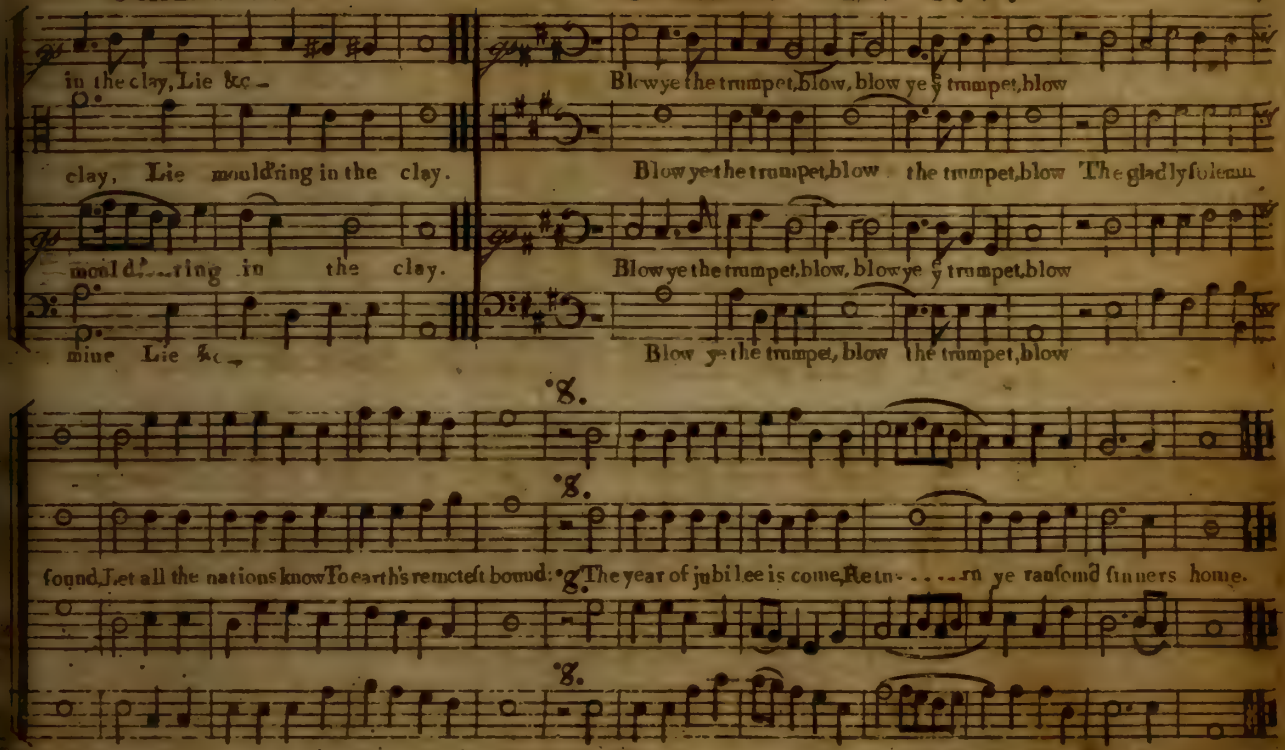
* Sinai. Watts's Lyric Poems.



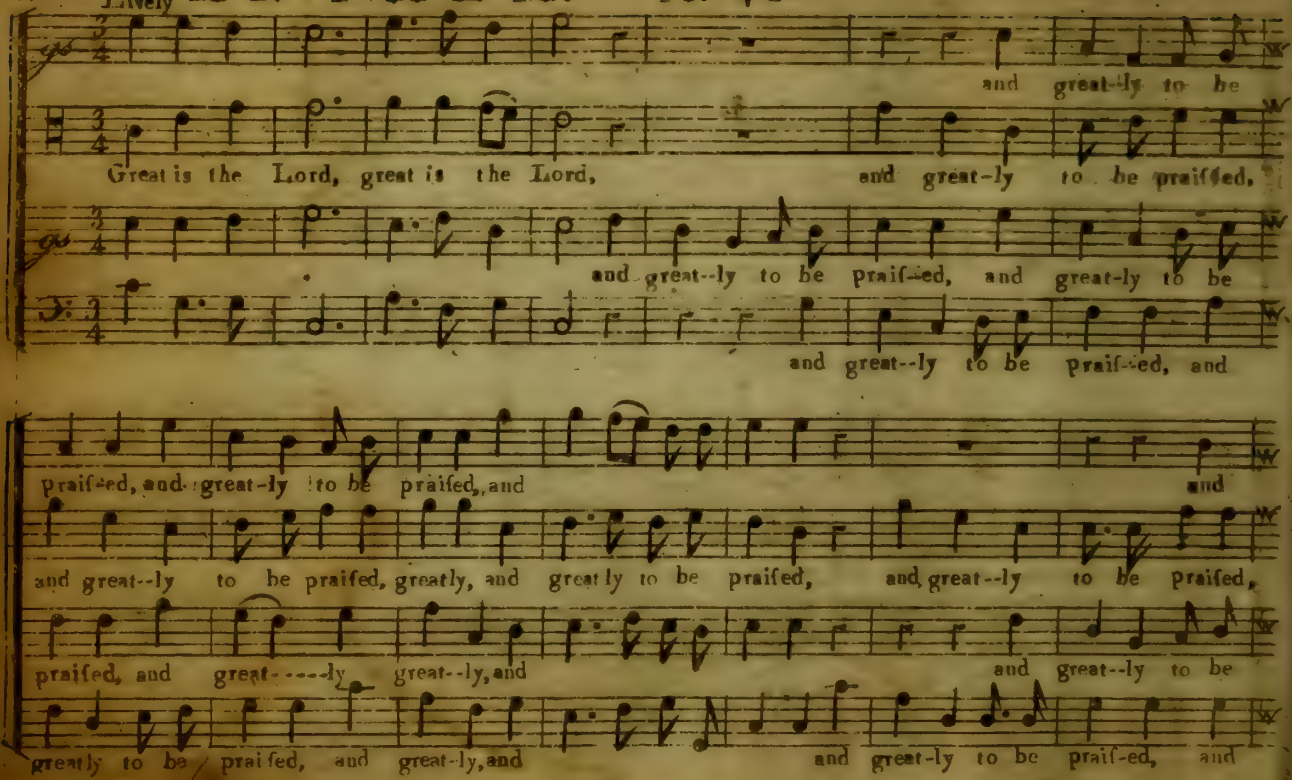

Who treads ye world be-neath his feet! And ſways the na-tions with his nod! He ſpeaks & lo all na---ture
ſhakes, Heav'n's everlaſting pil---lars bow: He rends ye clouds with hideous cracks, And ſhoots his fie-ry arrows thro!

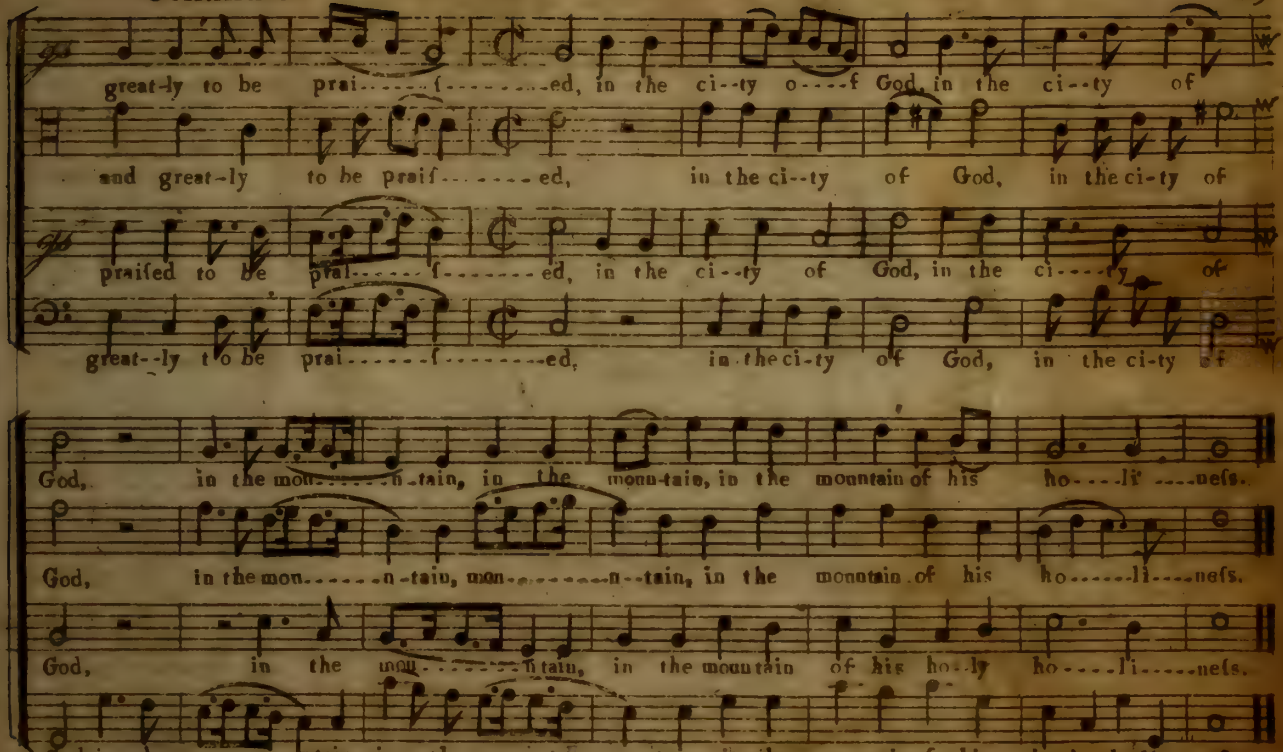
Maryland. Hymn. 110th D: W.


And must this body die: This mortal frame decay? And must these act-ive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay
And must these active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay, Lie mou----ld'---ring
And must these act-ive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the
And must these act-ive limbs of mine lie mould'ring in the clay. Lie
And must these act-ive limbs of mine Lie mould'-----ring in the clay? And must these active limbs of

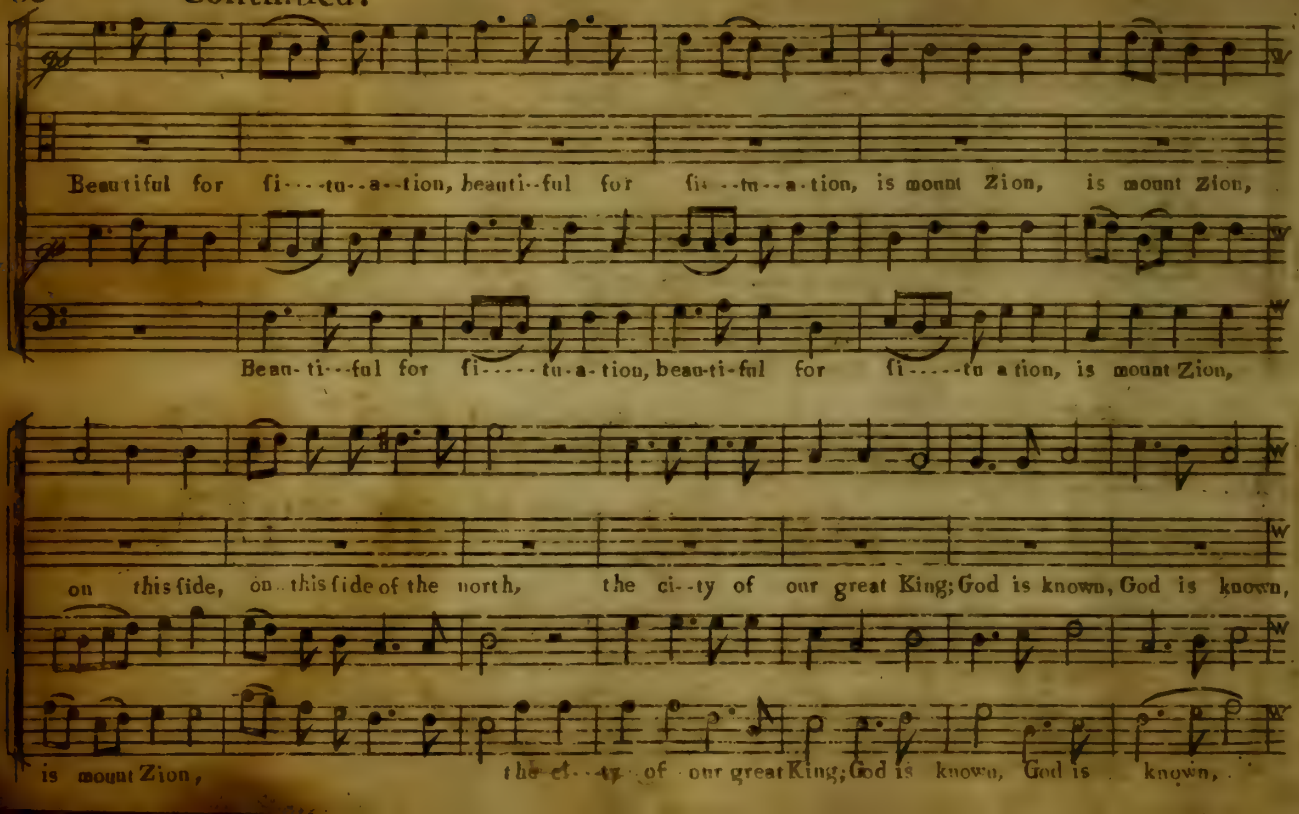

in the clay, Lie &c.
clay, Lie moulding in the clay.
mould...ring in the clay.
mine Lie &c.
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, blow ye the trumpet, blow
Blow ye the trumpet, blow the trumpet, blow The gladly solemn
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, blow ye the trumpet, blow
Blow ye the trumpet, blow the trumpet, blow
g.
g.
sound, Let all the nations know To earth's remotest bound: g. The year of jubilee is come, Re tu...rn ye ransom'd sinners home.
g.

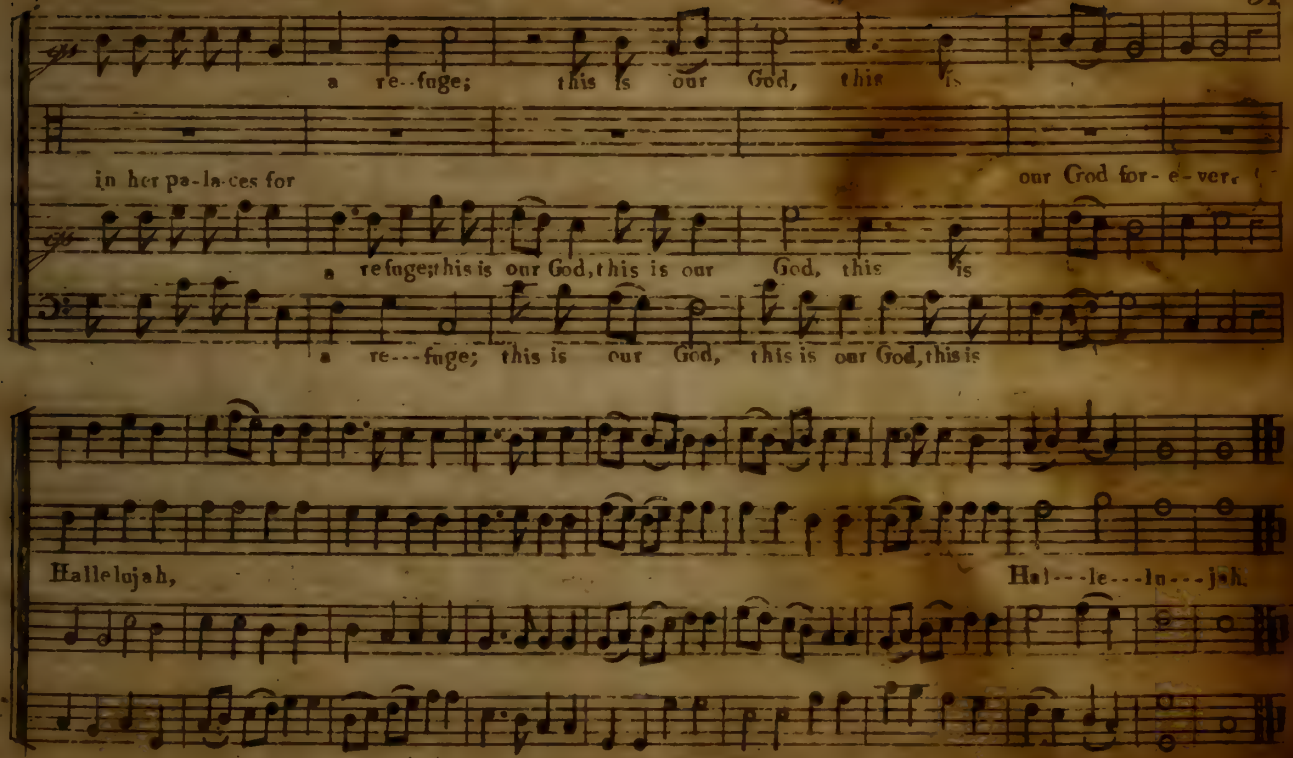
Lively **ANTHEM.** Pf. 48th

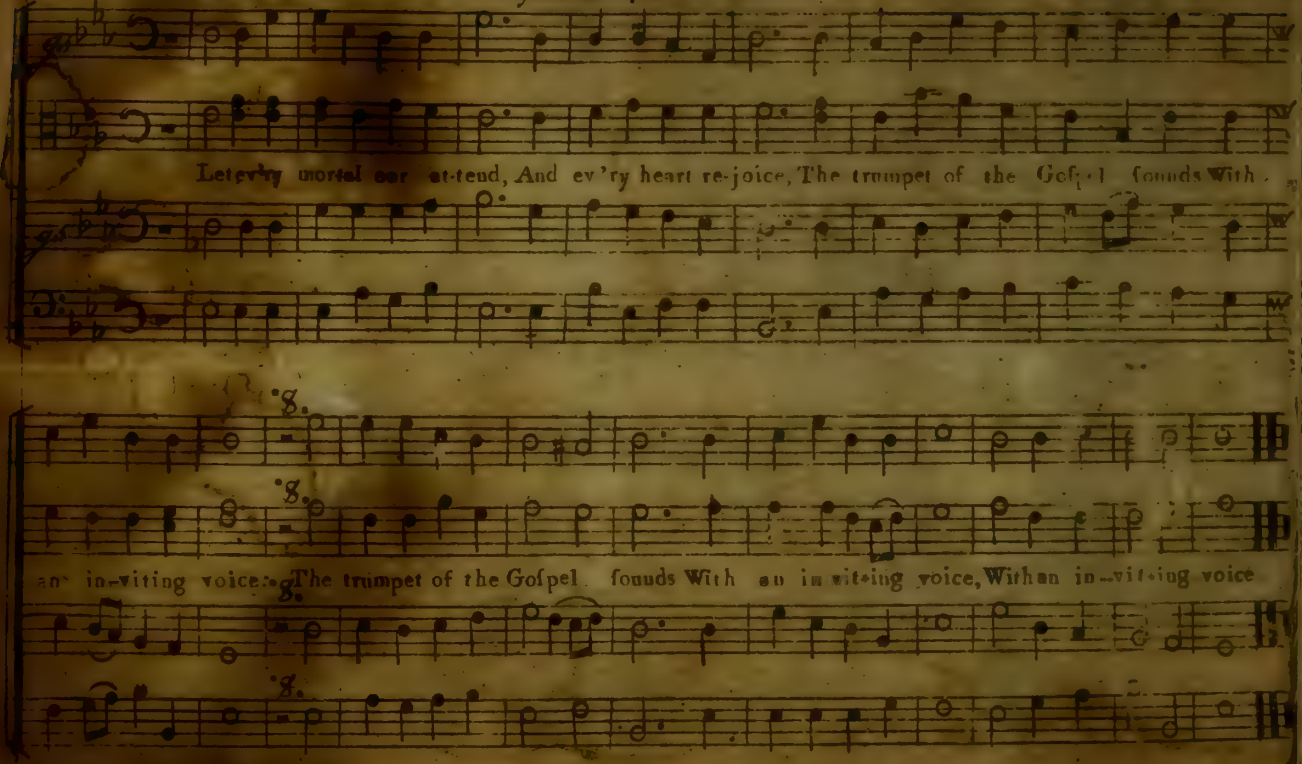

and great-ly to be
Great is the Lord, great is the Lord, and great-ly to be praiſed,
and great--ly to be praiſ-ed, and great-ly to be
and great--ly to be praiſ-ed, and
praiſ-ed, and great-ly to be praiſed, and
and
and great--ly to be praiſed, greatly, and great ly to be praiſed, and great--ly to be praiſed,
praiſed, and great-----ly great--ly, and
and great--ly to be
greatly to be praiſed, and great--ly, and
and great-ly to be praiſ-ed, and


great-ly to be prai-----ed, in the ci--ty o----f God, in the ci--ty of
and great-ly to be praif-----ed, in the ci--ty of God, in the ci-ty of
praiſed to be prai-----ed, in the ci--ty of God, in the ci----ty of
great--ly to be prai-----ed, in the ci-ty of God, in the ci-ty of
God, in the mou-----n-tain, in the moun-tain, in the mountain of his ho----li----neſs.
God, in the mou-----n-tain, mon-----n--tain, in the mountain of his ho-----li----neſs.
God, in the mou-----ntain, in the mountain of his ho-ly ho----li----neſs.
God, in the mou-----ntain, in the mou-----n--tain, in the mountain of his ho-ly ho-li---neſs.

Continued.


Beautiful for si----tu--a--tion, beauti--ful for sis--tu--a-tion, is mount Zion, is mount Zion,
Beau-ti--ful for si-----tu-a-tion, beau-ti-ful for si-----tu a tion, is mount Zion,
on this side, on this side of the north, the ci--ty of our great King; God is known, God is known,
is mount Zion, the ci--ty of our great King; God is known, God is known,


a re--fuge; this is our God, this is
in her pa-la-ces for
our God for-e-ver.
a refuge; this is our God, this is our God, this is
a re---fuge; this is our God, this is our God, this is
Hallelujah,
Hal---le---lu---jah.


Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart re-joice, The trumpet of the Gospel sounds With
an in-viting voice: The trumpet of the Gospel sounds With an in-viting voice, With an in-viting voice

FEB 18 1919